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ACROSS THE CORDILLERAS IN WINTER

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY H. G. WILLIAMSON FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE wall of the Andes begins at the Caribbean and runs all the way down the western edge of South America until it trails off into the Antarctic like a jagged dragon's tail. It is a very high wall and a very wide one—sometimes scores and sometimes hundreds of miles across—and except in a few places all but impassable. There is the Oroya railroad in Central Peru, the highest in the world, which will take you from the drowsy tropical coast at breakfast time and by early afternoon set you on the roof of the divide, shivering and breathing fast, fifteen thousand and five hundred feet above the sea. There is a railroad up to Lake Titicaca from Mollendo, in southern Peru, which crosses the shoulder of the Andes at an altitude about a thousand feet lower and there is a railroad running down into Chile and the coast from the Bolivian plateau. The only railroad highway which crosses the continent, however, is that which climbs the Chilean mountains to the pass of Uspallata and runs thence across the *pampa* to Buenos Aires. Some day this will be a through line from sea to sea, and in a dozen or more places tunnel gangs are nibbling under the upper Cordillera; but now it is open only during the summer and even then the fourteen kilometers over the *Cumbre*, or summit of the pass, must be made by stage. In winter no attempt is made to cross, and from Mendoza, in the Argentine foothills, over to Los Andes on the Chilean side—about one hundred and fifty miles—the road is closed.

The Andes in these parts rise to appalling heights, the loftiest of which is Aconcagua's twenty-four thousand feet, and the pass itself is at not far from thirteen thousand—3,900 metres to be exact. During the winter—the months of our northern summer—it is buried in snow, the deadly *temporal* is likely at any time to whirl down on the traveller, and crossing the *cordillera* is as different a thing from crossing it in summer as crossing a Montana prairie carpeted with spring violets is different from venturing into it during a blizzard, when a man may lose his way and freeze to death a furlong from the ranch-house door. Whoever tries to cross after the first of June is supposed to take his life in his hands. I want this thoroughly understood. The earth is getting extremely civilized and the number of things reckoned as impossible or even dangerous to do are decreasing every day. No man with any regard for his reputation can be too careful. Before I went to South America the Chilean Minister in Washington told me that he had got across once the second week in June, but only at the loss of one of his men. Acquaintances in Santiago assured me that if one escaped freezing or starvation one was always likely to fall a victim to *rotos* who, discharged by the tunnel engineers for drunkenness, had become embittered against the world and devoted their lives to hiding in narrow passes and rolling boulders down on whomever went by. And the two gifted reporters of the Buenos Aires *Prensa*—familiar with the country naturally, and students of men—who interviewed the traveller after his arrival in that metropo-

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lis, declared in their story the next day that the "*molestias*" and "*penurias*" which he had "endured during this *via crucis* were *imposible de narrar* and revealed a man of courage and will unconquerable." That ought to prove something.

Least, however, this should seem merely the reckless exploit of a tenderfoot, I hasten to explain that there was I waiting in Santiago, there was the *distinguido cancillero Norte Americano, Señor* Root, within a few days of Buenos Aires and the most splendid moments of his continental tour. Through some perverse fate, there was no mail-boat sailing round through the Straits for another week, the voyage would take at least ten days, and the thought of limping into the harbor of Buenos Aires just as the parting salutes were being fired and the *Charlestown* was dropping down the bay, was not to be borne. So here was the choice: on the one hand a week's wait, a racking fortnight by sea and the probability of missing the festivities in Buenos Aires; on the other, avalanches, bandits, death and destruction, but—the fascinating chance of fairly stepping across the continent, as it were, like climbing over a garden wall. Three days in the snow, the local down to Mendoza and then, if one caught the bi-weekly express, Buenos Aires in twenty-four hours more—five days instead of three weeks. There was no choice here, surely, so I packed up one afternoon and took the train for the foothills.

It was the hour when the Andean rampart, blocking the eastern sky-line, melted in the afterglow into a purple and amethyst mystery and became at once beautiful and vaguely fearful; when the newsboys crying the afternoon papers, the dark-eyed Chilean ladies coming out to drive, the crowded sidewalks, the lights beginning to blink in the shops, the twilight odors of flowers and feminine perfumes and Brazilian coffee and cigarette smoke made the Chilean capital a place hard to leave behind. The Valparaiso express whirled up to Llai Llai—which you pronounce, cheerfully, "Yi! Yi!"—and I shifted into the local for Los Andes. I slept there that night at the little hotel whose English landlady sniffed the air as she closed my shutters and prophesied snow, and the next morning, after emptying my trunk and packing my luggage in two of the landlady's empty potato-sacks, in bundles of thirty kilos each, found a corner in a repair-car bound up the line. Laboriously we panted past the zone of farms, above the snow-line presently, and the chill breath from the ice chambers of the upper levels crept down and pierced one's bones. At last the end of the road and Juncal, at about 7,800 feet—a station, an engineer's shack, a traveller's *posada*, little blots on the expanse of white, far above which, climbing one behind another and vanishing in the chill, steely mist, stretched the portals of the Cordillera.

There were no burden-carriers ready, although the amateur bandit—a British railroad superintendent—to whom I had paid one hundred and fifty dollars Chilean "to set me down on the other side," as his graceful euphemism had it, had promised that they were waiting all along the line. The trail was too steep and rough for mules. And as the afternoon was fair and I was anxious to push along as far as possible while the weather held, I left the luggage to be brought on as soon as men could be found and started up the trail alone.

Juncal diminished to a polka-dot in the snow. The valley sunk and widened, the heads of foothills lower down came out. Up above meandered the trail, like some Jack-in-the-Beanstalk's path to regions unknown, and beyond it, rising endlessly, peaks and shoulders of naked rock and snow disappearing in the steely mist. Occasionally, down the stillness, came a faint *tick-tack*—the far-carried sound of the tunnellers nibbling into the mountain a mile or two away. And presently, after a climb of seven kilometers and about a thousand feet up, there appeared in the snow some low roofs and walls which looked the pictures of winter quarters which Arctic explorers bring home.

Winter quarters they were in this weather although merely to house the commissary chief of the tunnel gangs, and likely, as a photograph he showed me later proved, to be buried under forty feet of snow when a *temporal* came. He stood in the low doorway to greet me, a big, bearded, downright Scotchman, little dreaming, I daresay, how welcome in this silent wilderness that welcome seemed. It was twilight by now—the hour which the Britisher's teacup follows round the world. It was ready on the table and with it crisp British biscuits and

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the inevitable British jam. There was a fire in the room, which was more than could be said for the hotel left behind in Santiago, an oil stove that kept the place piping hot. There were bookcases on the walls, Kipling, Thackeray and Stevenson, and on the table the "Spectator," "Pick Me Up" and "The Pink Un." There was the company's physician, too—a very Dr. Watson of a doctor, who came in from skeeing, presently, in knickerbockers, ruddy and cheerful, and sat down with us to tea. The Scotchman threw up his hands when he heard what I had paid for the privilege of walking, became reassuringly furious when he heard that the luggage-carriers had not been provided forthwith, set the company's telephone wire burning back down to the trail to Los Andes and on up the pass to Carocoles. What were they thinking of, what right had they to do such things, how could they leave this poor stranger stranded here in the mountains—now in English and in burring Spanish, while I sat back and beamed.

When the big lamp had been lit and dinner served, from some recess of that superlative little cave appeared our *providera's* wife—wonder of wonders in these desolate mountains—a gentle-voiced English speaking woman, with that clear northern glance of intelligence and understanding which the gringo somehow often misses in the prettier eyes of the Latin Americans. She took her place at the head of the table, wrapping us about in a certain grateful sense of orderliness and God-fearing dignity, and we dined politely and well that night up there in the snow. After the table was cleared we gathered round the stove and smoked and talked mightily of nations and navies and wars, as strange men thrown thus together are wont to do, and the world seemed a very good old world indeed, when the three Indians and I started up the trail for Carocoles the next morning with the *providera* waving a good-by.

Portillo slipped over the edge of the slope as Juncal had done. In spite of the altitude and the weight they carried—one with the empty steamer trunk, in which a stick and a straw hat rattled lugubriously, the other two with the bag and gunny sacks—they chug-chugged steadily up the slope. We met the Argentine mail coming down—half a dozen ponco-clad burden-carriers who gave a cheery "*Buena' Dias, señor!*" and a grin and a "*Ha' yego*" as they stumped away. We struck Carocoles—a roomful of blueprints, an engineer, more tinned meat, more coffee—and then, just at luncheon time, started the steep climb over the *Cumbre*. It was close to twelve thousand feet now and like climbing a Gothic roof. We took turns breaking trail, each man stepping into the footmarks of the man ahead and every fifty yards or so the burden-carriers stopped and leaned on their staffs and puffing in a strange fashion like steamboat whistles blowing far away, while the adventurous mastiff which had followed us from Carocoles squatted in the snow, panting and grinning with the greatest good humor. We had been at it steadily for perhaps two hours when the leader pointed up the slope.

"*Christo!*" he said, and a quarter of a mile ahead we saw a figure standing out against the gray sky.

It was the statue which the two nations set there when they signed their peace agreement. It stands at the very summit of the pass, over which in 1825 the great San Martin marched his men into Chile to break the power of Spain, on the line between Chile and the Argentine. It is a statue of Christ, standing beside a cross, and on the pedestal two figures in bas-relief, sitting back to back, point out over the tumbled sea of peaks and valleys to east and west.

To the countries who set it there it means or it is meant to mean, an everlasting peace, and to us, too, it meant peace and that the hardest part of the journey was over, and we unslung burdens and rested there for a moment, in great cheerfulness, on the summit of the divide. Then we sat down on our sheepskins and slid down into Argentina. It was done with great *éclat*. The chief bandit went first, with my legs under his arms, as though we were schoolboys together; the other two followed, the packs and the trunk piling snow before them like a plough, a proceeding calculated, one might fancy, to induce strange thoughts in the uneasy stick, umbrella, straw hat and other summer vanities locked therein. At the foot of the slope was Las Cuevas, one day to be the Argentine end of the tunnel, and another engineer's camp. Its chief was a Norwegian, the *providera* was a

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Frenchman with a long delicately curly beard which he carefully sprayed with a perfume atomizer before we sat down to dinner that night, and the mechanical engineer was an American, who had put in machinery all over the world, and who averred that the altitude and the solitude got on his nerves so that a man might come into his room and take his watch from under his pillow before he could pull a gun, even though he "had been born in Boise City and seen a little life too." We had just settled once again that night what would have happened had the Japanese attacked Great Britain instead of Russia, when the telephone buzzed and Carocoles called across the *Cumbre* that another white man was coming over and if I could wait until nine o'clock the next morning we might go down together. A man who could walk from Juncal to Carocoles in one day and feel like crossing the *Cumbre* before nine o'clock the next morning was worth waiting for.

He came, all right, a lithe, close-knit figure in riding breeches and blue serge coat, swinging down the slope in a fashion that showed he had gone 'cross country before. He had no baggage but a battered kit bag which contained little, apparently, but the trousers that matched the coat. With this outfit he was ready at five minutes' notice for the town or "bush" and to carry more was absurd. You could always buy clothes, he said, throw them away when you moved on and save enough on baggage charges to buy new stuff at the next place. He was an engineer—that is to say, he had knocked about the world from one construction camp to another—and it was quite true to South America, where a white man with mechanical sense is valuable, that this unbranded maverick, who might have been, from his face, a professional bull-fighter or a bareback rider in a circus, was on his way to England to buy hydraulic machinery for some South Chilean mines. He was thirty, perhaps, with one of those sinister, yet not unattractive faces, which remind one of a street-dog whose head is nicked and scarred with many battles. He talked little, asked no questions and laughed, when he did laugh, harshly and rather mirthlessly. He had come from Australia originally, the stick he swung was made of the same wood of which the Fuegian Indians made their bows, and he could ask for bread or its substitute in the lingo of the Upper Nile, the Zulu country, the Transvaal and the Australian "bush."

He spoke of the remote corners of the earth as men do of shops at which this or that thing can best be bought. It was "good" down here in South America now—no use going to the Transvaal any more, nothing in Australia for him. Whatever answered to him for the rule-and-line man's work or profession seemed something wholly casual, and to be picked up or caught, like gold or trout. I was a fool to go back to the States by way of Rio—why in hell didn't I take the New Zealand boat, touch at Cape Town, and see Australia? You could buy a bicycle next to nothing these days and the roads were so good in Australia you could ride all over the place and see everything worth seeing for forty dollars American.

We had got two mules, one of which the muleteer wanted to ride and one of which carried the baggage, but the Australian was, as the Los Cuevas *providera* observed, "*un diablo á andar*," and we swung down the slope like Indians. And in that thin air, in the fresh frostiness of morning, nothing less than ropes and levelled guns could have kept a live man on a mule. We had just crossed the roof of the continent, on our own legs and lungs, and the easy slope stretched below—down to the foothills, to the *pampa* far below, to Buenos Aires and the sea and the long up-trail to Europe and the States. We were walking down the slope of the world and the world lay at our feet.

Aconcagua heaved up on the left through a rift in the valley, vanishing into some gray swirling region of mist and snow. Fourteen kilometers brought us to the steaming baths of Puenta del Inca, where a winter-bound hotel keeper dug up a lunch from his stores and a bottle of the spicy Argentine claret to wash it down, and then on we pushed. Toward sundown, thanks to a telegram sent ahead from Puenta del Inca, a fresh mule came picking his way up the trail, and as darkness closed in the snow gave way and we began to rattle over dry stones. This was so exhilarating that when we reached the Paramillo de Las Vacas, where we had planned to spend the night, we saddened the mule-driver and infuriated

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On the trail.

the mules by deciding to push on three more kilometers to Zanjon Amarillo, to which the railroad was still open and where we might catch a repair train the next day.

Night settled down. Every few hundred yards we had to make wide detours where slides had heaped the roads with rocks; nothing but a continuous bombardment kept the mules moving at all. But the thought of getting back to a railroad, of a lodging for the night—to my disordered imagination even a bath seemed possible—buoyed us on. A lone light presently sparkled down the canyon. We reached the deserted station and unslung the packs. We had walked and ridden forty-three kilometers that day—descending to slightly below eight thousand feet—twenty-seven miles, most of it over a rough snow trail which was a succession of frozen mule-tracks a foot or two deep. We were just relaxing in that self-congratulatory coma which follows such an adventure when the mule driver, who had disappeared toward the one light in the place, came back with the information that nobody would take us in. It could not be possible. Here were two travellers with money in their belts, here was an impoverished Andean station-master, light, fire, food, warmth—no, it must be impossible. I went myself. A woman opened the door, a scant two inches, no more. No, she had no food, no place for us to sleep, no blankets to lend us to sleep outside, not even a bite of bread nor a swallow of wine. No nothing—*absolutamente nada!* And the door closed. Apparently she was afraid of us. There *were* bandits in the *Cordillera*. And we were they. It seems amusing now but it didn't then. It was a vast cosmic tragedy—two heroes poised here somewhere between two oceans, in a rocky desert on a winter night, lame, fagged, no food, no blankets, no one to appreciate their heroism. The mule man came at last to the rescue. A friend of

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The peace statue on the summit of the pass at an altitude of about thirteen thousand feet, directly on the line between Chile and the Argentine.

his, he mumbled in his queer lingo, three kilometers further down the canyon, might take us in. Was it possible to propel our battered carcasses three kilometers more? Not weeping, but half way to tears, as Peer Gynt would say, we packed the outraged mules again and started down the track.

Of course one might have known that there would be trouble. You can't fool all the mules all the time. I got down from mine finally after vainly trying to keep up with the other two by kicking a steady tattoo on his ribs and found that by walking behind him he also could be induced to walk. The instant I came up on a level with his head he stopped as though turned to stone. I had just worked out this system when a light twinkled in the distance, a dog barked, and through the darkness came a clatter of hoofs as the other mules were galvanized to life. At the sound my mule started as though shot out of a gun. I just managed to catch the pack behind the saddle and for a hundred yards we pursued this unequal race when, just as we were scrambling up a gully, I was struck in the chest by a cannon ball. I dropped and rolled down the stones with as much abandon and realism as though I were being employed by a biograph agent to assist in manufacturing a view of the siege of Port Arthur. Then all was still. The events of his past life filed in quick succession across the traveller's brain, as he stared up at the unsympathetic zenith. I was conscious of a smell of dust and shrubs, of stars twinkling far overhead. It seemed sad to die there, so far from home and friends, alone, cut off in one's bloom under these cold Andean stars.

Came a call—like a life-belt to a shipwrecked mariner—"*Patroń! Patroń!*" It was our bandit, another of those charming professional bandits like the one who had slid down hill with me, leading my mule and wanting to know if I was hurt. My wind returned. I was not dead, only a toothbrush in an inside pocket was shattered beyond repair. And we rode on to our lodging for the night, the mule laughing lightly on the way.

It was a stone hut like a little cave with a corrugated iron roof and a low door through which shone lamp and firelight. Our host stood in front of it, a mongrel, half-breed sort of fellow, keeping back his dogs. This, at least, should have been a regular bandit and this is what he did.

"*Buena' noches, señor!*" he said, and cursing back the dogs, he took me by the

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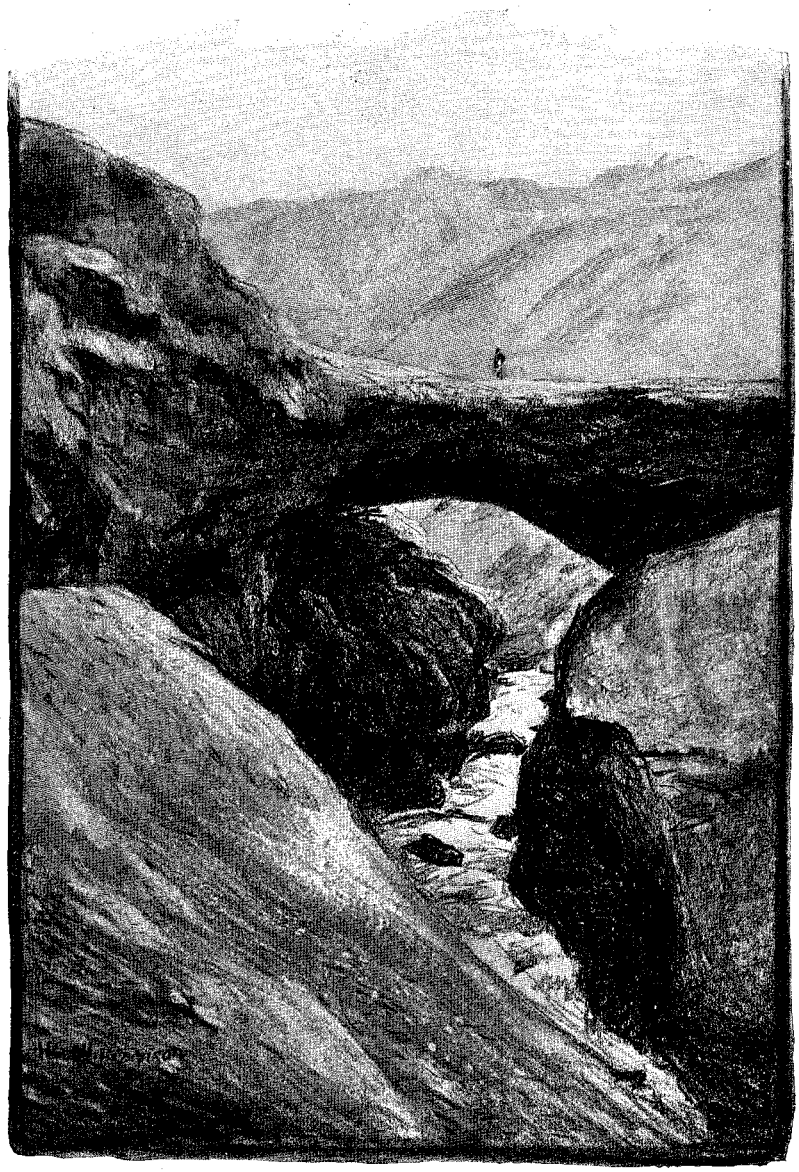
hand and led me into the hut as though I were a princess. Supper was already cooking on the stove for him and his friends, who, judging by the wine jug and the half-drained tumblers, were preparing to make a night of it; but they wrapped their ponchos about them and withdrew to one side, while he, pressing his hands to his heart with abject apologies for his "*pobre casa*," made us sit down on the only bench. It was drawn up to a shelf-table against the wall on which the bloody head of a sheep, apparently butchered that day, stared lugubriously out of fishy eyes. He brought out some of the unleavened pie-crusty bread and the spicy native wine, while his wife, cutting some pieces from a chicken which had been boiled, head and all, down to the very bill, put them on to broil. If he had been brought up on tales of Spanish hospitality, he could have done no more. Continually he apologized for his poor house, every



Puenta del Inca—natural bridge.

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move made near us was with a "*con su permiso*," and when we tried to apologize for our intrusion and he heard that the Australian had once worked on the Carocoles division, he said that "to have work for Helmundson was worth four letters of introduction." He was an Argentine and his wife was a Chilean, but he "knew the Ingles" and thought they were a particularly fine *gente*. When we were done he led us with great ceremony into the little whitewashed, hermetically sealed room adjoining, containing the only bed he owned. He brought in a tumbler of water and set it on the box beside the bed. "*Siempre bueno*," he said, looking from the glass to us, and spreading out his hands. And then, when he had us there, two tired white men supposedly with money in their clothes and helpless before him and his friends, he unslung his own revolver, a big Colt's 44, and with as much care as though he were sighting a cannon, laid it on the box beside the glass of water, with the muzzle pointed toward the door and ready to our hands.

He stood in the low doorway to greet me.—Page 258.

We slept the sleep of the weary that night while the bandits, drinking each other's "*saluds*" and wailing the melancholy cries with which the mountaineers drive their mules, sent strange storm-winds blowing through our dreams. The next morning we flagged a wrecking train, and with that intoxicating speed which only those who have experienced for a few days the tragic littleness of a human's machinery can understand, swept down to Uspallata. Here we must needs sleep on the station floor that night and wait the next day while the wrecking-crew shovelled avalanches off the track. We—the Australian and an Englishman whom I had met on a West Coast boat and never expected to see again—played bridge, shot at bottles, and vainly tried to lure a neighborhood condor into seeing distance by climbing half way up a mountain, lying down on a bare rock and pretending to be dead, and, toward sundown, at last started down the ninety-two kilometers to Mendoza. In a tool-car, lit only by our cigarettes, we swayed round cañons and over bridges, rolled down through the foothills, and at bedtime climbed out of the car into warm air and what might have been a Kansas county-seat, with a grocery store on the corner and long streets with elms arching over them, lit by electric lights.

All our movements the next day were characterized by that exaggerated leisureliness, amounting almost to calculation, that dreamy benignity, which men who have been roughing it for a time exhibit when they find themselves once more lapped in the infinite comforts of civilization. Lazily we strolled across the sunshiny court to the bath-rooms and wallowed interminably in stone tubs as big as life-boats, dressed and breakfasted with exquisite care, and drifted about town with a sort of moon-struck purr.

It was a comfortable little city of thirty thousand or so, with broad overhanging trees and a certain atmosphere of the soil, of agricultural vigor and wholesomeness, different from the average Latin-American town. Its main street was full of shops for harness and farm machinery, and in some of the stores machines were demonstrating as at a county fair. Capable-looking farmers watched them—doubtless from the vineyards round about—and among them were

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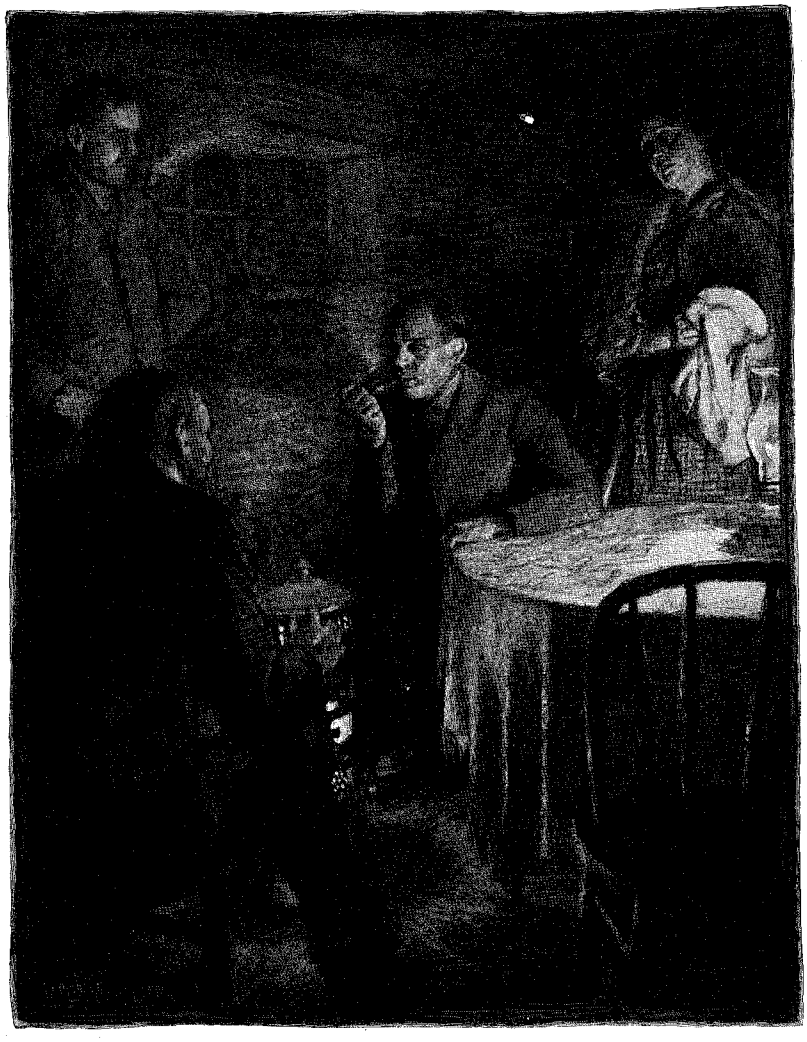

We smoked and talked mightily of nations and navies and wars.—Page 259.

Italians in corduroys and with bright handkerchiefs around their necks, a husky, thick-necked breed, different from most of the immigrants who flock to our shores. Down this cobble-stoned street, which was wide, overhung with trees rather like our northern elms, and named after the great San Martin, they had their *corso*, or carriage parade that afternoon. Victorias with bells on the tongue and two-wheeled country carts pounded over the cobble-stones at a brisk trot, so that the band, which stood in a circle on the broad sidewalk, was completely drowned out. But the happy farmers and Mendoza's *distinguidas*—husky, handsome young Chloes, dark-skinned and dark-eyed, with a shadow of down on the upper lip and painted and powdered regardless—didn't mind this in the least and rattled enthusiastically on, beaming from ear to ear. There was a certain provincial good humor, a rather exhilarating vulgarity about all this which seemed to belong to this country of princely *estancias*, of cattle and wheat and wine, of grazing land, stretching flat as a sea from horizon to horizon—the pastoral echo of the raw, splendid metropolis of Buenos Aires.

They were thriving, provident folk, these Mendozians, just such a first generation as that which gathered the money for those who are sowing the wind in Buenos Aires

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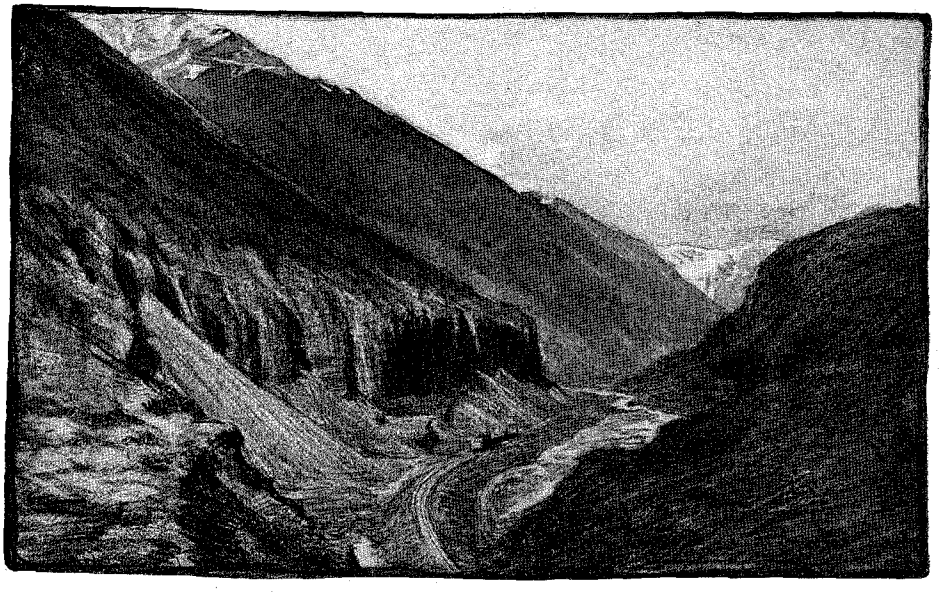

A valley on the Argentine side of the Andes—on the descent from the Uspallata Pass.
"El Paramillo de las Vacas." (The little heath or desert of the cows.)

to-day. One of their endowment insurance organizations had just celebrated its fifth anniversary—the windows of its office on this same main street were hung with copies of a paper it had published containing reports of its progress and portraits of some of its sturdiest subscribers. On the middle page was a large family, all of whom, from the bull-necked father, with his stubby fingers set firmly on his knees, to the baby in arms, had paid up their premiums in advance and were star members of the "*Caja Internacional.*" One enthusiastic subscriber had contributed a poem:

International Strong Box
Institution powerful,
Which advances ever gloriously
In pursuit of its high ideal

Arriba los corazones!
Nada de miedos pueriles!
Si hoy nos contamus por miles
Pronto seremos millones!

More in the real Mendoza manner was a dialogue between father and little son, which ran as follows:

Nino: Papa, give me five *centavos*.

Padre: Why do you want that, my *hijito?*

Nino: To buy caramels.

Padre: Caramelas! Ah, what so wretched things are those *caramelas!* You will make yourself sick and destroy your teeth. Never eat caramels, my *hijito*.

Nino: What shall I buy then?

Padre: Nothing, my boy, because you don't need anything. Why not put the five *centavos* which I give you every day to some better use?

Nino: And what should I do with them, *Papaito?*

Padre: Put them in a bank which I will tell you about. Then at the end of a month how many would you have in the little bank? Can you count that much?

Nino: Certainly, papa; thirty days multiplied by five will give me one hundred and fifty *centavos*.

Padre: Correct—a dollar and a half. That little sum deposited each month in the *Caja Internacional* will bring you after twenty years a good pension for all your life.

Nino: Dios mio! And must I wait twenty years to receive the pension?

Padre: Yes—the time is long, but the sacrifice you make is insignificant, and besides, how old are you now?

Nino: Ten years, little papa.

Padre: Very well. When you are thirty and in the very prime of life, will it not seem a great joy to receive every month a pension?

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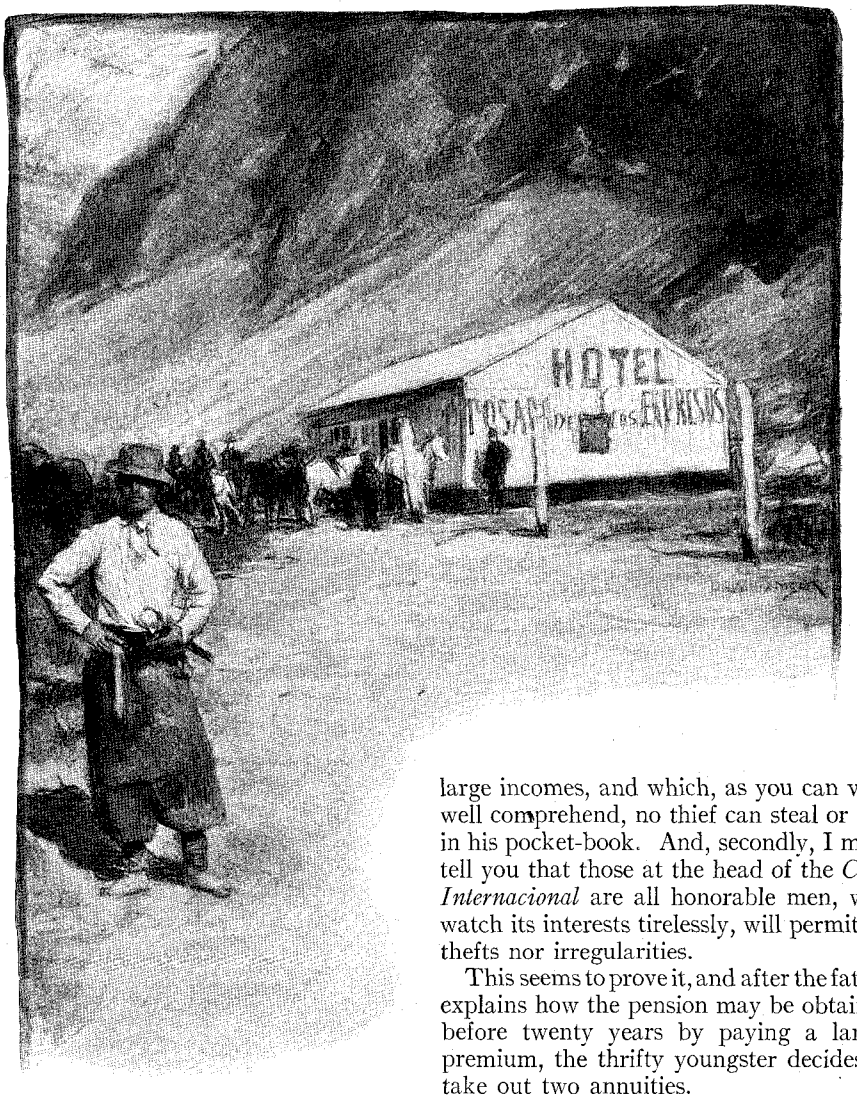

Juncal, on the Chilean side, at the end of the railroad, at an altitude of about seventy-eight hundred feet.

Nino: You do not know, papa, how this idea pleases me! I'll begin to-day to save all the *centavos* you and mamma give me, but—A doubt comes to me——

Padre: Speak, my son, what may that be?

Nino: Tell me, papa, if rascals should steal all the money in the *Caja Internacional*, how could it pay the pensions it promises?

Padre: That is impossible, for two reasons. First, because all the money destined to pay pensions is invested in great buildings, houses, land, etc., which produce large incomes, and which, as you can very well comprehend, no thief can steal or put in his pocket-book. And, secondly, I must tell you that those at the head of the *Caja Internacional* are all honorable men, who watch its interests tirelessly, will permit no thefts nor irregularities.

This seems to prove it, and after the father explains how the pension may be obtained before twenty years by paying a larger premium, the thrifty youngster decides to take out two annuities.

"So that I will receive two pensions!" he cries. "One ten years from now and the other in twenty. Oh, what happiness! Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear papa! I want no more caramels, nor sweets, nor toys of any kind!"

Except for the sight of this quaint *corso*, whanging up and down the *Boulevar San Martin*, delighted with itself and drowning out the band, and of the theatre audience that night with half the young men in the parquet in their hats and a gentleman in a proscenium box, one hand on the hip, twirling in the other the last whisper of "*el sport Ingles*," a cane fashioned like a golf stick, with a silver cleek for a handle—time

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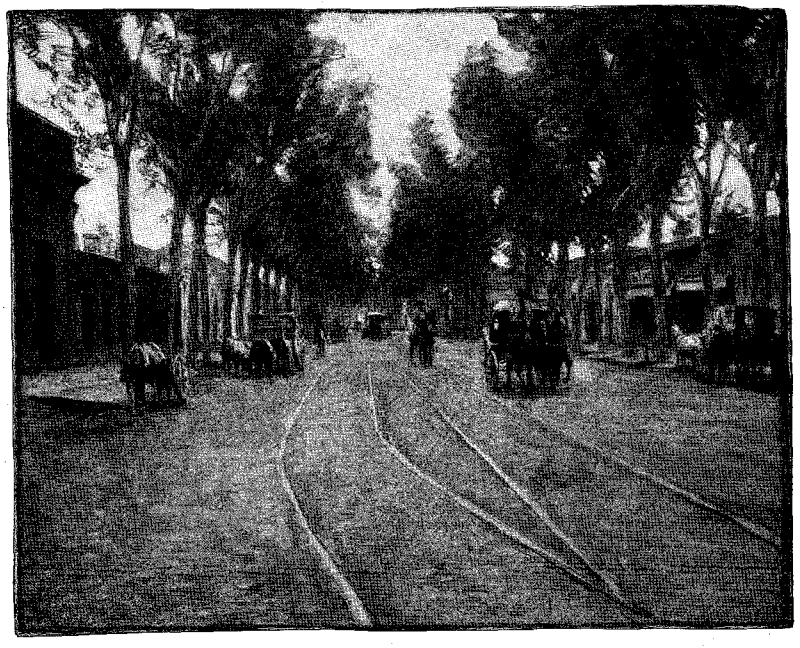
was lacking to penetrate very deeply into what the Mendoza society editor called "our *gran mundo*." Indeed, it appeared that, at the moment, there was a slight slump in the activities of Mendoza's gay world. "We have heard," admitted the society editor, with that veiled and conservative phraseology necessary in communities of moderate size, "a number of conversations tending to devise means to discover some variation in the programme of our distractions, in order that they may not be wholly and exclusively theatre-parties."



Calle San Martin, Mendoza.

There had been, apparently, a lack of team-work. "It would always be easy," said the society editor, "to find a solution in those moments of crisis which occasionally assault our social life when, in spite of the general desire, not a single *fiesta* is realized, if those remedies could be put in practice which the ladies, without troubling much about it, hit upon in their informal gatherings.

"According to the ladies, *they* are more enthusiastic, and if they could act with all the freedom which the masculine sex uses, we should never have to lament those occasional seasons of boredom. They are often overheard to make vigorous recriminations against the young men.

"On the other hand, the young men say that it is not enough for them to plan attractive things, for they often find that when, with the best intentions, they have gone to a great deal of trouble and work, they are obliged to abandon the whole thing, owing to insurmountable obstacles.

"The fact is," concludes the editor, "the blame is on both sides. Let us hope that the good intentions now active may succeed in bringing some new element into the *distracciones de nuestro gran mundo*."

From this metropolis of the foothills, the bi-weekly express—a compartment sleeping-car, what looked like an ordinary Pullman, several day-coaches and a dining-car—like an overland train at home except for the unfamiliar width necessitated by the broad trans-continental gauge—hurried us away the next evening toward Buenos Aires. All night we rode and the next morning were whirling eastward at fifty miles an hour across the level *pampa*. It was raining, all the earth was saturated and hung with mists, and under this mist, although the last week in July, and midwinter, the cattle were still grazing on "green feed." The prairie was level as a summer sea—once the track was laid for two hundred miles with-

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out a curve, as straight as a line ruled across a sheet of paper—from horizon to horizon only grass and cattle and more cattle and more grass. From time to time appeared a station, with shabby buildings clumped round about, a stockade, grain elevator perhaps, a few bronzed cattlemen in *ponchos*, boots covered with pasty mud. Nothing else broke the level earth. And after the West Coast deserts, the choked and drowsy jungles of the North, these infinite open stretches, with their brown armies of long-horned steers, unrolling, mile after mile and hour after hour, saturated with moisture, fertile, enveloped in mists, seemed limitless as a sea, suggested a potentiality and fecundity incalculable.

Darkness shut down on the prairie, there came more frequent stations, suburbs at last, then the twinkling extent of the city. A hotel courier in uniform put me into a cab, the cab rolled quietly off to the hotel over asphalt streets glistening under arc lamps and dripping with rain. A hall-boy and a chamber-maid, in neat black and white, led the way to my room and turned on the lights. It was extremely magnificent. The lamps, shaded in rose-colored silk, suffused in a mellow luxuriance the brass bedstead with its counterpane of silk and down quilt folded at the foot, the window curtains of heavy rose-colored silk, the polite writing-desk with its candle, wax, seal, and carefully arranged note paper, bearing the monogram of the house.

The majordomo knocked to get *Señor's* name and to ask if he had dined. The luggage followed and with it the freshly starched maid, carrying one of the gunny-sacks, still a trifle damp and smelly from the mountain snows. She held it as far as she could at arm's length, dropped it in a corner and tripped out with lifted eyebrows. It began to be a little lonesome; gone were the barbarous inns of the provinces where one sent the half-breed *mozos* away laughing, with a good-natured push on the head. I ventured to the door and peered down into the inner court. The guests had mostly finished their dinners and were taking their coffee there. There were a German father and mother and their tall son, one unmistakable American female voice, the inevitable Britishers. All were in evening clothes, all emanated the tourist's vaguely irritating air of ignorance and self-complacency. Dinner was still being served in the room adjoining, the orchestra feverishly playing, and from there and up from the inner court rose a composite breath, of heat, the odor of food, wine, smoke and perfume, of flowing, aimless talk, the unmistakable breath of a city hotel, of sophisticated wealth and worldliness. It was a long, long way to Las Cuevas and the Cumbre and Portillo, and the walk down hill that frosty morning. We had stepped across the continent indeed, and back into the world again.

THE GARDENS OF BELLAGIO

By Edith M. Thomas

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY HENRY MCCARTER

THEIR gardens of enchantment lean
So wooingly along the lake!
A Soul of Fragrance—all unseen—
Steals forth, its captive souls to take!

So wooingly those gardens lie
Above the dreaming, moonlit lake—
And walking there, in days gone by,
I lost my heart—and gained heart-ache.

Oh, did you pass their open gate?
Or did you fondly pass therethrough?
Say, did you tarry there till late—
And did my heart not speak to you?

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THE GENERAL MANAGER

By Robert Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. FUHR

THE hostess, rapidly sweeping her field after the first conversational skirmish, observed but one silent spot of discontent. Mrs. Bracefield, who had been placed between the two prize men, was intently studying the arrangement of roses in front of her plate. The distinguished lawyer on the lady's left was still gayly occupied with his neighbor, and apparently Harry Stearns—her latest treasure—had missed fire completely with the clever young widow—who was the very person for him to know. The young man's eyes were travelling furtively to the group at the next corner, as if he were getting ready to cast his fly in that direction. And so, at the risk of upsetting things generally, the hostess leaned forward and interposed:

"Julie, has Mr. Stearns told you that Caracas story of his? You've not heard about it, I suppose—you've been back such a short time. Do get him to tell you his marvellous adventure."

Mrs. Bracefield, thus directly stirred, gave her neighbor a dubious glance, as if uncertain whether she should accord him this final chance to retrieve himself. Her dark eyebrows wrinkled inquiringly.

"I suppose Mrs. Marquis means the Penberg affair," the young man explained good-naturedly. "There was a lot about it at the time in the papers. You see old Penberg wrecked a bank—just put on his hat one day after luncheon and walked off with a million and a half, and nobody could get on his track for some weeks. Then the *Star*—that's my paper—had a straight tip from a woman who wasn't invited to go along, as she had expected, that our man was on board a tramp steamer he had chartered, on his way to South America. The *Star* gave me and another man the job to hunt him up, run him to ground and get him extradited, if it could be done. He led us a good chase all right for six weeks. But we got him!"

"Tell me all about it," Mrs. Bracefield urged, opening her large eyes in genuine interest for the first time that evening. "How did you manage to catch him?"

And thereupon the *Star* reporter told her plentifully of his great adventure, warming to the story as it unwound, picturing the old defaulter in unpremeditated strokes of curt slang, with some final remarks on criminal psychology of an unbookish nature.

"But," commented Mrs. Bracefield, as he neared the end, leaning on her elbow and facing the young man, with total neglect of the distinguished lawyer who was now looking covetously in her direction—"what a splendid story!"

"It was good stuff," the reporter agreed simply, mistaking the drift of her words.

"Aren't you going to do something with it?"

"I should say I did do something with it! Columns of cable for two weeks. They played it up front page, and it was copied all over the country."

"Oh," she explained with a little laugh, "I meant something worth while—a play or a book. You tell it so awfully well!"

"What for? It was all in the papers," he replied indifferently. "Most everybody, I guess, has forgotten it by this time. But it was good stuff!" He smiled regretfully as at the memory of a youthful exploit. "I'll send you the clippings, if you'd like to run 'em over."

"Bring them, instead," Mrs. Bracefield corrected, with an encouraging smile on her little mouth. And thus peace was made between them.

The reporter's story had taken them through the remaining courses, and the distinguished lawyer looked sulkily at the young man when the hostess rose. But Mrs. Bracefield, without sparing him a glance, turned again to the reporter, a swift little stab in her dark eyes.

"You know you shouldn't have talked to me as you did at first—shouldn't talk like that to any woman you'd just met for the first time," she admonished.

"Talk how? What way?" The young

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man's face showed his consternation, and he glanced hurriedly at the empty wine glasses.

"So—intimately!"

"I guess I don't know how to talk any differently," the young man replied, trying to recall his wandering remarks on their sitting down.

"I'll explain—when you come to see me!" And with a last forgiving smile, her brown head slightly lowered, she passed in front of him to join their hostess. . . .

"My dear, I didn't have a moment to explain to you," Mrs. Marquis murmured, linking Mrs. Bracefield to her. "But I thought you would find him out—you're so clever about people. He's raw, but he is a genius in his way, so Bob Cruttwell says. His story in the *Star* of the Penberg capture was marvellous—so graphic, so funny, too—and he showed nerve! Did you get it all out of him? . . . Where does he come from? . . . Who knows? Out of the West, East, North: he's just emerging with his talent in his hand! But they say he drinks, and, of course, wherever he comes from, it must have been something—well, rather plain!"

"Rather!" Mrs. Bracefield assented. But she made a movement with her pretty hand as though she would say that plainness didn't count in such cases—it was almost the rule. She seemed willing to hear more about the young man, and Mrs. Marquis added almost earnestly:

"You might do so much for him, Julie, if you only would!"

"I?" But the shrug of the shoulders did not wholly disclaim this flattering attribution of power.

"Yes, if you would only take him on——"

"Take him on?" Mrs. Bracefield's brow contracted at the phrase.

"Oh, you know: show him things, teach him to manage himself, just what you did for Percy Henderson—and the others. He needs, oh, a lot of things—direction, inspiration, perhaps," she suggested slyly. "He's splendid material, I am sure."

"Is he tractable?"

"That depends, of course; but with you, no doubt—he's really a nice boy!"

Mrs. Bracefield, animated by this broad tribute to her special powers, sipped her coffee and mused.

"He's coming to see me, my dear."

"Good!"

"I'll look him over. But journalists," she sniffed dubiously, "they've never been my field, exactly."

"Everything is your field, Julie!" the hostess purred. "Now you are home we are all going to run more smoothly. You always put people straight on the track."

"Don't be silly, dear!" the young widow protested, stretching her slippered foot luxuriously toward the fire. "Tell me who else is doing things."

II

THERE was no one present to record that first serious conference between Mrs. Bracefield and the young journalist. Probably the latter was content that what went on in the little drawing-room should be hidden forever in the unknown. Mrs. Bracefield's method with her cases combined all methods, as music masters sometimes advertise; rather it was a special method for each case and therefore usually successful in the end. In the present case it united an unexpectedly large amount of frank criticism with a dash of personal kindness, a touch of superior wisdom, and a hint of maturing age—though both were young enough to enjoy this pose. At all events the careless, slangy young man, who had looked at life too steadily from the angle of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, came away from the Bracefield house at dusk very sober. He had been shown wherein his dinner conversation was unsuitable; for the first time he suspected his vocabulary; and he glanced dubiously at the more striking elements of his attire. An impatient jerk of his arm as he turned the first corner seemed to say—

"Lord, what difference does it make!" But he knew already in his heart that whatever Mrs. Bracefield might take the trouble to say or imply must make a difference to him henceforth. "And I guess she knows all right what she's about," he added in homely homage. . . .

Apparently Mrs. Bracefield had come rapidly to the conclusion that the young reporter was good enough material to be in her field. And so, starting with those newspaper clippings of his great story, she carefully prepared herself on the new case. That was her way: to gather all the tangible facts at hand and prepare from them

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in the delicate alembic of her mind a searching summary of the special force in the subject, and then a prescription—oh, yes, a very definite formula! From Stearns she quickly obtained every printed word that had been saved from the scrap basket—from the juvenile contributions to fresh-water college journalism to the last item run through the typewriter on his way uptown to see her. He protested always that she made too much of these paper scraps:

"It's just the mine-run," he apologized modestly, "so much per day, slate and coal mixed." In other words, the things seen with a pair of clear black eyes, the things heard and set forth in all the zest of youth, in all the delight of movement, roar, life!"

"I don't take *them* seriously," she explained, laying aside the last bundle he had brought in and preparing to go out with him, "but I do take *you* seriously. There is a big difference."

She smiled wisely as she looked him over. He had improved vastly, she concluded, in the minor details of shoes, socks, ties. And his manners were coming on, his way with people; another six months would see that side of her task completed—he was sensitive to distinctions. Mrs. Bracefield despised the social sins committed in the name of Bohemia. . . .

"And they are very, very good, some of the things you do," she continued, sinking into a corner of the hansom. "I've been all over them again, and I am sure"—her brows contracted judicially—"that you have it in you—the real thing!"

The young man had heard that he was one of the best reporters in the city, but it had not stirred his pulses as did this judgment from Mrs. Bracefield's lips. His face became serious with a wondering look that nothing could have brought there a few months before: as if he were straining his eyes to see what was a little beyond the field of vision.

"You're good to bother with me," he murmured, a phrase inadequately describing his feeling, that was always on his lips these days. "But I don't see it as large as you do. Those stories are all right for the paper of course. And that's enough, too," he jerked out, a bit defiantly, recollecting his gaiety in dashing off those lines of the moment for the dollar of immediate joy.

"But it isn't enough! And that is just what you must realize," she corrected. "You can do better than newspaper stuff, merely glanced at and swept into waste. There are stories hidden in your paragraphs that would make stunning plays. And you must do a play. I have made up my mind on that point!"

She smiled at him in a glow of successful divination.

"Play it is, then!" the young man assented lightly. "What style are you for? Romantic, Ibsen, Shaw, or Fitch?"

"Please! I'm perfectly serious. You could write as good a play as Jaspers; better, because you know the facts—life; and Jaspers has nothing but the manner. He never saw anything with his own eyes."

Jaspers, whose name decorated expansively the bill-boards as the author of the season's "greatest American drama," had been a few years previously Mrs. Bracefield's success. In fact when Bracefield died it was supposed that the dramatist might step in due season into the vacant seat beside the discoverer of his talent. Instead, he had written this successful play.

"I've always wanted to do a play," the young man admitted shyly, "but I never had the nerve—it takes so much experience——"

"Oh, not so much. You can do it!" Mrs. Bracefield nodded her firm chin with conviction. "It's harder to get it on—but leave that to me!"

The look, half wonder, half admiration, that the young man gave her in acknowledgment of her confidence was no longer blithe and boyish: it was the troubled look of the man who sees the first glow of distant light in his soul. The increasing intensity of his eyes as they rested on her face made her look away: she had seen that look before in men's eyes, in other cases. She knew that it was the birth-note of creative purpose, and with it went admiration for the inspiring intelligence, and subjection, which might turn to love. That also could be used, if skilfully directed.

"Yes," she concluded as the cab drew up at the door of the concert hall, "you must leave the newspaper, and devote yourself to something—big! You've had all there is to be got by knocking around without purpose. Now for your real work!"

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And as the soloist launched his first note, she whispered, "I shall be so glad when it comes!" . . .

In the waves of ascending melody the reporter dreamed what there might be in his life when he had done what she would deem to be "big."

III

HER friends called the little nest where Mrs. Bracefield housed herself in the country "Inspiration Mount." She had heard the gibe, but did not resent it. It was a minor hill in a minor landscape, the house overlooking a flat surface of Connecticut woods and fields with a distant peep of the sea. Here Mrs. Bracefield lived in company with a docile stepmother five out of the twelve months—an amiable and mutually beneficial arrangement—and here she conducted those larger operations with men's souls that had spread her fame—in small Sabbath parties or in more protracted visits and communings.

Poor Bracefield had built the house and lived in it one season. With its subdued elegance, its complete appropriateness to their resources and to the minor landscape, it was a testimonial to all that his able wife had done for the rising young architect. . . .

"Of course it's no magnificent scene that we survey," Mrs. Bracefield admitted to the novice; "but it has its own quality"—a quality that corresponded symbolically with that human field in which she chose to work.

For here in the past had gathered Vernon, the portrait painter; Sturtevant, the critic; not to mention Jaspers, the most flashing ornament of that lengthening chain she had busily forged. Here came in due course the young journalist, now ex-journalist, having walked out of the *Star* room one fine spring morning with the curt explanation to his editor that he was tired of "journalism!" Never before had he used that cold term in reference to his work for the *Star*. Straightway he had disappeared from Park Row and Broadway, and whatever he was doing was being done in retirement, in a farmhouse not far from Cullens' Corners—the prosaic postal designation of the Bracefield country place.

There were an unusual number of excellent spots for retirement on Inspiration Mount, which had been laid out, as Jaspers once remarked, with an eye for intimate conversations: a clump of thick bushes beyond the pool on the west slope; an elm tree with a high-backed bench farther down the hill; and best of all, the "ravine," an ambitious name for a tiny hollow surrounded by young firs. Here was the inner sanctuary of Inspiration Mount, to which even an initiated servant rarely dared penetrate on urgent occasions, it being understood that when the young mistress had withdrawn to this spot with a companion she might not safely be disturbed. And this was the spot where, as the summer wore on, Stearns might most often be found on sunny afternoons, lounging on the pine-needles, reading, discussing, planning his play, under the kindling eye of his companion, who lay all white upon a purple rug, shielding her face from the descending sun with a sheet of manuscript.

However the play might be coming on, there were other matters getting on much faster. Mrs. Curtish, that discreet stepmother, gently indicated the fact.

"Was it the Ravine again this afternoon, my dear? Joe couldn't find you. The Cruttwells were here,—so sorry to miss you. Yesterday it was the Borrowses. I had to give them tea, they came so far, and we quite ran out of talk."

"Oh, people! I can't bother with them all the time. . . . Harry's play is coming on so well—there is so much to talk over." . . . Then after a moment of reflection—"We might have the Cruttwells to dinner some day. I want Bob to hear the play."

"They had a young man with them, a Mr. Astern, the new cartoonist they are trying on the *Eagle*."

"Sally wrote me about him," Mrs. Bracefield replied indifferently. "They can bring him to dinner, too, if they want to. Shall we say Friday?"

The dinner came off, but Stearns did not read his play. There was still much to be done on the fourth act, and Mrs. Bracefield decided it would not be wise to submit it in an imperfect state to the editor of the *Eagle*, who was an influence to be conciliated in matters theatrical. At the dinner the cartoonist had the honors. Stearns, who sat at the hostess's left, displayed an unaccountable shyness, not to say gloom,

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that caused Mrs. Cruttwell to remark on the way home:

"What has happened to Harry Stearns? He used to be positively boisterous, and to-night he sat like a parson all through dinner, and never made a break!"

"Oh, Julie is hypnotizing him; he's in the dumb stage!" her husband sneered. Hitherto Cruttwell had kept his feet from straying into the common path of their circle, and unduly prided himself on his rectitude.

"It was not what I meant," Mrs. Marquis, who was also of the party, sighed, "when I urged Julia to do something for Harry Stearns. She's let it absorb her completely this time, neglected the rest of us. And I've offered her a number of other enterprises, and she won't hear of them. Do you suppose—for a moment?" Her voice sank to a horrified whisper.

"No, I don't suppose," Cruttwell scoffed. "She's trying a new method on him—high voltage or something of the sort. Perhaps he's proving obstinate. It's a dangerous method, I admit, especially if she gets a taste for it. But before she commits herself fatally, the young man will have to make good. Will he? That story he sent me didn't promise it: all poetry and vast emotions and language. Mrs. B. has spoiled a good reporter, as the result of her efforts so far."

"Oh, Julie will draw out, if that's all," the women chorused.

"The lady may have a heart, perhaps," ventured the cartoonist.

"Julie's heart is a special kind—under perfect control," Mrs. Marquis informed him for his good. "It was never known to commit her to a mistake."

IV

NEVERTHELESS, the "high voltage" method had its dangers, as Mrs. Bracefield was forced to recognize that very night. After the others had gone, she strolled with Stearns towards the bit of woodland through which lay his path to the farm house. She had drawn a colored wrap about her white shoulders and arms, and was holding it by one hand clasped at the breast, while the other just touched the young man's arm as he guided their steps through the tall grass. His eyes, on a level with the wave of brown hair, studied intently her sweetly serious face. Suddenly in the midst of their way he stopped and made her turn to face him.

"What is it, Harry?"

"Tell me—something," he burst out explosively. "Suppose that play were no good at all—as likely enough it isn't—just a failure!—would you still care—still believe?" he corrected quickly.

With only a moment's thought, she answered deftly:

"Of course it doesn't depend on any one thing. You may spoil a dozen canvasses, but the power will be there just the same—and the power is what counts!" She smiled reassuringly, and with the gentlest pressure on his arm directed their steps onward.

"That doesn't answer me," he said impatiently. "Suppose there isn't any power, nothing uncommon—what then?"

"What do you mean?" she queried, to gain time.

Taking both her hands in his he demanded searchingly:

"Could you still care for *me*—without the rest? That is what I mean. That is what any man would mean!"

She hesitated, with upturned eyes, and then she found the right answer.

"But, Harry, I cannot suppose anything so unlikely. You are always *you*, and I can't think what I should be towards any other you than the one I know—who is to be famous!" Content with her skill, she pressed his hands and turned once more to the landscape, which was taking the light of the rising moon. "See!" She motioned to the white light on the distant hills.

But the young man was not to be distracted, and when a few moments later she gave him her hand in farewell he returned to the personal note:

"Julie, you put the power into me—and suppose I need you to keep it there alight?"

She raised her clear eyes with a look of tranquil conviction.

"No woman ever put a power into a man that wasn't there already."

"And yet I know that you have lifted me into another world," he protested.

"That's a splendid speech for good night," she laughed, turning to retreat up the hill.

"And if you take away your hand," he persisted, "I shall tumble down into that world I used to know so long ago."

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"But I shan't take away the hand—until you no longer need it," she replied more tenderly. "Now good night to you, and bring over that act to-morrow at four."

She walked rapidly up the hill, while he lingered at the entrance to the wood to watch her white figure. When she had reached the terrace before the house she turned, looked down at him, waved an arm in farewell and disappeared into shadow.

V

THEY prolonged the summer of their content into a still, golden autumn. Day by day slipped past them and was numbered with the weeks, and still they held the "ravine" until the sky-line of the surrounding hills showed stark with the bare branches of denuded trees. Such days as these—such days as the man had never dreamed could come in life! There was a glow in the ripening fields, and a glow in his heart to make all earthly things seem immortal. . . .

The play was finished, at last, so Mrs. Bracefield informed Bob Cruttwell in a letter announcing her approaching return to town, and already preparations for marketing it had begun in her active mind. That was no simple affair, as she well knew, but one requiring the exercise of an infinite tact, the pulling of diaphanous wires, the delicate coaxing of opportunity. The début of a new career in the crowded ranks of art demanded more than mere talent: it was an affair of management—her peculiar field.

The young dramatist laughed skeptically at all this contrivance, conceiving in his ignorance that, goods in hand, he would knock at a few doors, and lo! one would straightway swing wide before him and he would enter the pleasant fields of Success. But for the present Success might wait his leisure, while he entertained his heart with this wonder of love. . . . There was also all the rest he was to do—the other plays, the books, all the unworked material of his soul. At the touch of love, in the glow of these inspired days, this unworked field revealed itself ever richer, more marvellous, to the delight of the woman who listened. Now all the visions of life that had lain hidden in him through the careless years of youth streamed upward in vivid pictures—prodigally, joyously!

"How that lives! How splendid it is!" Mrs. Bracefield exclaimed, moved, as he carelessly touched the end of a tale that had risen unexpectedly in his memory. Many times in the course of her varied career she had assisted at the creative process, felt sympathetically the stir of conception in the artist's mind—it was the subtle satisfaction of her part—but it had never come so fully, with such force and intimacy, as these last days at Inspiration Mount.

"You lift me also into that other world!" she murmured to him in genuine gratitude.

The October day was coming to a perfect close, still and clear, with a rim golden green along the hills; so clear and still that the falling leaf was heard; so clear and still that one listened to a heart-beat. The young man looked steadily above the hills to the sky, seeing there the promise of greater marvels.

"Wonderful, so wonderful, each day, each moment! You have made this wonderful life for me, and you share it with me!"

With the glamour of the moment in her veins she smiled back in acknowledgment and protest:

"No, it is yours, all *yours!* You make this new world for us both."

And his heart leaped with a sense of triumph that no glory of success, no human plaudit, might ever bring. "It is *ours*," he chanted; "and it is greater than we."

He took her upturned face between his strong hands and looking into her eyes kissed her. . . .

Presently the sun sank below the hills; a breath of air blew cold from the sea; the shadows began to darken. Mrs. Bracefield looked about her and shivered.

"Where has it gone, our other world?" she asked playfully, as they retraced their steps to the house for the last dinner. Already servants were lighting twinkling lamps in the house above. "To-morrow," she warned, "there will be the old world of work."

"I would give all that it has for this!"

"Oh, no," her practical, woman's soul rebuked him. "So much it has that will come to you, so much of good—fame and honor and money"—she trailed them alluringly before him.

"May be," he assented carelessly. "But if not, what then?" he questioned.

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She made no reply. He felt her slipping down from the heights they had got to, down the golden slopes of that other world in which they had met; and his heart grew cold within him.

"Well," he added sadly, "*this* you can never take away—never, never!"

"She smiled at the hyperbole of youth.

"Perhaps I can give more."

"Never anything like this—never!"

Thus in the gathering twilight of autumn there crept a chill thought through the young man's soul:

"Love is too little for her!"

And straightway he hated Fame, which was not yet his to offer.

VI

When the fifth manager had finally rejected "His Great Case," Stearns sought Mrs. Bracefield's house. It was early in the afternoon, but he had telephoned, and she had appointed the hour, precisely. The familiar little drawing-room where he had to wait for several minutes reflected on every side the full activity of its mistress—from the printed brief of a celebrated case that lay half read on a chair, the authors' copies on the tables, the sketches on the walls, even to the roses in the vases that were all emblematic of some meeting of souls.

When she came in, lightly, eagerly, as if she had waited the hours for him, she read the catastrophe in his face. While she touched his hand, she exclaimed:

"Tripp has——"

"Turned it down, and after putting it in rehearsal. Miss Bellew knocked; they all knocked. And Tripp has almost persuaded me I can't write a play!"

In spite of his whimsical smile his lips trembled nervously. He leaned back against his chair and closed his eyes. He was white and thin. As he would once have phrased it, the winter "had run him through the wringer." Mrs. Bracefield studied the limp figure and frowned. In the swollen eyelids, she read care, sleepless nights—possibly drink; in the wrinkled, shabby clothes, all the other writing of Failure. She stroked her hand impatiently: this was one of her rare mistakes, and mistakes annoyed her, especially while they hung within the range of daily vision.

"What will you do now?" she asked so distinctly as to make him open his eyes.

"Do? With that play? . . . Shove it into the nearest fire. Here—yours is handy."

He strode to the grate.

"Don't be theatrical!" she warned pettishly. "And all that paper would make the fire messy."

"Always such a practical soul," he muttered with a faint grin, and thrust the roll of manuscript into his pocket. "A furnace would be better."

While he stood there, she looked past him to the clock, as if mentally calculating her engagements; then, reassured about the time, she said gently:

"Harry, you must try again, of course. But first you should go away somewhere, and get hold of yourself. This——"

"Say it—*failure*."

"This experience may be the most valuable thing that could happen to you. Another time——"

"Thank you! I shall try——"

"A play?"

"No, tailor," he grinned rather forlornly. "Don't you think I need it?"

She ignored his frivolity.

"Why don't you do something with that story—the one I liked so much when you told it the night before we left the country?'

Stearns straightened himself suddenly and crossed the room to the seat beside her.

"Let us drop my work," he said gravely. "I didn't come here to talk about that."

"What shall we talk about, then?" She saw that it was a callous thing to say, and reddened.

"Where did it go?" he asked softly. "Where did we lose it?"

She waited with averted eyes.

"That wonderful light on the earth—those weeks in the other world—what you gave me?"

"The curtain has fallen," she said, attempting to rise to his mood. "But we haven't lost it; it is all there behind, isn't it?"

The young man shook his head, and stared out of the window to the rift of sky above the city bricks, as if trying to recover a lost possession.

"Just that sort of thing couldn't go on always, could it?" She appealed to his reasonableness. "Could it?"

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"But," commented Mrs. Bracefield, "what a splendid story!"—Page 270.

He came back to her.

"No, no! It isn't there behind. Why say it? . . . I know that I've lost the trick, Julie. The play—that doesn't matter. But the dream, the dream—and the woman," he muttered softly to himself. "But I'll be a good loser, you'll see! That's what I came to say—just that, and good-by."

"Don't be foolish, Harry. Don't sentimentalize!" Mrs. Bracefield counselled robustly. He was taking the matter out of her hands, to her relief. But he was putting her in the wrong, to her irritation. She had already realized the full danger of the "high voltage" method, yet even in this emergency she disliked to give it up altogether. "Of course, I've been terribly occupied this winter. You see we couldn't go on as if no one existed in this world but ourselves. There were all my old friends. And one owes something to others——"

"Yes, to others—perfectly. You needn't excuse yourself, Julie."

There had been so many of the "others." There was especially the distinguished lawyer, who had entered politics that autumn and had made a local sensation; also the editor Cruttwell, who was succumbing, to his wife's amusement, after years of immunity; also the bland cartoonist Astern; and others, in lesser degree—a small firmament. And all these others, who had their share in the divinity, were perpetually in evidence in this world; while the ex-reporter of the *Star* had found himself a private citizen, now that he no longer appeared in public print. His little fame of a day had been left months behind in the wake of more prodigious events. Even Mrs. Marquis, who had not forgiven him for completely absorbing the Bracefield line of vision, had received him coldly and forgotten him. She was tooting for a new reputation—a man who wrote wonderful articles about adventures with mountain goats, and she had no time for derelicts, who must be left to make their way back to port under their own disabled engines.

Yes! Mrs. Bracefield had been sucked back into the city whirlpool, and he was left to spin by himself in the eddy.

"You did your best for me, Julie," the young man admitted generously, after these reflections. "You did more than your best; you did your worst, too."

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"A man must work out his problem by himself," she observed defensively.

He met this with an amused grimace.

"Just so! I'm working on mine. But there's one point I'd like some light on. And while I state it, will you give me whiskey instead of that tea?"

As she pressed the button to call the servant, she remarked severely, "I'm afraid you are drinking too much."

"One point," he continued, "only. Was any of it genuine—did it rise from the heart or the brain, or can't you tell?"

She wanted to fence; but a certain amount of honesty was due to a man who had penetrated to such depths—who had kissed her. And her own heart demanded some justification.

"I think we both felt it," she answered, sipping her tea thoughtfully. "It was from the heart, but——"

"The brain vetoed it? I see!"

"Perhaps it was not quite sane," she added judicially.

"Just for inspiration," the young man suggested disagreeably.

"Don't spoil our memory," she urged sentimentally.

"Where did it all go?" he mused. "It was real—*real!*"

She was looking again at the clock, and he intercepted her glance.

"I have my answer," he said quietly. "I am going at the end of this drink."

"Don't hurry—I have ten minutes more.

"Thanks! Ten minutes are six hundred seconds, even after the curtain."

Thereupon they sat looking at each other, a wide river of reflection running swiftly between them, bringing back in its flow those wonderful autumn days and those other selves when life had been magnified. It was she who first came back to the daily shore. With a little sigh her eyes roved over her pleasant drawing-room, noting all its evidences of multiform activity. There on the desk was that half-written note to Dodd concerning his poems, and another to the publisher Benjamin, whom she meant to interest in the young poet. Her visitor, aware that she had slipped back to the present, gathered himself wearily together and prepared to depart. She rose promptly, but as she held out her hand she said impulsively:

"Mamma and I are going to run away to the country for a few days next week. Don't you want to come? Saturday—no, Thursday—for the night?"

A recollection of other schemes had caught her midway and chilled her spontaneity. So she repeated the invitation, "Do come Thursday! It will do you so much good to get out of the city."

The young man smilingly shook his head.

"No—this is good-by."

"Good-by? Don't be silly."

"I'm wise: I don't want to remind you——"

"Of what?"

"That you guessed wrong!"

She blushed but tossed it off.

"Don't mope because the play hasn't gone—be strong!"

"Oh, yes! I know all about that. I shall be—what I can be."

A faint tinkle of a bell sounded somewhere below. Mrs. Bracefield glanced at the clock apprehensively. It must be slow! The young man smiled at her anxiety.

"It will take him forty seconds to divest himself of his outer raiment and thirty more to mount the stairs. I've timed it, often! That gives me better than a minute—for good-by."

He crossed the few feet of space between them, and lightly caught her shoulders and turned her face until he could look into her startled brown eyes.

"Thirty seconds, not more," he murmured whimsically. He touched the waving hair with his lips and whispered tenderly—"Next time when you guess, Julie, you must guess right!" . . .

He passed the distinguished lawyer in the gloom of the stairs. That gentleman, having made exceptionally good time, was puffing slightly, and failed to recognize the descending visitor. When he reached the drawing-room, he found Mrs. Bracefield seated at her desk before the letter to the young poet. She welcomed him with a trembling smile that he appropriated personally.

VII

Mrs. Marquis was giving the supper after the first night. It was the briskest part of the season, and the most-talked-of book, the one that lay on dainty dressing-

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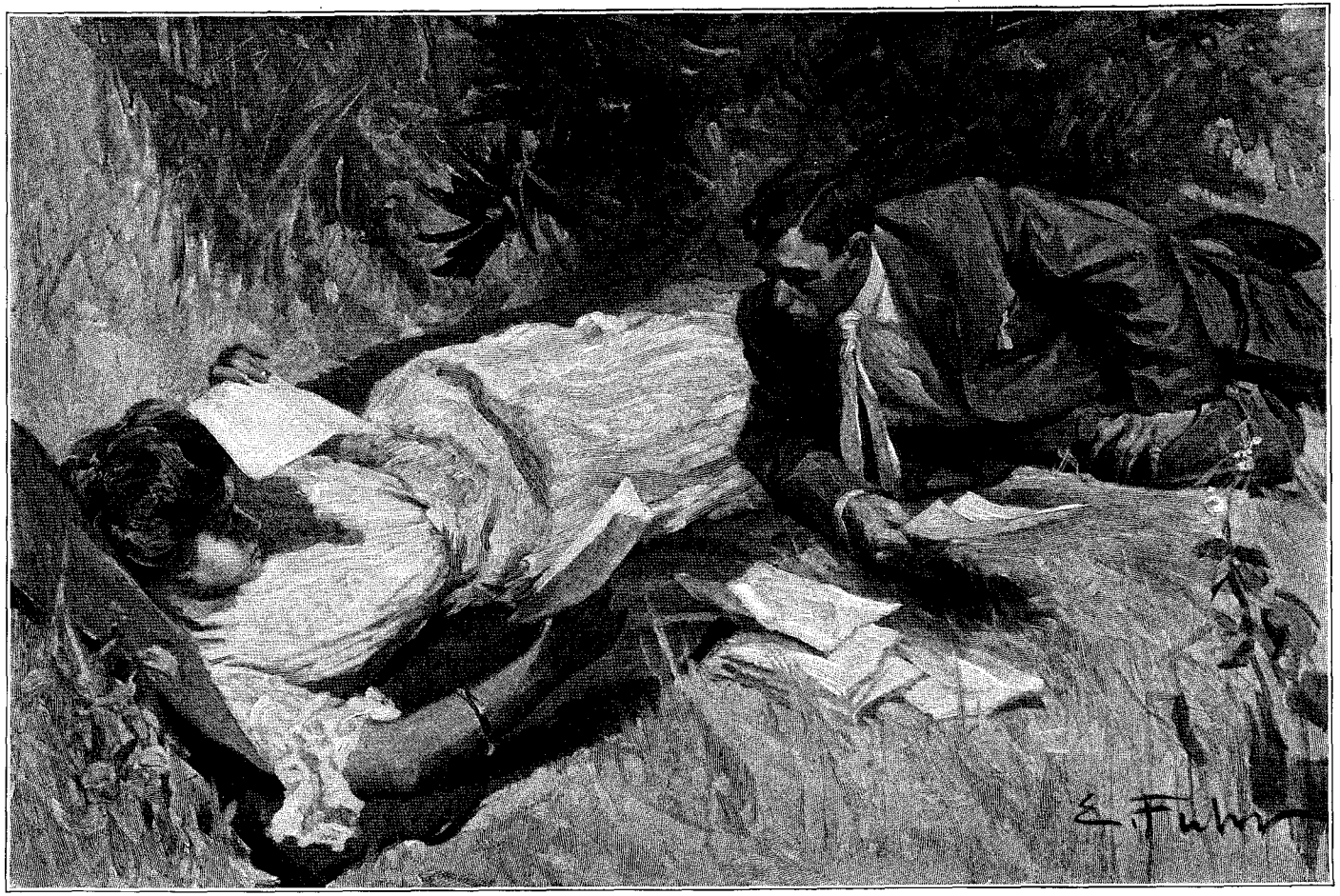

Drawn by E. Fuhr.

Reading, discussing, planning his play.—Page 273.

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tables and was hawked through the trains, the one that was said, by those who pretend to distinguish "literature" from the alloy of "journalism," to contain more of the pure metal than any book for a dozen seasons, was a volume of war stories, oddly named "The Dream of Life."

"You mustn't forget," Mrs. Marquis had written the wearied author, "that we are almost your oldest friends, and you will surely give us the pleasure of celebrating your double triumph, now that you are safely home once more. There will be only a few old friends."

And success having made him generous as well as properly humorous, he had consented to come and had brought with him the dramatist Jaspers, who had made a lovely play out of an episode in his book. He had taken out to the table one of those old friends Mrs. Marquis had referred to,

"It is greater than we."—Page 275.

who while he was away in that unpronounceable province of Asia had become the wife of the distinguished lawyer and politician Puvis. When the conversation had grown safely general they looked at each other and smiled involuntarily.

"It was two years—" she began frankly.

"And three months," he corrected.

"A long, long time," she sighed, recalling, perhaps, her marriage on the eve of a stirring election, in which the banner of reform

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"Where did it all go?" he mused. "It was real—*real!*"—Page 278.

as represented by Lawton Puvis had been dishearteningly snowed under. "And momentous—for both of us!"

"Sometimes monotonous, too."

"You at any rate have made the most of your monotony. This book——"

"A little industry," he suggested modestly.

"And that something else, which I knew was there from the beginning," she added, daringly appropriating a share of the triumph. "You went away — far away."

"To find myself," he completed.

Her eyes fell at the allusion.

"Tell me how it came about—you said nothing to any of us, just disappeared."

"No miracle in it! I met Kelly, the *Star* man, one day on the street—maybe I had a jobless look about me—at any rate he said he wanted a man to go to the Lio-Yang. I went home and looked up the place in the atlas and bought a ticket. Then I went."

"And the rest followed!" She looked at him admiringly. He was a full man now, and she, the skilled appraiser of genius, was better aware than he of the figure he was making in the world—her world and beyond.

"I read the book, at once," she continued gently. "It is wonderful—the poetry of it! Life and death! I cried."

"My book made you cry—this time?"

She appealed to him with her eyes for mercy.

"Yes, it is truly great. You couldn't have done it once!"

"No," he assented, "not two years ago! One grows, I suppose. At least one lives and suffers," he added, half to himself.

"Yes," she repeated, "one lives and suffers."

He looked at her quickly. After all, had

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she guessed right? But she met his glance calmly. No one in the world should ever know that. Her next remark came with an easy smile:

"So, though it wasn't a play, I counted for something in it."

Was it pride in the woman or plain mischief? He looked at her gravely.

"Yes, you counted for much!"

"And those weeks at the Mount," she persisted daringly.

"And those other weeks that followed? They were even more wonderful, perhaps."

She pondered this for a time with lowered eyes, then resumed buoyantly.

"Well, I can't help feeling proud of you—you see—my instinct was right."

"Yes, in all things."

She shrank from him and turned away her startled eyes. . . .

Mrs. Marquis, looking down her table where the other guests peeped furtively at the lion, repented that she had given him to Mrs. Puvis, who still had the habit of appropriation. But at that moment Mr. Marquis, a fat little gentleman of broker antecedents, who indulged his wife's intellectual tastes without understanding them, leaned forward from his remote end of the table and, raising his glass of wine to the young author, said:

"Let us drink to the 'Dream of Life' which Mr. Stearns has made so real!"

In the flutter of laughter that greeted the little man's long meditated effort, the distinguished lawyer blinked recognition across the table to the new celebrity. At last they had come into the same sphere and met as equals. But Mrs. Puvis merely touched her glass with dry lips.

A CUCKOO'S CALL

(In Clonmel Parish Churchyard, Queenstown, Ireland)

By Sarah Piatt

YES, I remember you, my bird.
(How far back last year's flower-time is!)
"Where is the child?"—have you not heard?
The grave in that deep grass is his.

Yes, yes. The child who followed me.
Who called, "What is your name?" to you;
And you made answer, from some tree
Out of the world: "Cuckoo, cuckoo." . . .

The wild one merrily shook its wing,
And lightly from the graveyard flew:
"Now, listen," said the joyous thing;
"Now, listen, when I say—cuckoo."

Then—as I have a soul to save,
I tell you what I say is true—
The child we thought still in the grave
Laughed from the air: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

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A Habitant farm in winter.

THE HABITANT IN WINTER

By Birge Harrison

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THERE was a wreck on the line in front of us. The time was 10 P. M., the season midwinter, and the locality somewhere in the wilds of Kamouraska, one hundred miles northeast of Quebec. Word was passed that we should be held up for at least twelve hours. This delay was particularly exasperating to me, for I was due to start at daybreak from St. Pacome—still fifteen miles distant—on a drive of two hundred miles through the greatest spruce forest of Lower Canada. I was invited to join Mr. Power, manager of the timber "limits" of a great Quebec lumber baron, on a tour of inspection of the various "camps" included in the concession under his charge. I had long desired to study the Habitant in his winter quarters; and here was my much-wished-for opportunity slipping away from me.

It must be explained that when the days shorten and the snow begins to fly, the French Habitants all quit their valley farms and journey to the nearest lumber camps, there to live for six long months in the brooding silence and the spectral whiteness of the great Canadian forest. Not a man who can swing an axe or drive a team would miss his winter season in the big timber. By instinct and by training they love the woods; they love the work, and, above all, they love the joyous, gregarious

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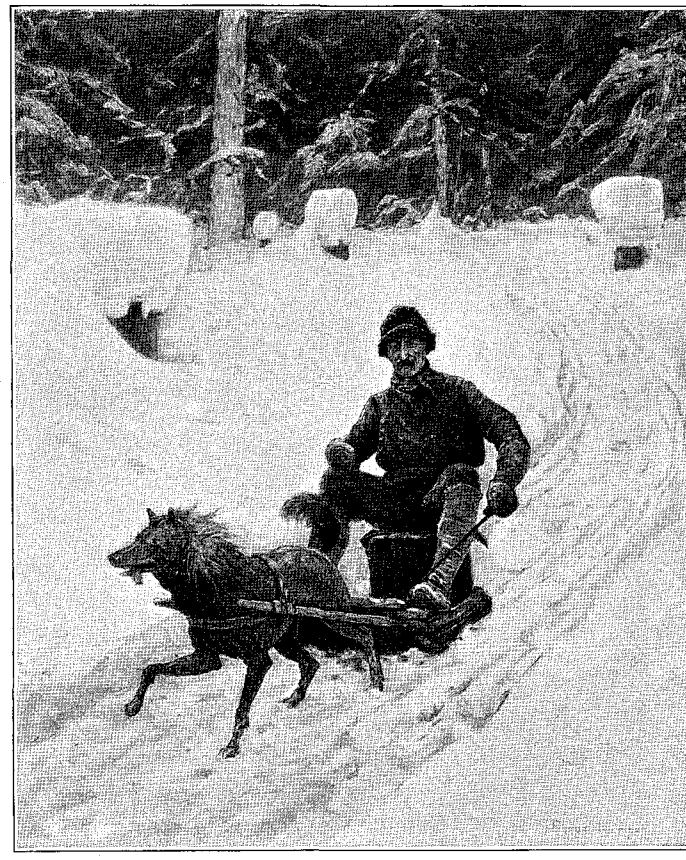
life of the camps, where fifty or sixty men are housed under one roof. The Habitant is by no means the reserved and taciturn man which his lonely life on an isolated farm might be supposed to make him. On the contrary, he is a particularly cheery and convivial person, and his social instinct is ministered to by the life in the crowded camp; where the hard work in the bitter cold is made merry by shout and song, and where the long evenings are passed in the telling of tales and the singing of old Canadian roundelays as the men lounge in their bunks, or gather in groups about the roaring box-stove.

Looking out of the Pullman window, I saw the snow-clad roofs of a small village gleaming blue-white in the crisp moonlight. This gave me an idea. I left the train, and ploughing breast-high through the intervening fields of snow (not without some risk), knocked at the door of the first cottage in which there was a light.

It was opened by a stocky little man with a bristling moustache and a sunny smile, who bade me enter. I explained to him my predicament and inquired if there was any way by which I could reach St. Pacome before morning.



Going to camp.

"Decidedly," he replied, "it falls well that Monsieur should have knocked at my door to-night, for I, Jean Content, was about to start for St. Pacome. I have business with Mr. Power, being one of his jobbers."

I afterwards learned that a jobber is an independent lumberman who cuts logs for the company by contract—so much per thousand logs.

While Content was harnessing up, I looked about me. The cottage consisted apparently of one large, whitewashed room, spotlessly neat, the walls and ceiling hung

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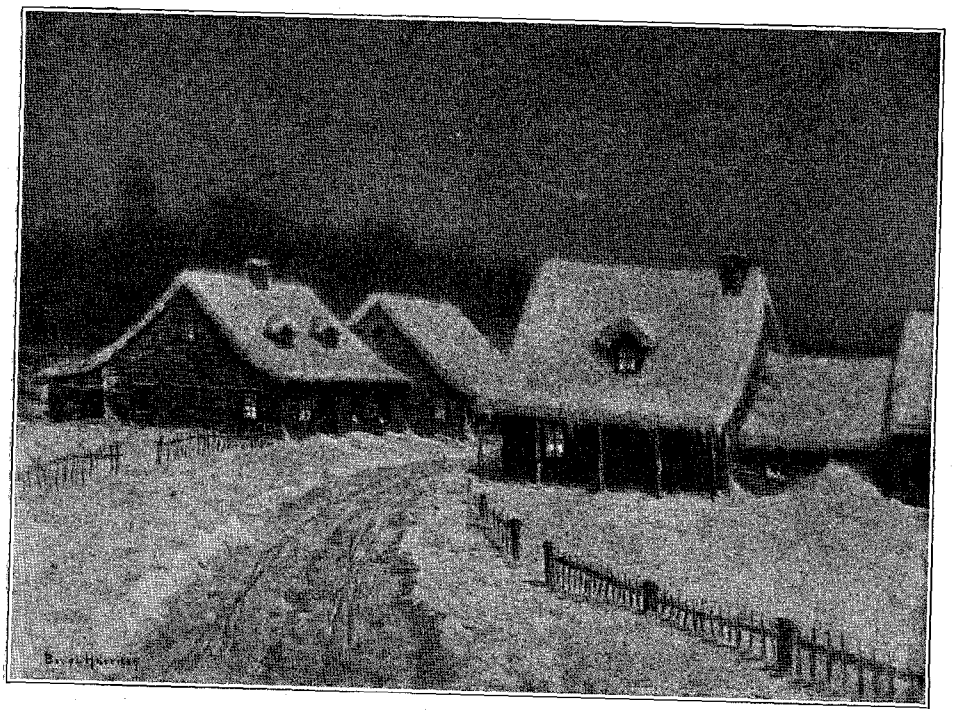

Habitant village by moonlight.

thick with all manner of household goods and utensils. There was a highly colored print of the Virgin, and one of St. Jerome, the patron saint of the village, in a garment of brilliant chrome yellow. Two very high beds and some bunks furnished sleeping accommodations for the family. Under the beds were a tier of long drawers, arranged one above another. Following my glance of curiosity, the "bonne-femme" pulled out one of these sliding shelves.

"The children," she remarked.

It was, in fact, literally full of children—three or four of them at least, lying crowded together in this strange couch.

"Are these all?" I inquired.

"Oh, no!" she replied, "the other 'tiroirs' are also pretty well filled up. I have twenty-two."

I congratulated her on the phenomenal size of her family.

"*Mais, non,*" she said, "it is not a large family. My neighbor, Madame Robitaille, has thirty-six"!

Jean and I were soon under way, muffled to our chins, speeding across country between the long dark lines of "balise's." In winter, after the snow has covered the fence tops, the Habitants no longer follow the ordinary roads. A straight track from village to village is then marked out with small pine trees, which show black against the snow on even the darkest night. This track is rolled heavily, and is kept hard during the winter by constant travel. The "balise's" look very like an interminable row of Christmas trees lining out the way.

The cold was intense but the tingling sensation it produced was not unpleasant; it was wise, nevertheless, to rub the nose occasionally to prevent frost-bite.

Jean was conversational, using the sixteenth century Norman *patois* now known as habitant; I replying in such French as an American may acquire during a ten years' residence in Paris—I had always considered it a very fair article of modern French. But in this I was shortly to be undeceived.

"Where does Monsieur come from?" asked Jean.

"From New York."

"New York? Why, I did not know that French was spoken in New York."

"No," I explained, "but I learned my French in Paris."

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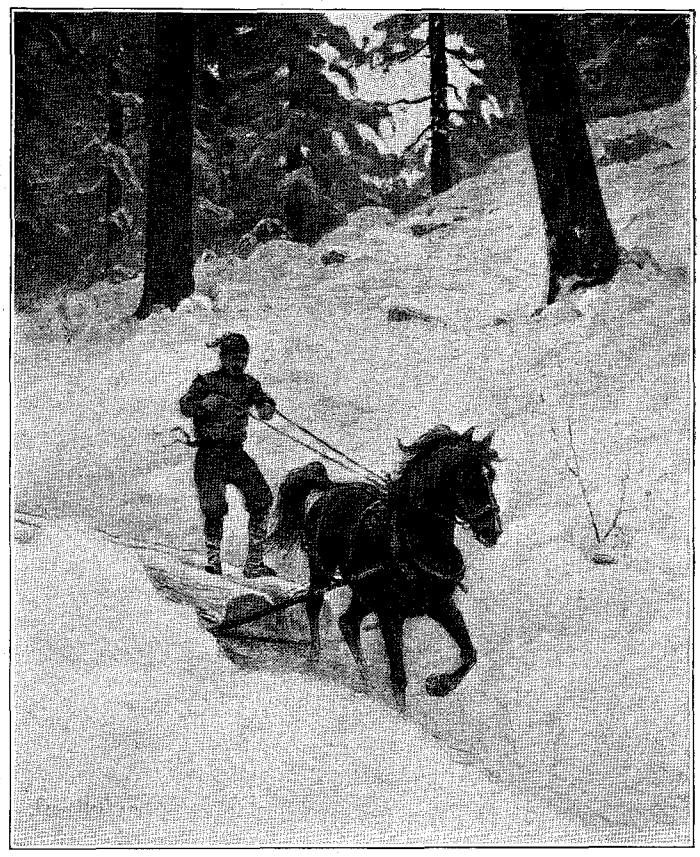

Snaking out the logs.

"Paris? where is that?"

I explained once more that Paris was a city in the great country of France.

"Oh! yes, France. I have heard of that. Well!" he said, "decidedly it is not good French, that Paris French!" Then, evidently with the kindly intent of softening the blow, he added, "however, I can understand you."

That was more than I could say in strict honesty regarding his own dialect; for, apart from its weird "brogue," the habitant contains so many obsolete words and so many purely nautical terms that an educated Frenchman is generally put out of business by it. The old French settlers were Norman sailors and fishermen, and the salt still clings to their tongue. In Lower Canada one "embarks" in a carriage or wagon; a lantern is still a "beacon," etc., etc. Many English words also have filtered across the border and become incorporated in the dialect—practical words like "machine," "sink," "stop," etc. The effect is singular when these are transformed into verbs—*stopper*—to stop, and so on.

Before midday on the morrow, Mr. Power and I were in the midst of the big forest, the giant trees towering above us interminably, all heavily laden with snow. In the high woods, wherever the snow falls, there it remains until Spring; for in the cavernous depths of these great forests there is no wind—nothing to disturb the filmiest fluff that hangs on the most delicate twig of spruce or balsam. For the first time in my life I knew the full meaning of the word silence; and the strongest impression that remains with me now of our ten days' drive through the vast and solemn aisles of this primeval wood is that of an all enveloping silence—a hush so intense, so absolute, as to be almost dramatic. It was

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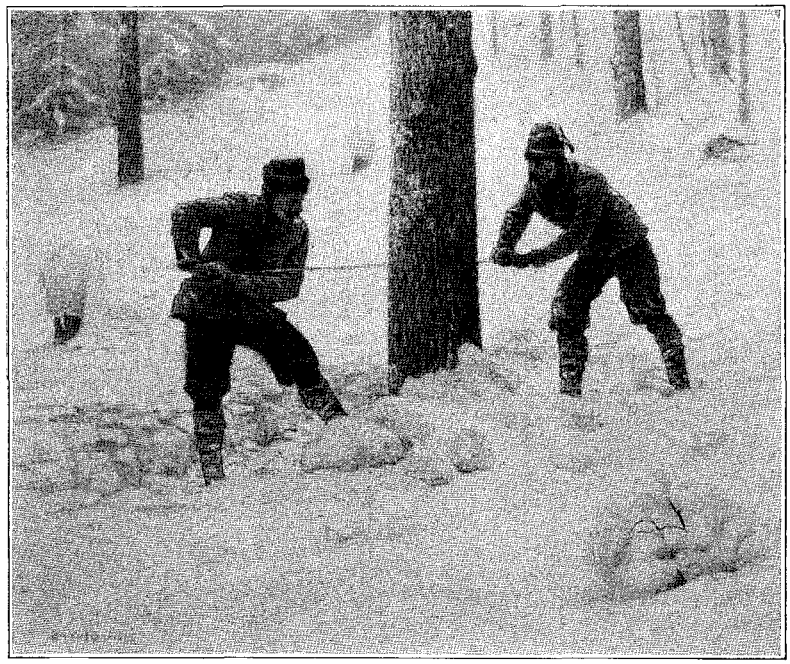
a little oppressive until one grew used to it; and when, occasionally, a fluffy hatful of snow was, by some mysterious agency, loosened from its supporting branch, the *noise* of its downfall was positively startling.

Yet this strange, dumb wilderness, so ghostly, so apparently bereft of life, is in reality teeming with life of all kinds. Our road was criss-crossed with the tracks of the arctic hare, everywhere were the generous round holes where white ptarmigan had buried themselves in the snow at our approach; and the trails of martin and lynx, of fox and caribou and red deer led everywhere up and down the corridors of the woods.



Felling a spruce.

But all were silent, furtive; seeking their food, pursuing their prey or frantically fleeing from their enemies without sound or cry; in an eerie hush that is like nothing else in nature. The winter which seals the lips of the rivers and the streams, seems also to seal the lips of all the wild creatures in this strange northern land.

The lumbermen, of course, in the busy quest for logs, logs and yet more logs, have not the time to devote to hunting; but they occasionally snare a few hares or ptarmigan or pick up a little red deer out of the snow and carry it in their arms to camp. Three were thus brought in alive during my stay. At first blush it seems incredible that a slow-moving animal like man should be able to run down and capture by hand one of the fleetest animals in the world; but the deer, once frightened off their runways, flounder helplessly about in the deep snow and soon become so exhausted that a man on snow-shoes can easily capture them.

One reason for the Habitant's comparative indifference to the inexhaustible supply of fresh meat at their doors is the fact that they hold it a poor and innutritious food. They regard venison much as we regard bread—useful to fill in the chinks, but in no way to be compared with fat pork, which they devour with relish three times a day.

And their instinct in this matter teaches them correctly, for the fat of the pork and the carbon in the molasses which sweetens their tea, is absolutely essential to maintain the bodily heat in this intense cold, ranging as it does from thirty to fifty degrees below zero for months at a stretch. Lucky then the Habitant who is in the good graces of the cook and who by graft or favor can

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Piling up the logs.

secure to himself an occasional cup of the grease in which the breakfast bacon is fried.

In addition to pork the diet consists of rich pea-soup (which is served by the quart), bread, apple-sauce made of dried apples, and a rich molasses gingerbread. I certainly saw nothing else on the table during my stay; and I can bear witness that this *menu*, which under the ordinary conditions of civilized life would have wrecked my digestion in three days' time, proved a most satisfying and wholesome diet out here in the woods. I did not, it is true, intrigue for the morning cup of grease; but I am by no means sure that I should not have envied the cook's favorite had I remained a month or more in camp. The men seemed to crave no change of food, and they were a wonderfully rugged and sturdy lot. Such a thing as a cold is absolutely unknown among them—which goes far to prove that Benjamin Franklin was right when he announced a century and a half ago that colds have nothing whatever to do with *cold*. These men dress no more heavily than we do in the latitude of New York; often go bare-handed, and perform their ablutions in the snow, which freezes on one surface while it is melting on another. Personal cleanliness is not their strong point, however. They are washed so clean inside by the eternal bath of oxygen in which they live that they have a fine scorn for the condition of the external man. Many of them do not undress during the entire winter. Personally I was unable to attain to this happy disregard for physical cleanliness—again, perhaps, because I did not remain long enough in camp. After sleeping in my clothes for a week, I began to pine consumedly for a bath. I asked Mr. Power if the same desire ever troubled him during his long trips of inspection.

"No," he said, "I suppose I am inured to it. I bathe much as an Indian takes food—when he can get it. However, if you feel like a bath, why not have one?"

Under the circumstances I confess that the joke seemed to me a poor one. However, in replying I maintained a tone as serious as his own.

"Delighted!" I said, "show me the bathroom."

"Anywhere. Take a snow bath. It is not at all a bad substitute."

Finding that he was quite serious I decided to make the experiment; and after a roll in a six-foot snow bank (somewhat

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hurried, I admit), followed by a brisk rub-down by the fire, I dressed, a new man for the day. Then I went and examined the thermometer outside. It registered thirty-five degrees below zero!

Next to the silence of the great woods the thing that most impressed me was the immunity from discomfort or any inconvenience resulting from the low temperature. In New York City I have suffered far more with a thermometer fifteen or even twenty degrees above zero than from a temperature of fifty degrees below in the Canadian woods. The explanation lies in the absolute stillness of the air, and its absolute dryness. Even a slight breeze with the glass registering fifty degrees below soon carries away the bodily heat; and then the heaviest clothing, or violent exercise, or both, are essential—that is, to the average American or Canadian. The Habitant through generations of exposure seems to have become immune. I remember an old woman of seventy, who served our house in Quebec with vegetables, whose custom it was to drive fifteen miles daily, no matter what the weather (and in Quebec there are blizzards!) dressed in only an ordinary sack coat, and without gloves.

For the Habitant in fact the cold is a negligable quantity—unless, indeed, the "white" whiskey at some wedding or christening has been served with too free a hand; for alcohol is more deadly in high latitudes than even in the tropics. But alcohol is never allowed in the camps.

There is one curious contradiction in the Habitant's attitude towards his climatic surroundings. If he flouts the cold out-of-doors, he will bask willingly in a temperature of ninety degrees inside, chinking every possible crack or cranny that might admit a breath of air with rags or cotton wool. He will roast all night thus without oxygen and be none the worse for it, apparently, in the morning.

In company with a friend I once spent two days at a Habitant farmhouse over at Lake St. Joseph, our sleeping rooms being two apartments six by eight feet, opening off the main living room. To prevent asphyxiation, when the family were all in bed and asleep, we opened the door of the larger room perhaps half an inch, and thus left it for the night. In the morning the good wife met us with profuse apologies for the carelessness of her husband in leaving the door ajar. Never before, she assured us, had she known him to be so forgetful. Consequently, in order to save the poor man's reputation with his own household, we were constrained to spend the next night under ordinary Habitant conditions of atmosphere, the result of course being that both of us were seedy for several days to come. In the lumber camps these conditions are impossible, for the vast log-houses in which the men sleep and eat cannot be made absolutely air-tight, and a certain amount of oxygen does contrive to filter in, in spite of all precautions. This, no doubt, partly accounts for the fine physical shape of the men at the end of their long, hard season in the woods; while the air-tight "comfort" of the home farms is probably largely responsible for the ill health of the women and children who remain at home. If the Habitant strain is, as I believe it to be, the toughest and sturdiest on our continent, it is mainly due to the free action of Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest. The country would have become over-populated long since if even a fair proportion of these immense families reached maturity. But the infant mortality among the Habitants is enormous and only the strongest reach manhood and womanhood.

Camp Number 7, where Mr. Power and I spent our first night in the woods, was typical of all the others—a small clearing and a group of rough log-houses on the borders of a frozen stream. First the habitation of the men, a building of considerable dimensions—some fifty feet square and calculated to house sixty men; then the stable, also of generous proportions; and finally a store-house or two and a small office for the foreman and manager; all so buried and dissimulated under seven or eight feet of snow that only a door, an odd window or two, and a few superimposed logs here and there are visible.

It was dark when we arrived, the men were crowded about the great box-stove laughing and chatting, and the steaming bowls of pea-soup had just been placed on the long tables. Never shall I forget the delicious fragrance and savor of that wonderful soup. The boiled pork and bread which followed were equally welcome; and even the thin hot tea flavored with molasses

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seemed all that an epicure could ask. We cavilled not at battered tin mugs for the tea, nor at fingers for the pork, but filled ourselves and were thankful with the great thankfulness that comes only of ten hours in a temperature forty degrees below.

If the sleeping bunks into which we shortly tumbled were hard or in other ways objectionable, we were never conscious of it, but slept hard and soundly until we were called just before daybreak to start on our tour of inspection.

Far overhead there was a faint roseate flush in the sky. The first breath of the keen outdoor air was like a draught of Tokay. One could have shouted from pure exhilaration. The snow sang under our feet. In the curious semi-twilight of the woods the great trees rose about us like phantoms.

Presently the cheery sound of voices rose in the distance, and we were soon in the midst of a busy group of lumbermen. They were at work snaking out the logs which had been felled earlier in the season. The smaller ones were piled upon sleds drawn each by a pair of sturdy little Canadian horses—as stocky, as strong and as cheerful of temper as the Habitants themselves. The larger logs were fastened together in pairs; a horse was coupled to one end and then Pierre or Jean or Hyacinthe mounted astride, one foot on each log, and started down hill at a lively trot, the great logs leaping under them in a veritable devil's dance as they bounced over the humps in the uneven road.

We followed on down to the banks of the frozen stream. This was the main point of interest for Mr. Power, for there was gathered the harvest of the year, thousands on thousands of logs ranged in orderly tiers out over the snow-covered ice.

When, in early May, the sudden Canadian spring comes to melt the vast accumulation of snow on the surrounding hills, these silent rivers are transformed into rushing floods and the logs thus set free start on their long journey to mills on the shores of the St. Lawrence, forty or fifty miles away. This "drive"—as it is called—is the supreme test of the wonderful vitality and endurance of the Habitants. For two or three weeks they work all day submerged often to their armpits in ice water, battling with the interminable procession of floating logs; shoving, coaxing, easing; ever watchful to prevent the dreaded "jam," which would tie up the whole harvest for a year. Then they lie down in their wet clothing to snatch a few hours' sleep, while another gang continues on during the night, for there must be no cessation of vigilance until the whole vast flotilla, hundreds and hundreds of thousands of logs, is floated safely into the great park by the side of the mills. The thing most to be dreaded is an early spring, which would melt the snows gradually. This means disaster, for it would prevent the flood water without which a successful drive is impossible.

But this rarely happens. In Lower Canada the long severe winter usually ends with dramatic suddenness. There is sometimes a change in twenty-four hours from zero to seventy degrees in the shade. It is no uncommon thing to see a field of snow covered with a fringe of delicate green grass which has forced its way up through the white covering. In the gardens about Quebec one often sees crocusses and tulips blooming above the snow. For the benefit of the incredulous it had best be explained that in this region the first snow falls early in November, before the ground has had time to freeze. This first snow-fall never melts, but is added to rapidly until the warm earth is blanketed with an impervious covering six, eight, or sometimes even ten feet in thickness. Germination thus begins after the due season of plant-rest has expired, and if the snow has over-stayed its time, its presence is simply ignored by the impatient vegetation.

So it happens that the great "drive" is barely over before spring ploughing must begin, and the lumbermen hasten back to the farms and families which they have not seen for six or seven months. But the disbandment does not occur without a grand jollification and many a friendly *coup* of the "whiskey blanc" which is tabooed in camp.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XI

SPRING was coming: and, meanwhile, that late autumn and short winter, things went merrily on at the gap in some ways, and in some ways—not.

Within eight miles of the place, for instance, the man fell ill—the man who was to take up Hale's options—and he had to be taken home. Still Hale was undaunted: here he was and here he would stay—and he would try again. Two other young men, Bluegrass Kentuckians, Logan and Macfarlan, had settled at the gap—both lawyers and both of pioneer, Indian-fighting blood. The report of the State geologist had been spread broadcast. A famous magazine writer had come through on horseback and had gone home and given a fervid account of the riches and the beauty of the region. Helmeted Englishmen began to prowl prospectively around the gap sixty miles to the southwest. New surveying parties were directing lines towards the rocky gateway between the iron ore and the coal. Engineers and coal experts passed in and out. There were rumors of a furnace and a steel plant when the railroad should reach the place. Capital had flowed in from the East, and already a Pennsylvanian was starting a main entry into a ten-foot vein of coal up through the gap and was coking it. His report was that his own was better than the Connelsville coke, which was the standard: it was higher in carbon and lower in ash. The Ludlow brothers, from Eastern Virginia, had started a general store. Two of the Berkley brothers had come over from Bluegrass Kentucky and their family was coming in the spring. The bearded Senator up the valley, who was also a preacher, had got his Methodist brethren interested—and the community was further enriched by the coming of the Hon. Samuel Budd, lawyer and budding statesman. As a recreation, the Hon. Sam was an anthropologist: he knew the mountaineers from Virginia to Alabama and they were his pet illustrations of his pet theories of the effect of a mountain environment on human life and character. Hale took a great fancy to him from the first moment he saw his smooth, ageless, kindly face, surmounted by a huge pair of spectacles that were hooked behind two large ears above which his pale yellow hair, parted in the middle, was drawn back with plaster-like precision. A mayor and a constable had been appointed, and the Hon. Sam had just finished his first case—Squire Morton and the Widow Crane, who ran a boarding-house, each having laid claim to three pigs that obstructed traffic in the town. The Hon. Sam was sitting by the stove, deep in thought, when Hale came into the hotel and he lifted his great glaring lenses and waited for no introduction:

"Brother," he said, "do you know twelve reliable witnesses come on the stand and *swore* them pigs belonged to the squire's sow, and twelve equally reliable witnesses *swore* them pigs belonged to the Widow Crane's sow? I shorely was a heap perplexed."

"That was curious." The Hon. Sam laughed:

"Well, sir, them intelligent pigs used both them sows as mothers, and may be they had another mother somewhere else. They would breakfast with the Widow Crane's sow and sup with the squire's sow. And so them witnesses, too, was naturally perplexed."

Hale waited while the Hon. Sam puffed his pipe into a glow:

"Believin', as I do, that the most important principle in law is mutually forgivin' and a square division o' spoils, I suggested a compromise. The widow said the squire was an old rascal an' thief and he'd never sink a tooth into one of them shoats, but that her lawyer was a gentleman —meanin' me—and the squire said the widow had been blackguardin' him all over

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town and he'd see her in heaven before she got one, but that *his* lawyer was a prince of the realm: so the other lawyer took one and I got the other."

"What became of the third?"

The Hon. Sam was an ardent disciple of Sir Walter:

"Well, just now the mayor is a-playin' Gurth to that little runt for costs."

Outside, the wheels of the stage rattled, and as half a dozen strangers trooped in, the Hon. Sam waved his hand: "Things is comin'."

Things were coming. The following week "the booming editor" brought in a printing-press and started a paper. An enterprising Hoosier soon established a brick-plant. A geologist—Hale's predecessor in Lonesome Cove—made the gap his headquarters, and one by one the vanguard of engineers, surveyors, speculators and coalmen drifted in. The wings of progress began to sprout but the new town-constable soon tendered his resignation with informality and violence. He had arrested a Falin, whose companions straightway took him from custody and set him free. Straightway the constable threw his pistol and badge of office to the ground.

"I've fit an' I've hollered fer help," he shouted, almost crying with rage, "an' I've fit agin. Now this town can go to hell": and he picked up his pistol but left his symbol of law and order in the dust. Next morning there was a new constable, and only that afternoon when Hale stepped into the Ludlow Brothers' store he found him already busy. A line of men with revolver or knife in sight was drawn up inside with their backs to him, and beyond them he could see the new constable with a man under arrest. Hale had not forgotten his promise to himself and he began now:

"Come on," he called quietly, and when the men turned at the sound of his voice, the constable, who was of sterner stuff than his predecessor, pushed through them, dragging his man after him.

"Look here, boys," said Hale calmly. "Let's not have any row. Let him go to the mayor's office. If he isn't guilty, the mayor will let him go. If he is, the mayor will give him bond. I'll go on it myself. But let's not have a row."

Now, to the mountain eye, Hale appeared no more than the ordinary man, and even a close observer would have seen no more than that his face was clean-cut and thoughtful, that his eye was blue and singularly clear and fearless, and that he was calm with a calmness that might come from anything else than stolidity of temperament—and that, by the way, is the self-control which counts most against the unruly passions of other men—but anybody near Hale, at a time when excitement was high and a crisis was imminent, would have felt the resultant of forces emanating from him that were beyond analysis. And so it was now—the curious power he instinctively had over rough men had its way.

"Go on," he continued quietly, and the constable went on with his prisoner, his friends following, still swearing and with their weapons in their hands. When constable and prisoner stepped into the mayor's office, Hale stepped quickly after them and turned on the threshold with his arm across the door.

"Hold on, boys," he said, still good-naturedly. "The mayor can attend to this. If you boys want to fight anybody fight me. I'm unarmed and you can whip me easily enough," he added with a laugh, "but you mustn't come in here," he concluded, as though the matter was settled beyond further discussion. For one instant—the crucial one of course—the men hesitated, for the reason that so often makes superior numbers of no avail among the lawless—the lack of a leader of nerve—and without another word Hale held the door. But the frightened mayor inside let the prisoner out at once on bond and Hale, combining law and diplomacy, went on the bond.

Only a day or two later the mountaineers who worked at the brick-plant with pistols buckled around them went on a strike and, that night, shot out the lights and punctured the chromos in their boarding-house. Then, armed with sticks, knives, clubs and pistols they took a triumphant march through town. That night two knives and two pistols were whipped out by two of them in the same store. One of the Ludlows promptly blew out the light and astutely got under the counter. When the combatants scrambled outside, he locked the door and crawled out the back window. Next morning the brick-yard malcontents marched triumphantly again and Hale

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called for volunteers to arrest them. To his disgust only Logan, Macfarlan, the Hon. Sam Budd, and two or three others, seemed willing to go, but when the few who would go started, Hale, leading them, looked back and the whole town seemed to be strung out after him. Below the hill, he saw the mountaineers drawn up in two bodies for battle, and as he led his followers towards them, the Hoosier owner of the plant rode out at a gallop, waving his hands and apparently beside himself with anxiety and terror.

"Don't," he shouted; "somebody'll get killed. Wait—they'll give up." So Hale halted and the Hoosier rode back. After a short parley he came back to say that the strikers would give up, but when Logan started again they broke and ran, and only three or four were captured. The Hoosier was delirious over his troubles and straightway closed his plant.

"See," said Hale in disgust. "We've got to do something now."

"We have," said the lawyers, and that night on Hale's porch, the three, with the Hon. Sam Budd, pondered the problem. They could not build a town without law and order—they could not have law and order without taking part themselves and even then they plainly would have their hands full. And so, that night, on the tiny porch of the little cottage that was Hale's sleeping-room and office with the creaking of the one wheel of their one industry—the old grist-mill—making patient music through the rhododendron-darkness that hid the steep bank of the stream, the three pioneers forged their plan. There had been gentlemen-regulators a plenty, vigilance committees of gentlemen, and the Ku-Klux clan had been originally composed of gentlemen, as they all knew, but they meant to hew to the strict line of town-ordinance and common law and do the rough everyday work of the common policeman. So volunteer policemen they would be and, in order to extend their authority as much as possible, as county policemen they would be enrolled. Each man would purchase his own Winchester, pistol, billy, badge and a whistle—to call for help—and they would begin drilling and target-shooting at once. The Hon. Sam shook his head dubiously:

"They won't understand."

"We can't help that," said Hale.

"I know—I'm with you."

Hale was made captain, Logan first lieutenant, Macfarlan second, and the Hon. Sam third. Two rules, Logan, who, too, knew the mountaineer well, suggested as inflexible. One was never to draw a pistol at all unless necessary, never to pretend to draw as a threat or to intimidate, and never to draw unless one meant to shoot, if need be.

"And the other," said Logan, "always go in force to make an arrest—never alone unless necessary." The Hon. Sam moved his head up and down in hearty approval.

"Why is that?" asked Hale.

"To save bloodshed," he said. "These fellows we will have to deal with have a pride that is morbid. A mountaineer doesn't like to go home and have to say that one man put him in the calaboose—but he doesn't mind telling that it took several to arrest him. Moreover, he will give in to two or three men, when he would look on the coming of one man as a personal issue and to be met as such."

Hale nodded.

"Oh, there'll be plenty of chances," Logan added with a smile, "for everyone to go it alone." Again the Hon. Sam nodded grimly. It was plain to him that they would have all they could do, but no one of them dreamed of the far-reaching effect that night's work would bring.

They were the vanguard of civilization—"crusaders of the nineteenth century against the benighted of the Middle Ages," said the Hon. Sam, and when Logan and Macfarlan left, he lingered and lit his pipe.

"The trouble will be," he said slowly, "that they won't understand our purpose or our methods. They will look on us as a lot of meddlesome 'furriners' who have come in to run their country as we please, when they have been running it as they please for more than a hundred years. You see, you mustn't judge them by the standards of to-day—you must go back to the standards of the Revolution. Practically, they are the pioneers of that day and hardly a bit have they advanced. They are our contemporary ancestors." And then the Hon. Sam, having dropped his vernacular, lounged ponderously into what he was pleased to call his anthropological drool.

"You see, mountains isolate people and

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the effect of isolation on human life is to crystallize it. Those people over the line have had no navigable rivers, no lakes, no wagon roads, except often the beds of streams. They have been cut off from all communication with the outside world. They are a perfect example of an arrested civilization and they are the closest link we have with the Old World. They were Unionists because of the Revolution, as they were Americans in the beginning because of the spirit of the Covenanter. They live like the pioneers; the axe and the rifle are still their weapons and they still have the same fight with nature. This feud business is a matter of clan-loyalty that goes back to Scotland. They argue this way: You are my friend or my kinsman, your quarrel is my quarrel, and whoever hits you hits me. If you are in trouble, I must not testify against you. If you are an officer you must not arrest me; you must send me a kindly request to come into court. If I'm innocent and it's perfectly convenient —why, maybe I'll come. Yes, we're the vanguard of civilization, all right, all right —but I opine we're goin' to have a hell of a merry time."

Hale laughed, but he was to remember those words of the Hon. Samuel Budd. Other members of that vanguard began to drift in now by twos and threes from the bluegrass region of Kentucky and from the tide-water country of Virginia and from New England—strong, bold young men with the spirit of the pioneer and the birth, breeding and education of gentlemen, and the war between civilization and a lawlessness that was the result of isolation and consequent ignorance and idleness started in earnest.

"A remarkable array," murmured the Hon. Sam, when he took an inventory one night with Hale. "I'm proud to be among 'em."

Many times Hale went over to Lonesome Cove and with every visit his interest grew steadily in the little girl and in the curious people over there, until he actually began to believe in the Hon. Sam Budd's anthropological theories. In the cabin on Lonesome Cove was a crane swinging in the big stone fireplace, and he saw the old stepmother and June putting the spinning wheel and the loom to actual use. Sometimes he found a cabin of unhewn logs with a puncheon floor, clapboards for shingles and wooden pin and augur holes for nails; a batten wooden shutter, the logs filled with mud and stones and holes in the roof for the wind and the rain. Over a pair of buck antlers sometimes lay the long heavy home-made rifle of the backwoodsman—sometimes even with a flintlock and called by some pet feminine name. Once he saw the hominy block that the mountaineers had borrowed from the Indians, and once a handmill like the one from which the one woman was taken and the other left in biblical days. He struck communities where the medium of exchange was still barter, and he found mountaineers drinking metheglin still as well as moonshine. Moreover, there were still log-rollings, house-warmings, corn-shuckings, and quilting parties, and sports were the same as in pioneer days—wrestling, racing, jumping, and lifting barrels. Often he saw a cradle of bee-gum, and old Judd had in his house a fox-horn made of hickory bark which even June could blow. He ran across old-world superstitions, too, and met one seventh son of a seventh son who cured children of rash by blowing into their mouths. And he got June to singing transatlantic songs, after old Judd said one day that she knowed the "miserablest song he'd ever heerd"—meaning the most sorrowful. And, thereupon, with quaint simplicity, June put her heels on the rung of her chair, and with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on both bent thumbs, sang him the oldest version of "Barbara Allen," in a voice that startled Hale by its power and sweetness. She knew lots more "song-ballets," she said shyly, and the old man had her sing some songs that were rather rude, but were as innocent as hymns from her lips.

Everywhere he found unlimited hospitality.

"Take out, stranger," said one old fellow, when there was nothing on the table but some bread and a few potatoes, "have a tater. Take two of 'em—take damn nigh *all* of 'em."

Moreover, their pride was morbid, and they were very religious. Indeed, they used religion to cloak their deviltry, as honestly as it was ever used in history. He had heard old Judd say once, when he was speaking of the feud:

"Well, I've al'ays laid out my enemies.

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The Lord's been on my side an' I gits a better Christian every year."

Always Hale took some children's book for June when he went to Lonesome Cove, and she rarely failed to know it almost by heart when he went again. She was so intelligent that he began to wonder if, in her case, at least, another of the Hon. Sam's theories might not be true—that the mountaineers were of the same class as the other westward-sweeping emigrants of more than a century before, that they had simply lain dormant in the hills and—a century counting for nothing in the matter of inheritance—that their possibilities were little changed and that the children of that day would, if given the chance, wipe out the handicap of a century in one generation and take their place abreast with children of the outside world. The Tollivers were of good blood; they had come from Eastern Virginia, and the original Tolliver had been a slave-owner. The very name was, undoubtedly, a corruption of Tagliaferro. So, when the Widow Crane began to build a brick house for her boarders that winter, and the foundations of a school-house were laid at the gap, Hale began to plead with old Judd to allow June to go over to the gap and go to school, but the old man was firm in refusal:

"He couldn't git along without her," he said; "he was afeerd he'd lose her, an' he reckoned June was a-larnin' enough without goin' to school—she was a-studyin' them little books o' hers so hard." But as his confidence in Hale grew and as Hale stated his intention to take an option on the old man's coal lands, he could see that Devil Judd, though his answer never varied, was considering the question seriously.

Through the winter, then, Hale made occasional trips to Lonesome Cove and bided his time. Often he met young Dave Tolliver there, but the boy usually left when Hale came, and if Hale was already there he kept outside the house, until Hale was gone.

Knowing nothing of the ethics of courtship in the mountains—how, when two men meet at the same girl's house, "they makes the gal say which one she likes best and t'other one gits," Hale little dreamed that the first time Dave stalked out of the room he threw his hat in the grass behind the big chimney and executed a war-dance on it, cursing the blankety-blank "furriner" within from Dan to Beersheba.

Indeed, he never suspected the fierce depths of the boy's jealousy at all, and he would have laughed incredulously, if he had been told how, time after time as he climbed the mountain homeward, the boy's black eyes burned from the bushes on him while his hand twitched at his pistol-butt and his lips worked with noiseless threats. For Dave had to keep his heart-burnings to himself or he would have been laughed at through all the mountains, and not only by his own family, but by June's; so he, too, bided his time.

In late February old Buck Falin and old Dave Tolliver shot each other down in the road and the Red Fox, who hated both and whom each thought was his friend, dressed the wounds of both with equal care. The temporary lull of peace that Bad Rufe's absence in the West had brought about, gave way to a threatening storm then, and then it was that old Judd gave his consent. When the roads got better, June could go to the gap to school. A month later the old man sent word that he did not want June in the mountains while the trouble was going on and that Hale could come over for her when he pleased: and Hale sent word back that within three days he would meet the father and the little girl at the big Pine. That last day at home June passed in a dream. She went through her daily tasks in a dream and she hardly noticed young Dave when he came in at mid-day and Dave, when he heard the news, left in sullen silence. In the afternoon she went down to the mill to tell Uncle Billy and ole Hon good-bye and the three sat in the porch a long time and with few words. Ole Hon had been to the gap once, but there was "so much bustle over thar that it made her head ache." Uncle Billy shook his head doubtfully over June's going, and the two old people stood at the gate looking long after the little girl when she went homeward up the road. Before supper June slipped up to her little hiding-place at the pool and sat on the old log saying good-by to the comforting spirit that always brooded for her there and, when she stood on the porch at sunset, a new spirit was coming on the wings of the South wind. Hale felt it as he stepped into the soft night air; he heard it in the piping of frogs—"Marsh-birds" as he always called them; he could almost see it in the flying

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clouds and the moonlight and even the bare trees seemed tremulously expectant. An indefinable happiness seemed to pervade the whole earth and Hale stretched his arms lazily. Over in Lonesome Cove little June felt it more keenly than ever in her life before. She did not want to go to bed that night and when the others were asleep she slipped out to the porch and sat on the steps, her eyes luminous and her face wistful—looking towards the big Pine which pointed the way towards the far silence into which she was going at last.

XII

JUNE did not have to be awakened that morning. At the first clarion call of the old rooster behind the cabin, her eyes opened wide and a happy thrill tingled her from head to foot—why, she didn't at first quite realize—and then she stretched her slender round arms to full length above her head and with a little squeal of joy bounded out of the bed, dressed as she was when she went into it, and with no changes to make except to push back her tangled hair. Her father was out feeding the stock and she could hear her step-mother in the kitchen. Bub still slept soundly, and she shook him by the shoulder.

"Git up, Bub."

"Go 'way," said Bub fretfully. Again she started to shake him but stopped—Bub wasn't going to the gap, so she let him sleep. For a little while she looked down at him—at his round rosy face and his frowsy hair from under which protruded one dirty fist. She was going to leave him, and a fresh tenderness for him made her breast heave, but she did not kiss him. Sisterly kisses are hardly known in the hills. Then she went out into the kitchen to help her step-mother.

"Gittin' might busy, all of a sudden, ain't you," said the sour old woman, "now that ye air goin' away."

"'Tain't costin' you nothin'," answered June quietly, and she picked up a pail and went out into the frosty, shivering daybreak to the old well. The chain froze her fingers, the cold water splashed her feet and when she had tugged her heavy burden back to the kitchen, she held her red, chapped hands to the fire.

"I reckon you'll be might glad to git shet o' me." The old woman sniffled, and June looked around with a start.

"Pears like I'm goin' to miss you right smart," she quavered, and June's face colored with a new feeling towards her step-mother.

"I'm goin' ter have a hard time doin' all the work and me so poorly."

"Lorrety is a-comin' over to he'p ye, if ye git sick," said June, hardening again. "Or, I'll come back myself." She got out the dishes and set them on the table.

"You an' me don't git along very well together," she went on placidly. "I never heerd o' no step-mother and children as did an' I reckon you'll be might glad to git shet o' me."

"Pears like I'm going to miss you a right smart," repeated the old woman weakly.

June went out to the stable with the milking pail. Her father had spread fodder for the cow and she could hear the rasping of the ears of corn against each other as he tumbled them into the trough for the old sorrel. She put her head against the cow's soft flank and under her sinewy fingers two streams of milk struck the bottom of the tin pail with such thumping loudness that she did not hear her father's step; but when she rose to make the beast put back her right leg she saw him looking at her.

"Who's goin' ter milk, pap, atter I'm gone?"

"Is this the first time you thought o' that?" June put her flushed cheek back to the flank of the cow. It was not the first time she had thought of that—her step-mother would milk and if she were ill, her father or Loretta. She had not meant to ask that question—she was wondering when they would start. That was what she meant to ask and she was glad that she had swerved. Breakfast was eaten in the usual silence by the boy and the man—June and the step-mother serving it, and waiting on the lord that was and the lord that was to be—and then the two females sat down.

"Hurry up, June," said the old man, wiping his mouth and beard with the back of his hand. "Clear away the dishes an' git ready. Hale said he would meet us at the Pine an' hour by sun fer I told him I had to git back to work. Hurry up, now!"

June hurried up. She was too excited to eat anything, so she began to wash the dishes while her step-mother ate. Then

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she went into the living-room to pack her things and it didn't take long. She wrapped the doll Hale had given her in an extra petticoat, wound one pair of yarn stockings around a pair of coarse shoes, tied them up into one bundle and she was ready. Her father appeared with the sorrel horse, caught up his saddle from the porch, threw it on and stretched the blanket behind it as a pillion for June to ride on.

"Let's go!" he said. There is little or no demonstrativeness in the domestic relations of mountaineers. The kiss of courtship is the only one known. There were no good bys—only that short "Let's go!"

June sprang behind her father from the porch. The step-mother handed her the bundle which she clutched in her lap, and they simply rode away, the step-mother and Bub silently gazing after them. But June saw the boy's mouth working, and when she turned the thicket at the creek she looked back at the two quiet figures, and a keen pain cut her heart. She shut her mouth closely, gripped her bundle more tightly and the tears streamed down her face, but the man did not know. They climbed in silence. Sometimes her father dismounted where the path was steep, but June sat on the horse to hold the bundle and thus they mounted through the mist and chill of the morning. A shout greeted them from the top of the little spur whence the big Pine was visible, and up there they found Hale waiting. He had reached the Pine earlier than they and was coming down to meet them.

"Hello, little girl," called Hale cheerily, "you didn't fail me, did you?"

June shook her head and smiled. Her face was blue and her little legs, dangling under the bundle, were shrinking from the cold. Her bonnet had fallen to the back of her neck and he saw that her hair was parted and gathered in a Psyche knot at the back of her head, giving her a quaint old look when she stood on the ground in her crimson gown. Hale had not forgotten a pillion and there the transfer was made. Hale lifted her behind his saddle and handed up her bundle.

"I'll take good care of her," he said.

"All right," said the old man.

"And I'm coming over soon to fix up that coal matter, and I'll let you know how she's getting on."

"All right."

"Good-by," said Hale.

"I wish ye well," said the mountaineer. "Be a good girl, Juny, and do what Mr. Hale thar tells ye."

"All right, pap." And thus they parted. June felt the power of Hale's big black horse with exultation the moment he started.

"Now we're off," said Hale gayly, and he patted the little hand that was about his waist. "Give me that bundle."

"I can carry it."

"No, you can't—not with me," and he reached around for it and put it on the cantle of his saddle. June thrust her left hand into his overcoat pocket and Hale laughed.

"Loretta wouldn't ride with me this way."

"Loretty ain't got much sense," drawled June complacently. "Tain't no harm. But don't you tell me. I don't want to hear nothin' 'bout Loretty noway." Again Hale laughed and June laughed, too. Imp that she was, she was just pretending to be jealous now. She could see the big Pine over his shoulder.

"I've knowed that tree since I was a little girl—since I was a baby," she said, and the tone of her voice was new to Hale. "Sister Sally uster tell me lots about that ole tree." Hale waited, but she stopped again.

"What did she tell you?"

"She used to say hit was curious that hit should be 'way up here all alone—that she reckollected it ever since *she* was a baby and she used to come up here and talk to it and she said sometimes she could hear it jus' a whisperin' to her when she was down home in the cove."

"What did she say it said?"

"She said it was always a-whisperin' 'come—come—come!'" June crooned the words, "an' atter she died, I heerd the folks sayin' as how she riz up in bed with her eyes right wide an' sayin' 'I hears it! It's a-whisperin'—I hears it—come—come——come'!" And still Hale kept quiet when she stopped again.

"The Red Fox said hit was the sperits, but I knowed when they told me that she was a thinkin' o' that ole tree thar. But I never let on. I reckon that's *one* reason made me come here that day." They were close to the big tree now and Hale dismounted to fix his girth for the descent.

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"Well, I'm mighty glad you came, little girl. I might never have seen you."

"That's so," said June.

"I saw the print of your foot in the mud right there."

"Did ye?"

"And if I hadn't, I might never have gone down into Lonesome Cove." June laughed.

"You ran from me," Hale went on.

"Yes, I did: an' that's why you follered me." Hale looked up quickly. Her face was demure, but her eyes danced. She was an aged little thing.

"Why did you run?"

"I thought yo' fishin' pole was a rifle-gun an' that you was a raider." Hale laughed—"I see."

"'Member when you let yo' horse drink?" Hale nodded. "Well, I was on a rock above the creek, lookin' down at ye. An' I seed ye catchin' minners an' thought you was goin' up the crick lookin' fer a still."

"Weren't you afraid of me then?"

"Huh!" she said contemptuously. "I wasn't afraid of you at all, 'cept fer what you mought find out. You couldn't do no harm to nobody without a gun, and I knowed thar wasn't no still up that crick. I know—I knowed whar it was." Hale noticed the quick change of tense.

"Won't you take me to see it some time?"

"No!" she said shortly, and Hale knew he had made a mistake. It was too steep for both to ride now so he tied the bundle to the cantle with leathern strings and started leading the horse. June pointed to the edge of the cliff.

"I was a-layin' flat right thar and I seed you comin' down thar. My, but you looked funny to me! You don't now," she added hastily. "You look mighty nice to me now——!"

"You're a little rascal," said Hale, "that's what you are." The little girl bubbled with laughter and then she grew mock-serious.

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you are," he repeated, shaking his head. Both were silent for a while. June was going to begin her education now and it was just as well for him to begin with it now. So he started vaguely when he was mounted again:

"June, you thought my clothes were funny when you first saw them—didn't you?"

"Uh, huh!" said June.

"But you like them now?"

"Uh, huh!" she crooned again.

"Well, some people who weren't used to clothes that people wear over in the mountains might think *them* funny for the same reason—mightn't they?" June was silent for a moment.

"Well, mebbe, I like your clothes better, because I like you better," she said, and Hale laughed.

"Well, it's just the same—the way people in the mountains dress and talk is different from the way people outside dress and talk. It doesn't make much difference about clothes, though, I guess you will want to be as much like people over here as you can——"

"I don't know," interrupted the little girl shortly, "I ain't seed 'em yit."

"Well," laughed Hale, "you will want to talk like them anyhow, because everybody who is learning tries to talk the same way." June was silent, and Hale plunged unconsciously on.

"Up at the Pine now you said, 'I *seed* you when I was *a-layin'* on the edge of the cliff'; now you ought to have said, 'I *saw* you when I was *lying*——'"

"I wasn't," she said sharply, "I don't tell lies—" her hand shot from his waist and she slid suddenly to the ground. He pulled in his horse and turned a bewildered face. She had lighted on her feet and she was poised back above him like an enraged eaglet—her thin nostrils quivering, her mouth as tight as a bow-string, and her eyes two points of fire.

"Why—June!"

"Ef you don't like my clothes an' the way I talk, I reckon I'd better go back home." With a groan Hale tumbled from his horse. Fool that he was, he had forgotten the sensitive pride of the mountaineer, even while he was thinking of that pride. He knew that fun might be made of her speech and her garb by her schoolmates over at the gap, and he was trying to prepare her—to save her mortification, to make her understand.

"Why, June, little girl, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You don't understand—you can't now, but you will. Trust me, won't you? *I* like you just as you are. I *love* the way you talk. But other people—forgive me, won't you?" he pleaded. "I'm sorry. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

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She didn't understand—she hardly heard what he said, but she did know his distress was genuine and his sorrow: and his voice melted her fierce little heart. The tears began to come, while she looked, and when he put his arms about her, she put her face on his breast and sobbed.

"There now!" he said soothingly. "It's all right now. I'm so sorry—so very sorry," and he patted her on the shoulder and laid his hand across her temple and hair, and pressed her head tight to his breast. Almost as suddenly she stopped sobbing and loosening herself turned away from him.

"I'm a fool—that's what I am," she said hotly.

"No, you aren't! Come on, little girl! We're friends again, aren't we?" June was digging at her eyes with both hands.

"Aren't we?"

"Yes," she said with an angry little catch of her breath, and she turned submissively to let him lift her to her seat. Then she looked down into his face.

"Jack," she said, and he started again at the frank address, "I ain't *never goin' to do that no more.*"

"Yes, you are, little girl," he said soberly but cheerily. "You're goin' to do it whenever I'm wrong or whenever you think I'm wrong." She shook her head seriously.

"No, Jack."

In a few minutes they were at the foot of the mountain and on a level road.

"Hold tight!" Hale shouted, "I'm going to let him out now." At the touch of his spur, the big black horse sprang into a gallop, faster and faster, until he was pounding the hard road in a swift run like thunder. At the creek Hale pulled in and looked around. June's bonnet was down, her hair was tossed, her eyes were sparkling fearlessly, and her face was flushed with joy.

"Like it, June?"

"I never did know nothing like it."

"You weren't scared?"

"Skeered o' what?" she asked, and Hale wondered if there was anything of which she would be afraid.

They were entering the gap now and June's eyes got big with wonder over the mighty up-shooting peaks and the rushing torrent.

"See that big rock yonder, June?" June craned her neck to follow with her eyes his outstretched finger.

"Uh, huh."

"Well, that's called Bee Rock, because it's covered with flowers—purple rhododendrons and laurel—and bears used to go there for wild honey. They say that once on a time folks around here put whiskey in the honey and the bears got so drunk that people came and knocked 'em in the head with clubs."

"Well, what do you think o' that!" said June wonderingly.

Before them a big mountain loomed, and a few minutes later, at the mouth of the gap, Hale stopped and turned his horse sidewise.

"There we are, June," he said.

June saw the lovely little valley rimmed with big mountains. She could follow the course of the two rivers that encircled it by the trees that fringed their banks, and she saw smoke rising here and there and that was all. She was a little disappointed.

"It's might purty," she said, "I never seed"—she paused, but went on without correcting herself—"so much level land in all my life."

The morning mail had just come in as they rode by the post-office and several men hailed her escort, and all stared with some wonder at her. Hale smiled to himself, drew up for none and put on a face of utter unconsciousness that he was doing anything unusual. June felt vaguely uncomfortable. Ahead of them when they turned the corner of the street her eyes fell on a strange tall red house with yellow trimmings that was not built of wood and had two sets of windows one above the other, and before that Hale drew up.

"Here we are. Get down, little girl."

"Good morning!" said a voice. Hale looked around and flushed, and June looked around and stared—transfixed as by a vision from another world—at the dainty figure behind them in a walking suit,—a short skirt that showed two little feet in laced tan boots and a cap with a plume, under which was a pair of wide blue eyes with long lashes, and a mouth that suggested active mischief and gentle mockery.

"Oh, good-morning," said Hale, and he added gently, "Get down, June!"

The little girl slipped to the ground and began pulling her bonnet on with both

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hands—but the newcomer had caught sight of the Psyche knot that made June look like a little old woman strangely young, and the mockery at her lips was gently accentuated by a smile. Hale swung from his saddle.

"This is the little girl I told you about, Miss Anne," he said. "She's come over to go to school." Instantly, almost, Miss Anne had been melted by the forlorn looking little creature who stood before her, shy for the moment and dumb, and she came forward with her gloved hand outstretched. But June had seen that smile. She gave her hand and Miss Anne straightway was no little surprised; there was no more shyness in the dark eyes that blazed from the recesses of the sun-bonnet, and Miss Anne was so startled when she looked into them that all she could say was: "Dear me!" A portly woman with a kind face appeared at the door of the red brick and came to the gate.

"Here she is, Mrs. Crane," called Hale.

"Howdye, June!" said the Widow Crane, kindly. "Come right in!" In her June knew straightway she had a friend and she picked up her bundle and followed upstairs —the first real stairs she had ever seen—and into a room on the floor of which was a rag carpet. There was a bed in one corner with a white counterpane and a washstand with a bowl and pitcher, which, too, she had never seen before.

"Make yourself at home right now," said the Widow Crane, pulling open a drawer under a big looking-glass—"and put your things here. That's your bed," and out she went.

How clean it was! There were some flowers in a glass vase on the mantel. There were white curtains at the big window and a bed to herself—her own bed. She went over to the window. There was a steep bank, lined with rhododendrons, right under it. There was a mill-dam below and down the stream she could hear the creaking of a water-wheel, and she could see it dripping and shining in the sun—a gristmill! She thought of Uncle Billy and Ole Hon, and in spite of a little pang of home-sickness she felt no loneliness at all.

"I *knew* she would be pretty," said Miss Anne at the gate outside.

"I *told* you she was pretty," said Hale.

"But not so pretty as *that*," said Miss Anne. "We will be great friends."

"I hope so—for her sake," said Hale.

. . . . . .

Hale waited till noon-recess was nearly over and then he went to take June to the school-house. He was told that she was in her room and he went up and knocked at the door. There was no answer—for one does not knock on doors for entrance in the mountains, and, thinking he had made a mistake, he was about to try another room, when June opened the door to see what the matter was. She gave him a glad smile.

"Come on," he said, and when she went for her bonnet, he stepped into the room.

"How do you like it?" June nodded towards the window and Hale went to it.

"Thar's Uncle Billy's mill out thar."

"Why, so it is," said Hale smiling. "That's fine."

The school-house, to June's wonder, had shingles on the *outside* around all the walls from roof to foundation, and a big bell hung on top of it under a little shingled roof of its own. A pale little man with spectacles and pale blue eyes met them at the door and he gave June a pale, slender hand and cleared his throat before he spoke to her.

"She's never been to school," said Hale; "she can read and spell, but she's not very strong on arithmetic."

"Very well, I'll turn her over to the primary." The school-bell sounded; Hale left with a parting prophecy—"You'll be proud of her some day"—at which June blushed and then, with a beating heart, she followed the little man into his office. A few minutes later, the assistant came in, and she was none other than the wonderful young woman whom Hale had called Miss Anne. There were a few instructions in a halting voice and with much clearing of the throat from the pale little man, and a moment later June walked the gauntlet of the eyes of her schoolmates, every one of whom looked up from his book or hers to watch her as she went to her seat. Miss Anne pointed out the arithmetic lesson and, without lifting her eyes, June bent, with a flushed face, to her task. It reddened with shame when she was called to the class, for she sat on the bench, taller by a head and

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more than any of the boys and girls thereon, except one awkward youth who caught her eye and grinned with unshamed companionship. The teacher noticed her look and understood with a sudden keen sympathy, and naturally she was struck by the fact that the new pupil was the only one who never missed an answer.

"She won't be there long," Miss Anne thought, and she gave June a smile for which the little girl was almost grateful. June spoke to no one, but walked through her school-mates homeward, when school was over, like a haughty young queen. Miss Anne had gone ahead and was standing at the gate talking with Mrs. Crane, and the young woman spoke to her most kindly.

"Mr. Hale has been called away on business," she said, and June's heart sank—"and I'm going to take care of you until he comes back."

"I'm much obleeged," she said, and while she was not ungracious, her manner indicated her belief that she could take care of herself. And Miss Anne felt uncomfortably that this extraordinary young person was steadily measuring her from head to foot. June saw the smart close-fitting gown, the dainty little boots, and the carefully brushed hair. She noticed how white her teeth were and her hands and she saw that the nails looked polished and that the tips of them were like little white crescents and she could still see every detail when she sat at her window, looking down at the old mill. She *saw* Mr. Hale when he left, the young lady had said; and she had a headache now and was going home to *lie* down. She understood now what Hale meant, on the mountain-side when she was so angry with him. She was learning fast, and most from the two persons who were not conscious what they were teaching her. And she would learn in the school, too, for the slumbering ambition in her suddenly became passionately definite now. She went to the mirror and looked at her hair—she would learn how to plait that in two braids down her back, as the other school-girls did. She looked at her hands and straightway she fell to scrubbing them with soap as she had never scrubbed them before. As she worked, she heard her name called and she opened the door.

"Yes, mam!" she answered, for already she had picked that up in the school-room.

"Come on, June, and go down the street with me."

"Yes, mam," she repeated, and she wiped her hands and hurried down. Mrs. Crane had looked through the girl's pathetic wardrobe while she was at school that afternoon, had told Hale before he left and she had a surprise for little June. Together they went down the street and into the chief store in town and, to June's amazement, Mrs. Crane began ordering things for "this little girl."

"Who's a-goin' to pay fer all these things?" whispered June, aghast.

"Don't you bother, honey. Mr. Hale said he would fix all that with your pappy. It's some coal deal or something—don't you bother!" And June in a quiver of happiness didn't bother. Stockings, petticoats, some soft stuff for a new dress and *tan* shoes that looked like the ones that wonderful young woman wore and then some long white things.

"What's them fer?" she whispered, but the clerk heard her and laughed, whereat Mrs. Crane gave him such a glance that he retired quickly.

"Night-gowns, honey."

"You *sleep* in 'em?" said June in an awed voice.

"That's just what you do," said the good old woman, hardly less pleased than June.

"My, but you've got pretty feet."

"I wish they were half as purty as——"

"Well, they are," interrupted Mrs. Crane a little snappishly; apparently she did not like Miss Anne.

"Wrap 'em up and Mr. Hale will attend to the bill."

"All right," said the clerk looking much mystified.

Outside the door, June looked up into the beaming goggles of the Hon. Samuel Budd.

"Is *this* the little girl? How-dye, June," he said, and June put her hand in the Hon. Sam's with a sudden trust in his voice.

"I'm going to help take care of you, too," said Mr. Budd, and June smiled at him with shy gratitude. How kind everybody was!

"I'm much obleeged," she said, and she and Mrs. Crane went on back with their bundles.

June's hands so trembled when she found herself alone with her treasures that

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she could hardly unpack them. When she had folded and laid them away, she had to unfold them to look at them again. She hurried to bed, that night, merely that she might put on one of those wonderful night-gowns, and again she had to look them all over again. She was glad that she had brought the doll because *he* had given it to her, but she said to herself "I'm a-gittin' too big now fer dolls!" and she put it away. Then she sat the lamp on the mantel-piece so that she could see herself in her wonderful night-gown. She let her shining hair fall like molten gold around her shoulders, and she wondered whether she could ever look like the dainty creature that just now was the model she so passionately wanted to be like. Then she blew out the lamp and sat awhile by the window, looking down through the rhododendrons, at the shining water and at the old water-wheel sleepily at rest in the moonlight. She knelt down then at her bedside to say her prayers—as her dead sister had taught her to do—and she asked God to bless Jack—wondering as she prayed that she had heard nobody else call him Jack—and then she lay down with her breast heaving. She had told him she would never do that again, but she couldn't help it now—the tears came and from happiness she cried herself softly to sleep.

XIII

HALE rode that night under a brilliant moon to the worm of a railroad that had been creeping for many years towards the gap. The head of it was just protruding from the natural tunnel twenty miles away. There he sent his horse back, slept in a shanty till morning, and then the train crawled through a towering bench of rock. The mouth of it on the other side opened into a mighty amphitheatre with solid rock walls shooting vertically hundreds of feet upward. Vertically, he thought—with the back of his head between his shoulders as he looked up—they were more than vertical—they were actually concave. The Almighty had not only stored riches immeasurable in the hills behind him—He had driven this passage himself to help puny man to reach them, and yet the wretched road was going towards them like a snail. On the fifth night, thereafter, he was back there at the tunnel again from New York—with a grim mouth and a happy eye. He had brought success with him this time and there was no sleep for him that night. He had been delayed by a wreck, it was two o'clock in the morning, and not a horse was available; so he started those twenty miles afoot and day was breaking when he looked down on the little valley shrouded in mist and just wakening from sleep.

Things had been moving while he was away, as he quickly learned. The English were buying lands right and left at the gap sixty miles southwest. Two companies had purchased most of the town-site where he was—*his* town-site—and were going to pool their holdings and form an improvement company. But a good deal was left, and straightway he got a map from his office and with it in his hand he walked down the curve of the river and over Poplar Hill and beyond. Early breakfast was ready when he got back to the hotel. He swallowed a cup of coffee so hastily that it burned him, and June, when she passed his window on her way to school, saw him busy over his desk. She started to shout to him, but he looked so haggard and grim that she was afraid, and went on, vaguely hurt by a preoccupation that seemed quite to have excluded her. For two hours then, Hale haggled and bargained, and at ten o'clock he went to the telegraph office. The operator who was speculating in a small way himself smiled when he read the telegram.

"A thousand an acre?" he repeated with a whistle. "You could have got that at twenty-five per—three months ago."

"I know," said Hale, "there's time enough yet." Then he went to his room, pulled the blinds down and went to sleep, while rumor played with his name through the town.

It was nearly the closing hour of school, when, dressed and freshly shaven, he stepped out into the pale afternoon, and walked up towards the school-house. The children were pouring out of the doors. At the gate there was a sudden commotion, he saw a crimson figure flash into the group that had stopped there, and flash out, and then June came swiftly toward him followed closely by a tall boy with a cap on his head. That far away he could see that she was angry and he hurried towards her. Her face was white with rage, her mouth was

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tight and her dark eyes were aflame. Then from the group another tall boy darted out and behind him ran a smaller one, bellowing. Hale heard the boy with the cap call kindly:

"Hold on, little girl! I won't let 'em touch you." June stopped with him and Hale ran to them.

"Here," he called, "what's the matter?"

June burst into crying when she saw him and leaned over the fence sobbing. The tall lad with the cap had his back to Hale, and he waited till the other two boys came up. Then he pointed to the smaller one and spoke to Hale without looking around.

"Why, that little skate there was teasing this little girl and——"

"She slapped him," said Hale grimly. The lad with the cap turned. His eyes were dancing and the shock of curly hair that stuck from his absurd little cap shook with his laughter.

"Slapped him! She knocked him as flat as a pancake."

"Yes, an' you said you'd stand fer her," said the other tall boy who was plainly a mountain lad. He was near bursting with rage.

"You bet I will," said the boy with the cap heartily, "right now!" and he dropped his books to the ground.

"Hold on!" said Hale, jumping between them. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said to the mountain boy.

"I wasn't atter the gal," he said indignantly. "I was comin' fer him."

The boy with the cap tried to get away from Hale's grasp.

"No use, sir," he said coolly. "You'd better let us settle it now. We'll have to do it sometime. I know the breed. He'll fight all right and there's no use puttin' it off. It's got to come."

"You bet it's got to come," said the mountain lad. "You can't call my brother names."

"Well, he *is* a skate," said the boy with the cap, with no heat at all in spite of his indignation, and Hale wondered at his aged calm.

"Every one of you little tads," he went on coolly, waving his hand at the gathered group, "is a skate who teases this little girl. And you older boys are skates for letting the little ones do it, the whole pack of you—and I'm going to spank any little tadpole who does it hereafter, and I'm going to punch the head off any big one who allows it. It's got to stop *now!*" And as Hale dragged him off he added to the mountain boy, "and I'm going to begin with you whenever you say the word." Hale was laughing now.

"You don't seem to understand," he said, "this is my affair."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I don't understand."

"Why, I'm taking care of this little girl."

"Oh, well, you see I didn't know that. I've only been here two days. "But"—his frank, generous face broke into a winning smile—"you don't go to school. You'll let me watch out for her there?"

"Sure! I'll be very grateful."

"Not at all, sir—not at all. It was a great pleasure and I think I'll have lots of fun." He looked at June, whose grateful eyes had hardly left his face.

"So don't you soil your little fist any more with any of 'em, but just tell me—er—er——"

"June," she said, and a shy smile came through her tears.

"June," he finished with a boyish laugh. "Good-by, sir."

"You haven't told me your name."

"I suppose you know my brothers, sir, the Berkleys."

"I should say so," and Hale held out his hand. "You're Bob?"

"Yes, sir."

"I knew you were coming, and I'm mighty glad to see you. I hope you and June will be good friends and I'll be very glad to have you watch over her when I'm away."

"I'd like nothing better, sir," he said cheerfully, and quite impersonally as far as June was concerned. Then his eyes lighted up.

"My brothers don't seem to want me to join the Police Guard. Won't you say a word for me?"

"I certainly will."

"Thank you, sir."

That "sir" no longer bothered Hale. At first he had thought it a mark of respect to his superior age, and he was not particularly pleased, but when he knew now that the lad was another son of the old gentleman whom he saw riding up the valley every morning on a gray horse, with several dogs

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trailing after him—he knew the word was merely a family characteristic of old-fashioned courtesy.

"Isn't he nice, June?"

"Yes," she said.

"Have you missed me, June?"

June slid her hand into his. "I'm so glad you come back." They were approaching the gate now.

"June, you said you weren't going to cry any more." June's head drooped.

"I know, but I jes' can't help it when I git mad," she said seriously. "I'd bust if I didn't."

"All right," said Hale kindly.

"I've cried twice," she said.

"What were you mad about the other time?"

"I wasn't mad."

"Then why did you cry, June?"

Her dark eyes looked full at him a moment and then her lashes hid them.

"Cause you was so good to me."

Hale choked suddenly and patted her on the shoulder.

"Go in, now, little girl, and study. Then you must take a walk. I've got some work to do. I'll see you at supper time."

"All right," said June. She turned at the gate to watch Hale enter the hotel, and as she started in-doors, she heard a horse coming at a gallop and she turned again to see her cousin, Dave Tolliver, pull up in front of the house. She ran back to the gate and then she saw that he was swaying in his saddle.

"Hello, June!" he called thickly.

Her face grew hard and she made no answer.

"I've come over to take ye back home."

She only stared at him rebukingly, and he straightened in his saddle with an effort at self-control—but his eyes got darker and he looked ugly.

"D'you hear me? I've come to take ye home."

"You oughter be ashamed o' yourself," she said hotly, and she turned to go back into the house.

"Oh, you ain't ready now. Well, git ready an' we'll start in the mornin'. I'll be aroun' fer ye 'bout the break o' day."

He whirled his horse with an oath—June was gone. She saw him go down the street and she ran across to the hotel and found Hale sitting in the office with another man. He saw her entering the door swiftly, he knew something was wrong and he rose to meet her.

"Dave's here," she whispered hurriedly, "an' he says he's come to take me home."

"Well," said Hale, "he won't do it, will he?" June shook her head and then she said significantly:

"Dave's drinkin'."

Hale's brow clouded. Straightway he foresaw trouble—but he said cheerily:

"All right. You go back and keep in the house and I'll be over by-and-by and we'll talk it over." And, without another word, she went. She had meant to put on her new dress and her new shoes and stockings that night that Hale might see her—but she was in doubt about doing it when she got to her room. She tried to study her lessons for the next day, but she couldn't fix her mind on them. She wondered if Dave might not get into a fight or, perhaps, he would get so drunk that he would go to sleep somewhere—she knew that men did that after drinking very much—and, anyhow, he would not bother her until next morning, and then he would be sober and would go quietly back home. She was so comforted that she got to thinking about the hair of the girl who sat in front of her at school. It was plaited and she had studied just how it was done and she began to wonder whether she could fix her own that way. So she got in front of the mirror and loosened hers in a mass about her shoulders—the mass that was to Hale like the golden bronze of a wild turkey's wing. The other girl's plaits were the same size, so that the hair had to be equally divided—thus she argued to herself—but how did that girl manage to plait it behind her back? She did it in front, of course, so June divided the bronze heap behind her and pulled one half of it in front of her and then for a moment she was helpless. Then she laughed—it must be done like the grass-blades and strings she had plaited for Bub, of course, so, dividing that half into three parts, she did the plaiting swiftly and easily. When it was finished she looked at the braid, much pleased—for it hung below her waist and was much longer than any of the other girls' at school. The transition was easy now, so interested had she become. She got out her tan shoes and stockings and the pretty white dress and put them on. The mill-pond was dark with shadows now, and she went

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"He doesn't mean any harm. He doesn't know the regulations yet!"—Page 306.

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down the stairs and out to the stage just as Dave again pulled up in front of it. He stared at the vision wonderingly and long, and then he began to laugh with the scorn of soberness and the silliness of drink.

"*You* ain't June, air ye?" The girl never moved. As if by a preconcerted signal three men moved towards the boy, and one of them said sternly:

"Drop that pistol. You are under arrest." The boy glared like a wild thing trapped, from one to another of the three—a pistol gleamed in the hand of each—and slowly thrust his own weapon into his pocket.

"Get off that horse," added the stern voice. Just then Hale rushed across the street and the mountain youth saw him.

"Ketch his pistol," cried June, in terror for Hale—for she knew what was coming, and one of the men caught with both hands the wrist of Dave's arm as it shot behind him.

"Take him to the calaboose!"

At that June opened the gate—that disgrace she could never stand—but Hale spoke.

"I know him, boys. He doesn't mean any harm. He doesn't know the regulations yet. Suppose we let him go home."

"All right," said Logan. "The calaboose or home. Will you go home?"

In the moment, the mountain boy had apparently forgotten his captors—he was staring at June with wonder, amazement, incredulity struggling through the fumes in his brain to his flushed face. She—a Tolliver—had warned a stranger against her own blood-cousin.

"Will you go home?" repeated Logan sternly.

The boy looked around at the words, as though he were half dazed, and his baffled face turned sick and white.

"Lemme loose!" he said sullenly. "I'll go home." And he rode silently away, after giving Hale a vindictive look that told him plainer than words that more was yet to come. Hale had heard June's warning cry, but now when he looked for her she was gone. He went in to supper and sat down at the table and still she did not come.

"She's got a surprise for you," said Mrs. Crane smiling mysteriously. "She's been fixing for you for an hour. My! but she's pretty in them new clothes—why June!"

June was coming in—she wore her homespun, her scarlet homespun and the Psyche knot. She did not seem to have heard Mrs. Crane's note of wonder, and she sat quietly down in her seat. Her face was pale and she did not look at Hale. Nothing was said of Dave—in fact, June said nothing at all and Hale, too, vaguely understanding, kept quiet. Only when he went out, Hale called her to the gate and put one hand on her head.

"I'm sorry, little girl."

The girl lifted her great troubled eyes to him but no word passed her lips, and Hale helplessly left her.

June did not cry that night. She sat by the window—wretched and tearless. She had taken sides with "furriners" against her own people. That was why instinctively she had put on her old homespun with a vague purpose of reparation to them. She knew the story Dave would take back home—the bitter anger that his people and hers would feel at the outrage done him—anger against the town, the Guard, against Hale because he was a part of both and even against her. Dave was merely drunk, he had simply shot off his pistol—that was no harm in the hills. And yet everybody had dashed towards him as though he had stolen something—even Hale. Yes, even that boy with the cap who had stood up for her at school that afternoon—he had rushed up, his face aflame with excitement, eager to take part should Dave resist. She had cried out impulsively to save Hale, but Dave would not understand. No, in his eyes, she had been false to family and friends—to the clan, she had sided with "furriners." What would her father say? Perhaps she'd better go home next day—perhaps for good—for there was a deep unrest within her that she could not fathom, a premonition that she was at the parting of the ways, a vague fear of the shadows that hung about the strange new path on which her feet were set. The old mill creaked in the moonlight below her. Sometimes, when the wind blew up Lonesome Cove, she could hear Uncle Billy's wheel creaking just that way. A sudden pang of homesickness choked her, but she did not cry. Yes, she would go home next day. She blew out the light and undressed in the dark as she did at home and went to bed. And that night the little night-gown lay apart from her in the drawer—unfolded and untouched.

(To be continued.)

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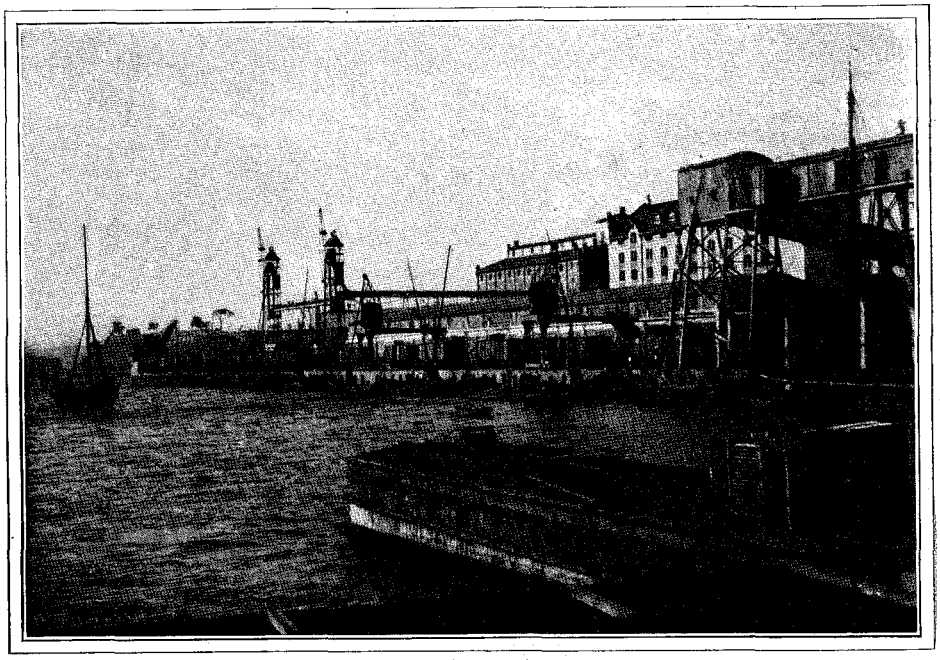

The principal wharf at Haidar Pasha, with elevators, electric cranes and trucks, etc.

THE WEST IN THE ORIENT

III—THE TRANSFORMATION OF TRANSPORTATION

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER

Foreign Trade Commissioner, Department of Commerce and Labor

WITH the limitless desert we associate the caravan. Its mention brings before our mental vision the image of the long line of humped animals silhouetted in the clear atmosphere and swinging forward with rhythmic if ungraceful motion. We think of these common carriers as in Abraham's time. In Western lands the change from burros and the mule pack-trains seems natural enough; we should expect that the puffing locomotive of the steam railway would follow their trail over the mountains, through gorges and canyons, across valleys, and finally obliterate it. A score of such changing pictures rise before our eyes, and in reading of transportation improvements, the straightening of curves, the lessening of grades, the shortening of routes, we recall how literally the pioneer railroad builders followed the trails. In these days we seldom see a pack-train without wondering how long it will be till the railway line replaces it.

Yet how rarely the sight of the caravan causes the same reflection. For ages the camels have wound across the billowy seas of sandy plains; what is there to suggest that they will not continue to carry the commerce of arid regions for ages still to come?

First, then, the motor car is to be reckoned with in the transformation of transportation. It is used by British engineers and military officers in the Soudan. Various Egyptian desert roads are available for it. On the edges of the Sahara long automobile trips are not infrequent. Some use will develop for passengers, some for mail and prob-

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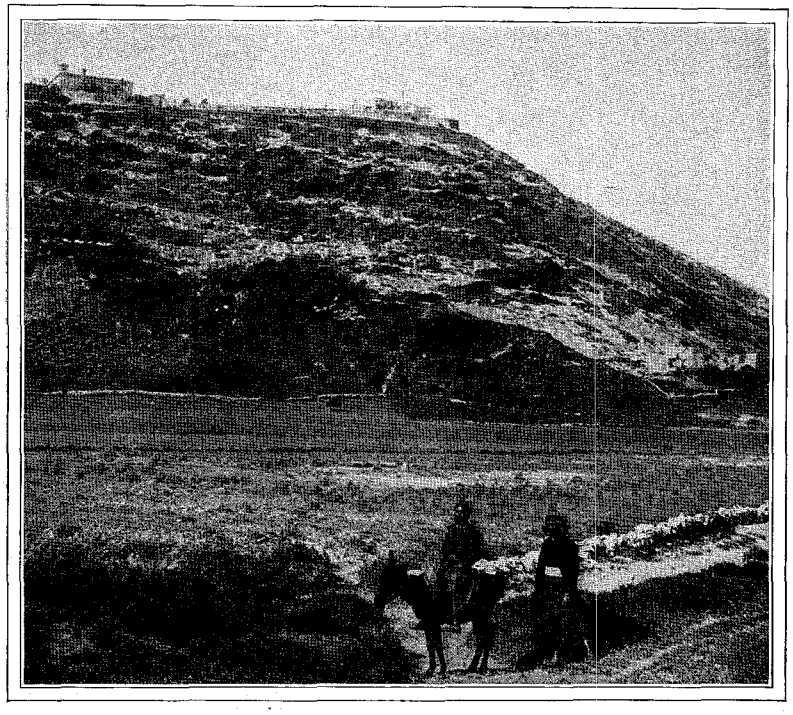
ably also for light freight. But it will not supplant the camel caravans or anticipate the railway lines. Its functions have not reached that point. We feel nothing incongruous in the sight of a big red motor car, a roadster carrying its load of engineers across the waste stretches of Egypt and the Soudan or the edges of the Sahara, for we associate this vehicle with the personality of its occupants. But the locomotive and the chain of cars are associated with the landscape of the region traversed and the leisurely camels seem much more a part of the regions of drifting sands than do the trailing column of smoke, the fire-spitting engine, and the loosely jointed train.



Mount Carmel, near Haifa, the starting place of the Hamidieh-Hedjaz Railway.

In the Orient, too, another reason for this fixedness is discoverable. We do not identify Mohammedan countries with material progress; the politico-religious basis of Islam is against change. Mohammedanism born and nurtured in the sandy wilds and stony wastes of Arabia still lives and blossoms freshest amid arid surroundings, so that we might say it is the religion of the desert. Our conception of it is of tapering minarets and bulbous domes of the mosque in the cities of the sterile countries; of nomads moving as they list; of Bedouin tent-life with impassive and impressive sheiks; of swift and beautiful horses; in short, of existence unconfined. It is not a life likely to take an impression from alien civilizations as if it were wax. Some observers have said that if the Moslem Orient yields to the impact of a civilization that is represented by the railway, this will come not from the wand of the West but from the laying on of the rod of the West. Yet this assumption is not supported by present tendencies.

The awakening of the Mohammedan world is not entirely from without. Nor is it a rapid, buoyant, aggressive arousing; instead there are lapses into drowsiness, spells of apathy.

Yet in spite of lethargic moods the Ottoman Empire is vibrating with two twentieth century railway projects which are metamorphosing the camel caravans into puffing locomotives. Similar in motives the conditions surrounding them are widely

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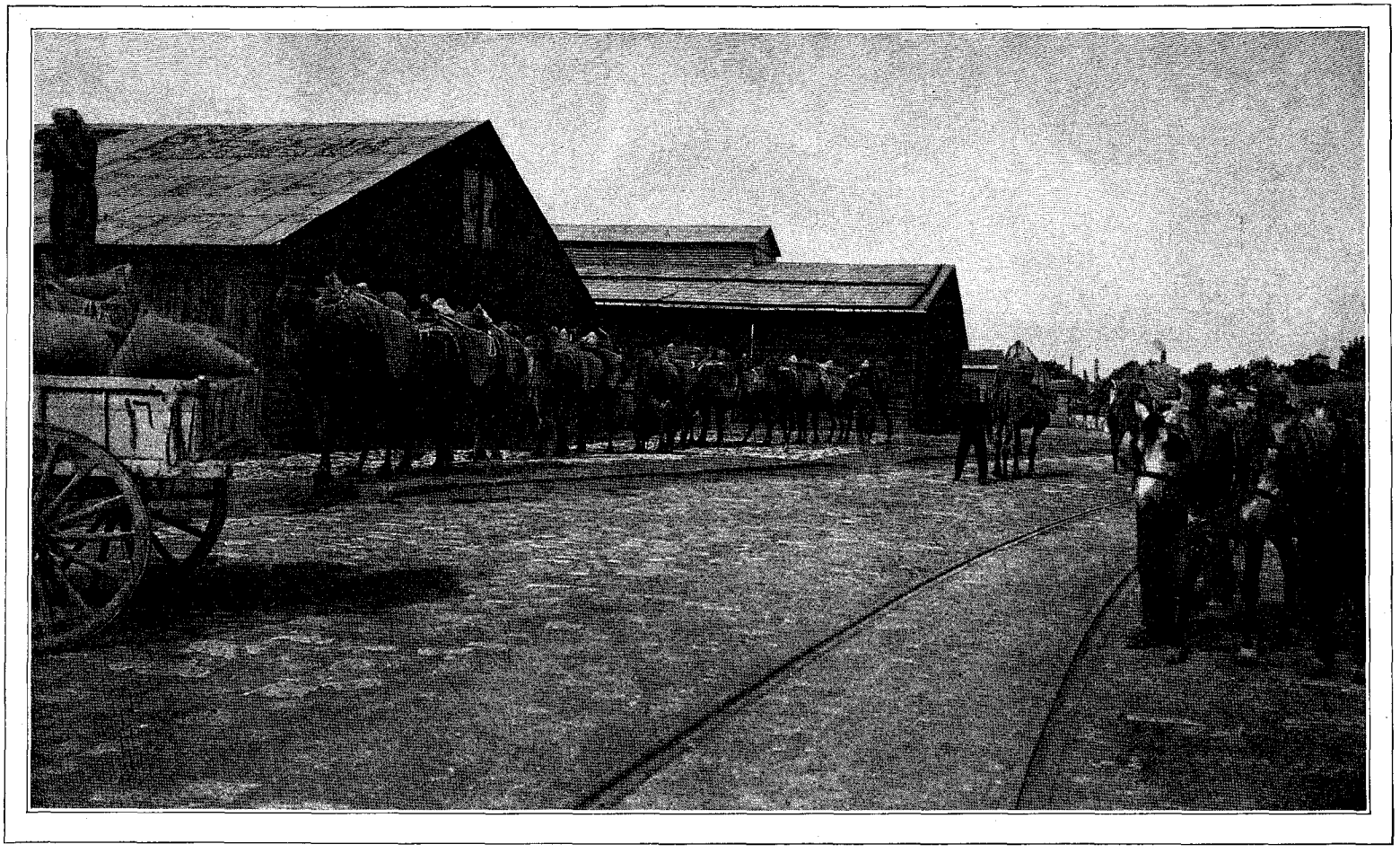

From a photograph by E. L. Harris, Consul at Smyrna.

Caravans discharging freight at an interior railway station in Asia Minor.

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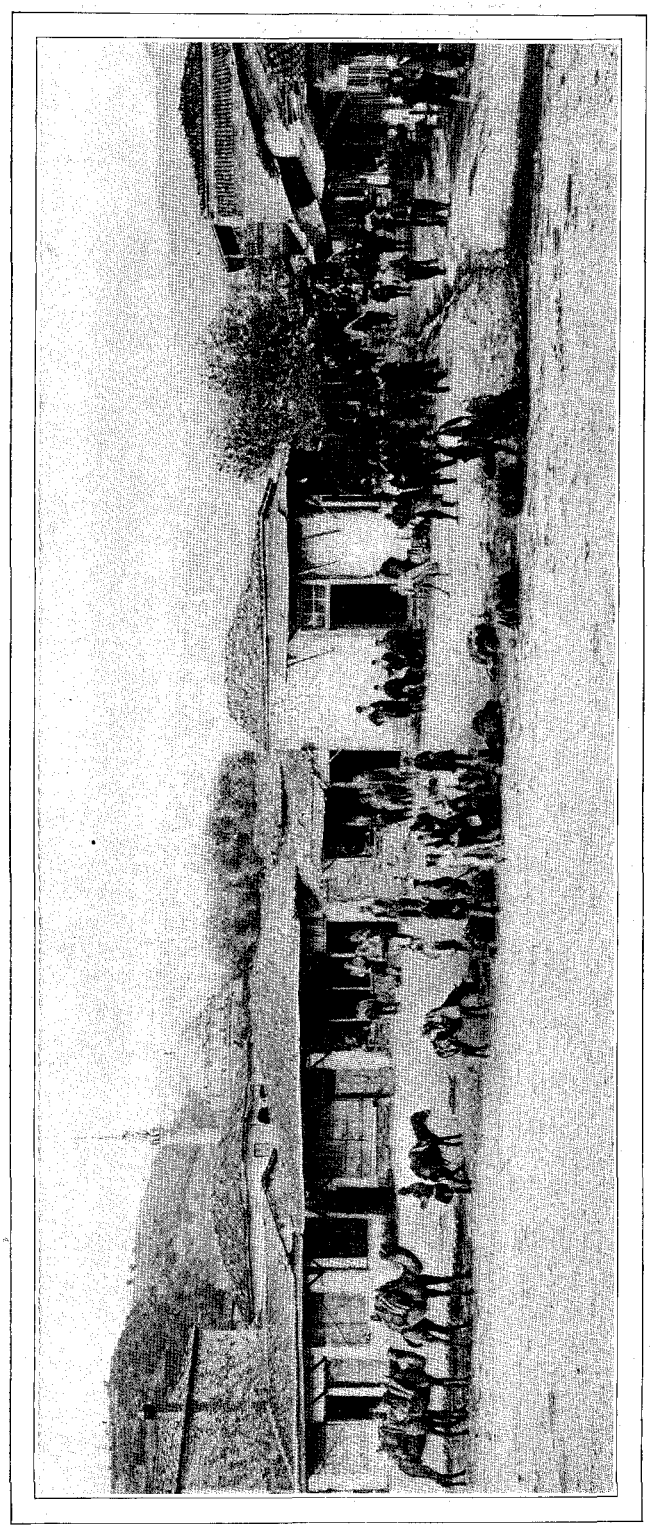

A typical Turkish village in the interior of Asia Minor.

From a photograph by E. L. Harris, Consul at Smyrna.

different. One is profoundly religious and political or dynastic; the other is fundamentally commercial and political. They converge and cross; there is an intermingling of results if not of purposes.

The railroad to Mecca, better known as the Hamidieh-Hedjaz or pilgrim line, has its inspiration in religious zeal, even fanaticism; the Bagdad Railway is a commercial enterprise with political consequences in its intention and in its wake.

In some respects the projects are alike. There is a topographical unity of the country which comprises Asiatic Turkey or that part of Asia which recognizes the sovereignty of the Sultan. There is unity in its history, for it includes the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires of antiquity with the vassal appanages of Syria and Phœnicia and the always semi-independent Arabia. There is similarity in the physical conditions, for in both projects the desert tracts to be crossed are wide. The land that is to be of the rail, in terms of modern geographical description includes Syria, Palestine and the Arabian Penin-

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sula, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. Their water boundaries are historic from the very dawn of human annals. There is the Mediterranean or the Great Sea as the Egyptians denominated it; the Bosphorus and the Red Sea. The watercourses, too, are of the biblical past—the fourth head of the river that went out of Eden, the eastern boundary of the Promised Land, the river on which Babylon was built, called The Flood, that is the Euphrates; and the stream on which the Assyrian capital Nineveh was built, that is the Tigris.

The non-commercial line, the Hamidieh-Hedjaz Railway, revives the sacred memories of the Holy Land and also of the prophet Mahomet. Its real starting place is at Haifa, the Mediterranean port under the lee of convent-crowned Mt. Carmel, where Elijah gathered to him all Israel and the prophets of Baal and confuted their false gods by himself bringing down fire from Heaven. Here, too, is the brook Kishon where he slew the priests of Baal. The railway route is through the plain of Esdraelon, past Nazareth and across Galilee and along the sweet and tranquil waters of Lake Tiberias with the Mount of Beatitudes in the background; through the canyon of the river Hieromiax and up into the cultivated plains of the Hauran. The scenes are still scriptural except that the uniformed boatmen of the excursion companies and the steam launches on the Sea of Galilee have a modernizing effect which is not entirely atoned for by the fishermen fishing from their boats as in the time of the Saviour.

I took this journey starting on a black winter's morning and finding place in the third-class passenger coach among the Bedouins, Arab pilgrims, Turkish officials and army engineers, Syrian traders, French train crew, dragomen, and mail sacks. The promise of tourist travel had not then become sufficiently alluring to secure better accommodation. But though the car was uncomfortably crowded by the mix-up of the Arabs and Bedouins with their guns and belts, their turbans, their striped blankets of black and white and their tunics; they made room for the stranger with all the formal courtesy of their traditions. The railway may transform the desert; the railway coach does not destroy the desert dweller's sense of hospitality.

Fishing boat on Lake Tiberias.

The mail distribution was primitive; long waits of the train while the carriers from beyond Lake Tiberias received their packets, receipted for them by affixing their signet seals and exchanged gossip. There were packages, even newspaper bundles, and letters with superscriptions in Arabic, French and English. I wondered if they

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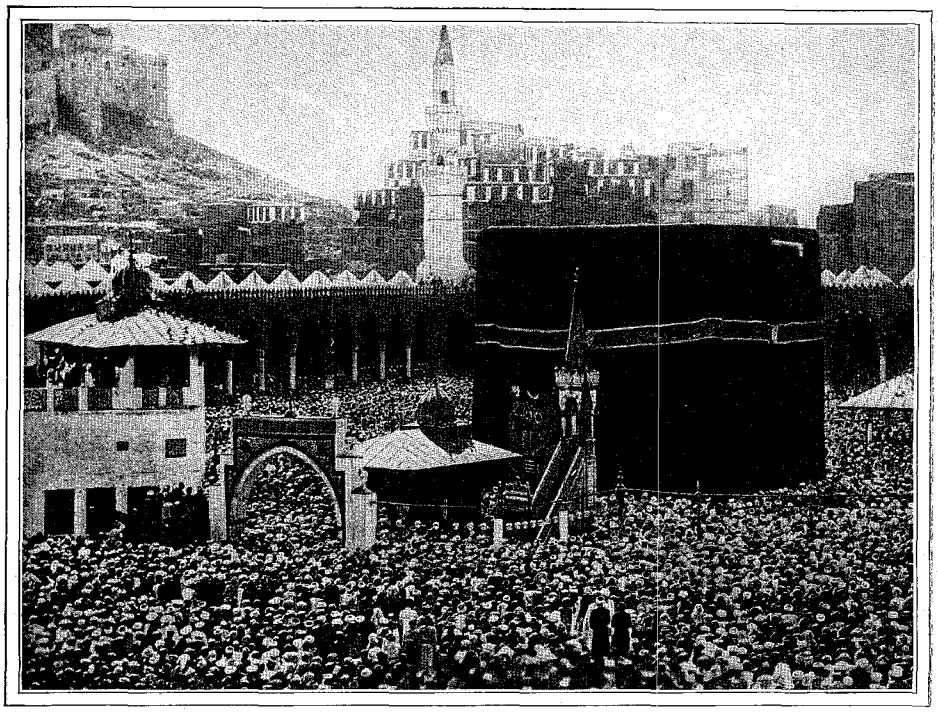
had rural free delivery or through mails in the time of the patriarchs, and then recalled that communications were exchanged between Senemur, the Egyptian king, and Delebaras, the Assyrian monarch.

When the sun was above the horizon we were leaving the villages of the grazing and farming districts and noted that the black tent roofs of the Bedouins were taking the place of the mud cabins, while the horsemen, sometimes solitary and sometimes in groups of twos and threes, became more common. The mountains encircling Galilee are not very lofty and there are natural openings in them. Nevertheless the railway location requires the grades to be climbed by many bold elliptical curves, and the ascent is shown by the nearness of the treeless mountain tops. Many tunnels are bored and there are a large number of stone bridges as well as some of iron and steel. The railway construction is an excellent monument to German substantiality, for the line was built by Germans. It was they who in building this railroad bridged the Jordan.

In the early afternoon we were in the fertile plain of Hauran, whose richness was evidenced by the cascades that spill the water over the cliffs. It had taken from four o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon to make the journey of 100 miles from Haifa, but the operation of the railway was yet in the experimental stage. Many persons refused to travel on it at all because, as they thought, the roadbed had not been sufficiently settled and there was danger of landslides, washouts, insecure bridges, derailment and plunges into the gorges. But I had found no fault with the creeping pace of the train. Every section had offered its own variety of landscape, every unexpected stop had given glimpses of a strange and isolated life. Now we were content with the signs of good land we saw around us, the flocks and grazing herds, the villages with their mud mosques, the bullocks plowing the fields, the harvested wheat and barley piled in bags, the signs of the early spring planting; it was all biblical and Oriental and the slow-moving caravan outlined against the crimson sky was a reminder, too, that the desert encroached on the alluvial plain.

When we found our train backing into



Principal shrine at Mecca during pilgrimage season.
Holy carpet covering sacred stone.

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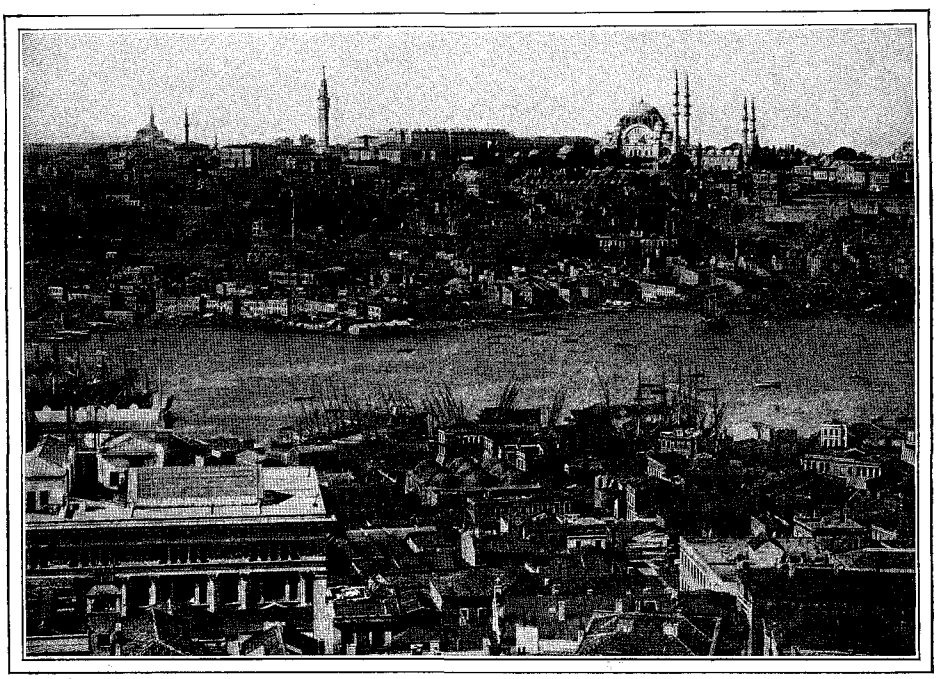

General view of Constantinople and the Golden Horn.

De'era over a network of switches and Ys we noted the roundhouse, the repair-shops, the telegraph office, the substantial station, and the spacious restaurant, with big signs in English telling that tea could be had. The up-train from Ma'an was just in. A company of dusty soldiers were alighting; half a dozen dusty passengers were making for the eating-house; an English traveller with grimy face and sandy red beard whitened by the dust was grumbling. Some Mohammedan women were shaking the dust from their voluminous dresses until it rose in clouds; the engineer, a German, sooty with commingled oil and smoke, was giving orders to his grinning Arab fireman. The down-train from Damascus was just pulling across the Y from Mezrib.

So here at De'era was the modern railway junction—change cars from or for Haifa, Damascus, or Ma'an and beyond. Our route is not important, but while proceeding on it we may review this railway to Mecca. Frequently it is called the Damascus-Mecca Line, and Damascus is assumed to be the starting point. But to reach Damascus Moslem pilgrims from northern and western countries must come to Beirut, which, though under Turkish authority, is semi-Christian owing to the watchfulness of the Powers. They must pass through Lebanon, which, while subject to the Porte, has its own semi-independent existence guaranteed. These incidents are not pleasant to devout Mussulmans, and though Damascus is the historic starting place for the pilgrimage, and was so with reason before the railway line from Haifa was built, its importance will be lessened since the pilgrims from Western lands can enter at Haifa, which is thoroughly and distinctively Mohammedan, and can pursue their way without too much contagion of unbelievers.

But it is only seventy-five miles from Damascus to De'era, and, since the Haifa line is joined there, perhaps this junction place would better be taken as the beginning of the line for Medina and Mecca. The distance from either Haifa or Damascus to Mecca may be stated roughly at 1,150 to 1,180 miles. The project of building this 1,150 miles of narrow-gauge railway has been of gradual unfolding. The French system from Damascus to Mezrib and the French concession for prolongations along this route were taken over by the Turkish Government. Much of the preliminary surveying and locating was done by the French

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engineers, though the actual construction from Haifa has been in the hands of the Germans. The government is building the line out of its own funds and is employing its soldiers as laborers, but the voluntary contributions from devout Mohammedans the world over have exceeded $3,000,000.

The opening ceremonies were held at Ma'an on September 1, 1904, the anniversary of the Sultan Abdul Hamid's accession to the throne. They were attended by many high military and civil officials

Galata Bridge, Constantinople.
From in front of the Mosque of the Sultana Validé.

from Constantinople, Beirut, Damascus, a delegation from Medina and the personal representatives of the Sultan, whose message was conveyed and to whom greetings were sent. There was an oration, prayer by the mufti of Damascus, military manœuvers by the Turkish troops, displays of horsemanship by the Bedouins, and at night fireworks. Medals were struck in honor of the occasion, showing on one side the Ottoman coat of arms and a locomotive and on the other side the inscription, "In commemoration of the opening of the Ma'an section of the Hamidieh-Hedjaz Railroad, year 1322" (of the Mohammedan era); and, O tribute to the most potential of Western instruments of progress! the proceedings were reported by the special correspondents of the Constantinople newspapers.*

From De'era to Ma'an the Palestine plateau slopes into the sands of Arabia, and there is little else but desert. The railway location is through that sacred and fascinating region east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The rock-hewn Petra of the Edomites with its Pharaohs' treasure-house, the cross-roads where the ancient caravans from Persia and India met those from Egypt and Syria, is within convenient distance for "routing" tourists.

The engineering construction presents no striking features. When an American engineer discovered that in places water could he had by artesian borings, the difficulties of the working forces were simplified.

After the line reached Ma'an and the opening ceremonies were held the progress of the work was not continuous. The spirit of Oriental indifference and the resolution of Western character as embodied in

* The Western reporter's account, as I have given it above, is abridged from the official report of Mr. G. B. Ravndal, the American Consul-General at Beirut.

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Mosque of the Sultana Validé, Stamboul.

the German contractors, were often in conflict. Yet the rails have crept across the glistening sands. A large quantity of these rails came from the New World West, for they were shipped from Sparrow's Point, Maryland.

It was a question whether the ultra devout Mussulmans would use this modern convenience; whether the hardships of the travel on foot and by camel caravans, the toll paid the robber bands of Bedouins, were not one of the necessary elements in the sacredness of the pilgrimage. But so fast as the line has been opened it has been patronized, and the number of pilgrims has increased. Wealthy Moslems supplied

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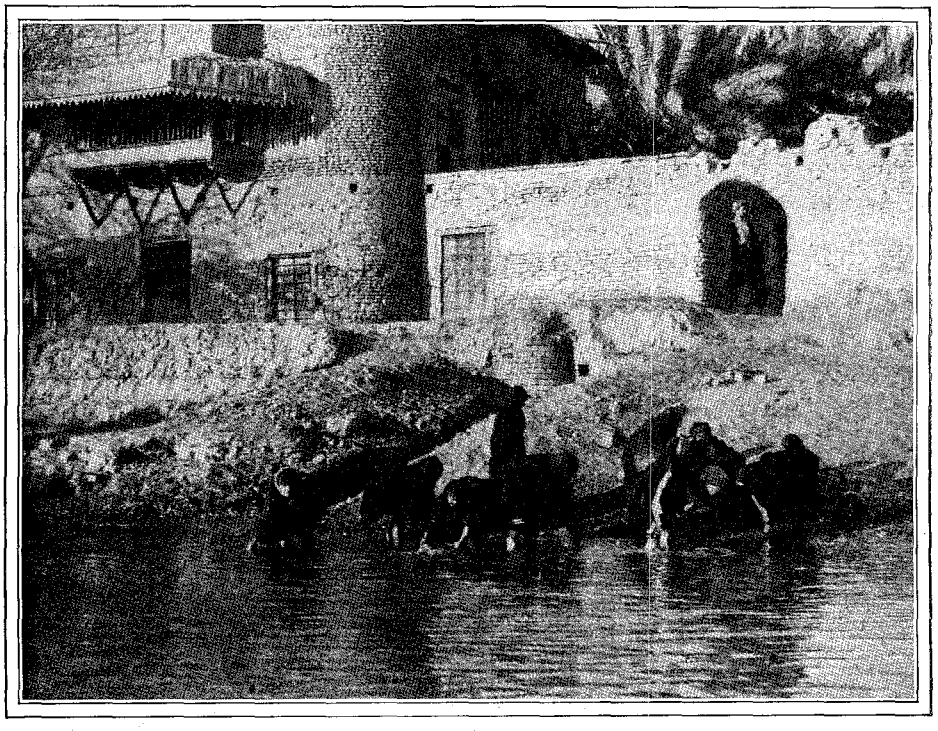
themselves with all the luxuries of first-class railroad travel, and by orders of the Sultan the indigent pilgrims who could not afford to pay fare were carried free. In 1906 the pilgrims travelled by rail from Damascus to Alakhzar, the other side of Tabouk, 560 miles south of Damascus. The journey to Tabouk only required thirty-six hours. It was here that the Prophet prepared to bat-

of so much that relates to the Prophet's history, will have through railway communication with Damascus by 1910, as promised. Then it will be settled whether the shrewd Arabs who began speculating in desert real estate, and so persistently forced the prices up, were justified. And here is one justification for the Arab land speculator—Medina will be something more than



From a photograph by David Fairchild, United States Department of Agriculture.

Bagdad water-carriers filling their water-skins on the banks of the Tigris.

tle with the Romans, and a mosque has been erected at the place where he prayed, as a kind of commemoration of the railway. Each special train had its prayer car or mosque on wheels, in which the five daily prayers were performed regularly without stopping the train. Medina was reached after a journey by rail and road of twelve days, as against the thirty days formerly required. In 1907 the pilgrims were able to travel by the railway a section further on the extension beyond Tabank and to shorten the time still more.

We may assume that by carrying on construction from Medina to meet the oncoming line, Mahomet's burial place, the scene a way-station. It will be an important head of a division.

When the main trunk reaches Medina we may be sure that the pilgrims arriving at Jeddah will have the branch line to Mecca, which has been sanctioned by the Sultan, built for them. Then how long will it be till the pilgrimages are moved by rail the 280 miles from Medina and from Jeddah to Mecca also? I do not know. Some observers, hopeful of the constructive element in the Turkish Government developing unexpected strength, say as early as 1912. A few years does not matter. When the rails were laid beyond De'era to Ma'an it meant that they one day would reach

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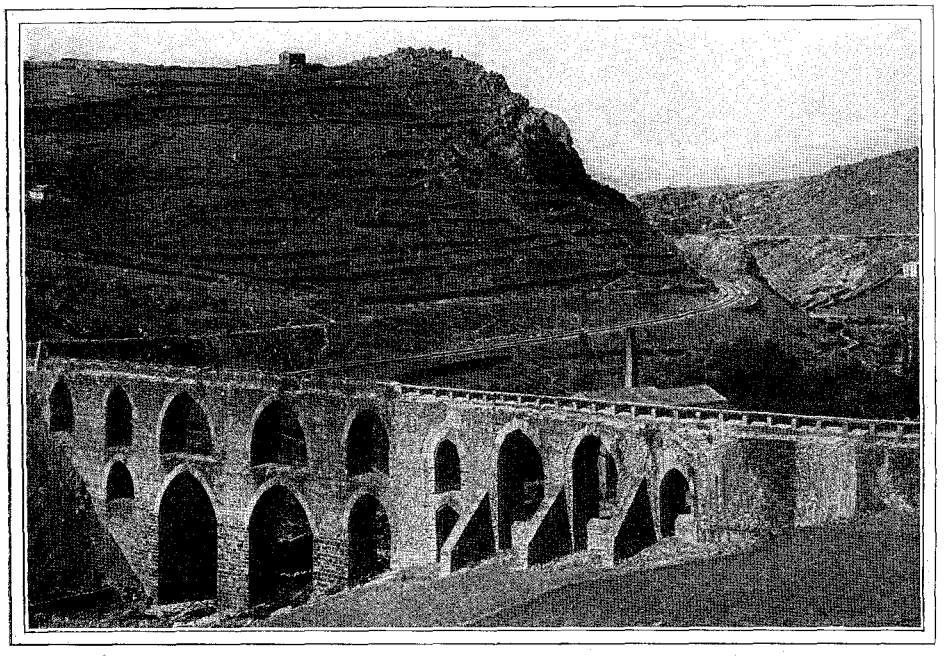
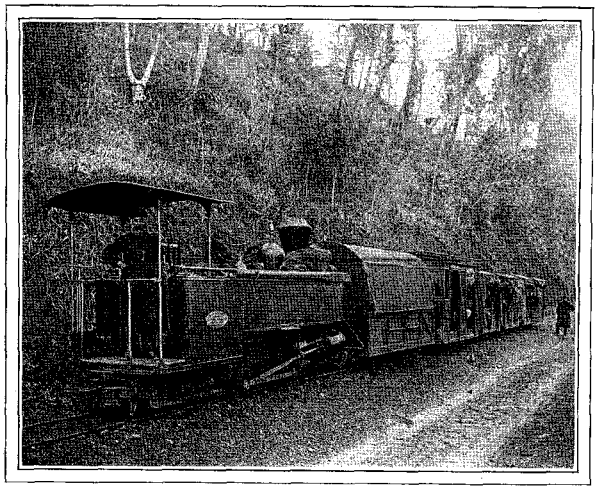


Aqueduct near Smyrna.

the religious capital of Islam. No circumstance can permanently stay their advance. It is fated that the locomotive shall enter Mecca, for its impelling power is that motive of all action in the East—Religion.

We may look forward confidently to the time when the shrieking engines shall draw in the long lines of pilgrim excursion trains and disembark their thousands of True Believers to become the prey of the moutamifs or lodging-house keepers and the hackmen. In our imagination we may see the zealots among them hastening to take part in the various ceremonies, crowding and fighting their way to the sacred black stone in the centre of the Kaaba mosque, hurrying through the prescribed observance for those about to perform Tawaf; moving the seven times around the black stone while shouting the prayers, and then rushing forth and becoming an atom though a unit in the mass of 100,000 devotees facing the Kaaba, who bend the forehead to the earth. Perhaps their next move will be to join a pilgrimage out to Mozdalfa—to spend the night in meditation and prayer and the next morning to move on to Mina, there to take part in stoning the three devils, seven stones for each Satan. Or perhaps they will first visit the holy well of Zemzem, and, after drinking of its waters, dip into their holy depths the strips of white cloth which will one day be used as their shrouds.



Engine and train on narrow road to Darjeeling, India.

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Will one of the results of this pilgrim railway be that others than True Believers, tourists among them, will enter Mecca and witness the ceremonies in which the pilgrimage culminates? Its purpose and the purpose of the support given it by Mohammedans in all parts of the globe have been to unite and strengthen Islam. Yet there have been leaders of orthodox Islam, travelled, intelligent, and familiar with the aggressive tendencies of the Western world —that is the Christian world—who have seen in this railway the fuse to a mine that will shatter, if not the faith of the Prophet, at least the political power which is so interwoven with that faith. Fanatics in the sandy wildernesses of Africa have had the same fear. The doubters among the Mussulmans see the shadow of a European nation, England or Germany, lengthening over Mecca. The Englishman himself is not averse to the suggestion. He points to the 60,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India as evidence of England's ability to govern and guide an antagonistic religion.

But there are also elements in the railway which promise to increase the Sultan's political power by strengthening his claim to sovereignty over Arabia. Many sections of the line have been built only by the sufferance of the Bedouin tribes who have foregone their right of robbery and pillage, and accepted cash subsidies instead. Gradually this kind of persuasion will cease and, moreover, the railway becomes an important line of military communication and a base for army movements. It will keep the route open for troops and will enable aggressive operations to be conducted against the rebellious tribes of the Yemen.

There is a commercial side also. The desert does not fatten commerce, but increased travel facilities across it enhance traffic and the supplying of the pilgrims in itself creates freight. And even in a wilderness, when means of transporting products are afforded, the products appear. There are the date palms, for example, and coffee and hides and goatskins. Traffic is certainly expected to develop along the Hedjaz Railway, else 800 freight cars had not been provided in the beginning. There will be closer intercourse with the Western world and some enlarged trade as a result of changing the means of transportation in this borderland of the Arabian desert.

The Bagdad Railway raises no question of undermining the influence of Islam, except such as may arise from the opening up of all parts of the Turkish Empire to twentieth century civilization. Geographically, commercially, and politically its sphere is wider than that of the Mecca Railway. It contemplates a connecting line of 2,000 miles uniting the great sea of the Rising Sun, or the Persian Gulf, with the upper ocean of the Setting Sun, as the Assyrian monarch Tiglath Pileser called the Mediterranean; the Bosphorus with the Tigris, the Asia Minor of the Seven Churches with the Chaldea, the Assyria, the Babylon, and the Mesopotamia that were before the Seven Churches existed. From Constantinople to Bagdad the distance is about 1,500 miles, with the 600 miles to Eregli already built.* Like Damascus, the capital of the caliphs is a city with a continuous history, though the history runs back not so far. The glamour of Persian culture is over it. And then, too, Scheherezade's tomb is there, and, when we shall step from the train in the city of the Arabian Nights, visions of Haroun al Raschid, the Caliphs and the Cadis, and the Five Brothers, and the Tailor, and the Thieving Olive Merchant will pass before us. But our present vision is of the conditions surrounding the construction of the railway.

We are reasonably familiar with the geography of the Asia Minor and Syria of today, yet we do not always fix their relation to the ancient caravan routes of commerce and the lines of march for troops. The overland trade route from the Persian Gulf through Asia to Europe is similar to that followed by the ancient caravans which made a detour of 250 miles in the journey to Damascus by way of Aleppo and the Orontes, traversing the Mesopotamia desert between Hit and Balis and leaving the Tigris above Bagdad. The shortest route to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf is not the one that furnishes the most encouragement for a railway. From Damascus to Bagdad, as the crow flies, is about 500 miles. This was the Syrian desert route via Tadmor or Palmyra and Thapsacus on the Euphrates. It offered small trade or agricultural advantages, its chief value being as a passage country and a military road for light troops

* The preliminary survey from Ismid near Haidar Pasha to the head of the Persian Gulf was 1,862 miles.

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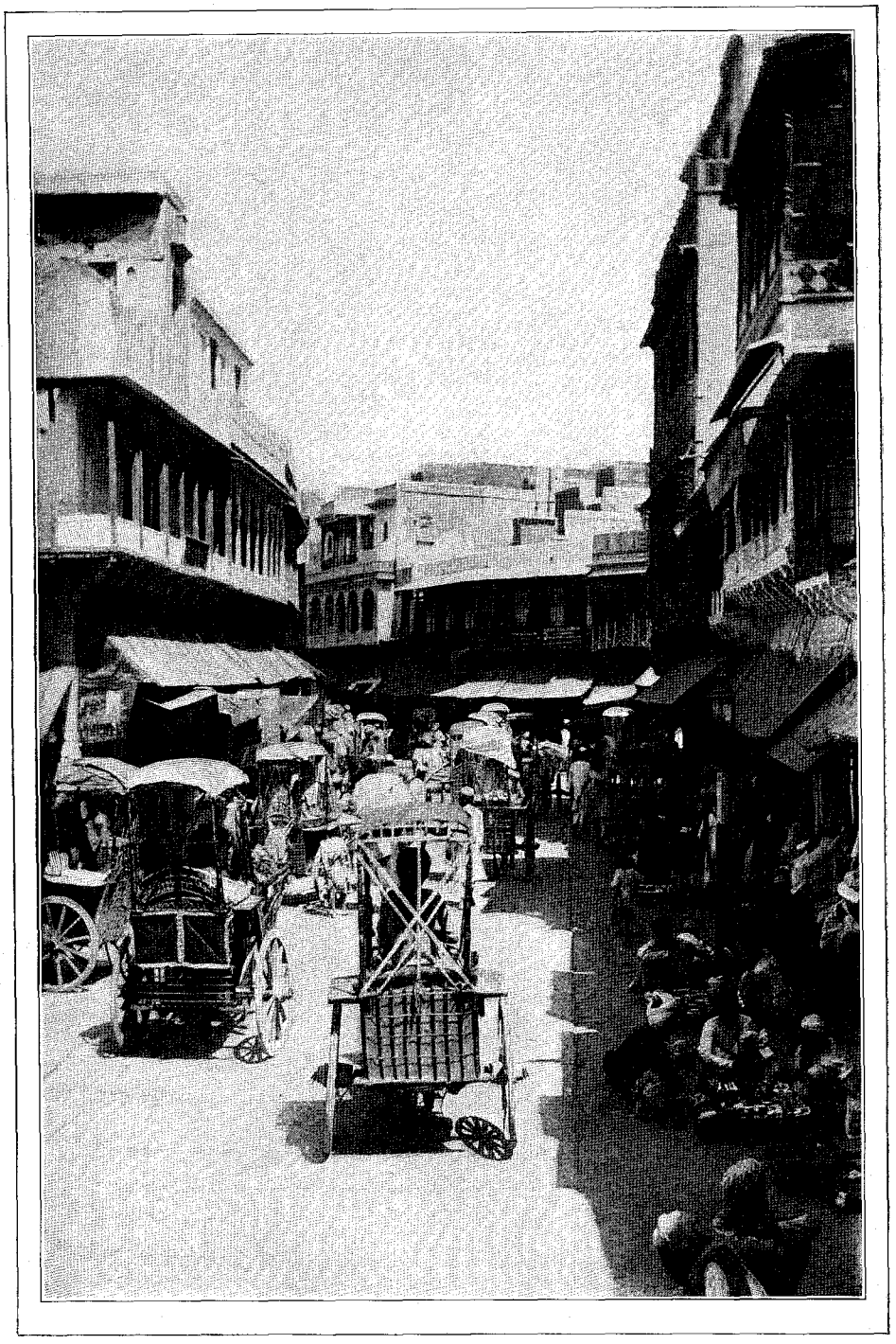

The Bazaar, Delhi.

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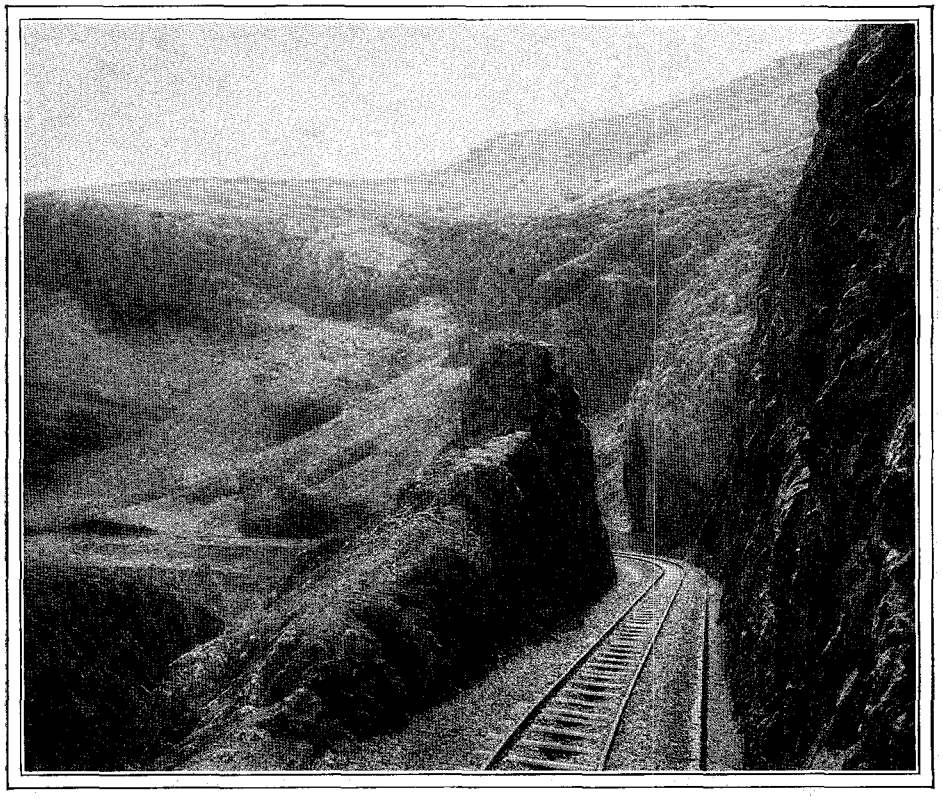

A cut in the Liban.

which could be moved rapidly, as was done by Nebuchadnezzar in his forced march to make sure of his throne. In the present day this is a favorite way of travel for camping parties of tourists who would enjoy to their utmost the incomparable Syrian sun, and it is also the short cut for the Government fast mail, the swift riding dromedary, counterpart of the pony express of pioneer days in the United States, which carries correspondence from Damascus to Bagdad in nine days.

The line of location for the Bagdad system traverses the regions of antiquity which enjoyed the greatest natural fertility and those whose crops were wrung from unbounteous nature by the artificial means of irrigation—Assyria, Chaldea, the Babylonia that absorbed them both, including the alluvial tracts towards the mouth of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the two great rivers of western Asia. Whatever location an international railway connecting Europe and Asia may take it will be over historic routes of commerce that the camel caravans have followed for centuries.

Koniah usually is taken as the beginning of the Bagdad Railway because it was the point at which the German concessionaires who acquired the Anatolian Railroad began the constuction of the line; but the real beginnings are at the seaports of the Levant where the Orient and the Occident meet. Across from Constantinople, in sight of the Golden Horn and the grouped masts of the vessels flying the flags of all the maritime nations of the world, is the new port of Haidar Pasha on the Asiatic mainland, with modern quays, huge elevators and warehouses, electric cranes for loading and unloading grain rapidly, and all the latest hoisting improvements for transferring cargoes. In the railroad yards are not only the freight trains but passenger coaches fitted with Westinghouse air-brakes and all manner of electrical appliances. The German engine pulls out a very comfortable train for Koniah and farther on. Crossing the ferry

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from the old bridge you may look back on twelve centuries of history in Stamboul when in the early morning you get the sunrise view of its 300 mosques.

But there is another turnstile of traffic through which East and West will pass over the Bagdad Railway. This is Smyrna, Homer's birthplace, the city of figs, a commercial mart when Constantinople was not. Here is the mingling of races and religions more Hellenic than Turkish or Arabic, a vast shipping centre and, unlike Constantinople, situated on the Asiatic mainland and therefore a natural terminus or starting point for an Asiatic railroad. The camel caravans may be seen in Smyrna's narrow and hilly streets to-day bearing their burdens as they have borne them for centuries, bringing products from the interior and carrying back the output of Western looms. But the caravans are not so numerous as formerly, because transportation in this section of Asia Minor has been in transformation during several years and two railway systems spread out from the seaboard. One of these joins the Anatolian Railway at Afion Kara Hissari, and thus Smyrna will be in direct railway communication with Bagdad. Damascus and Aleppo are connected by a railroad which will be a branch or a spur of the main trunk of the Bagdad line that will pass to the north of Aleppo.

By the original terms and the subsequent modifications the German capitalists to whom the concessions were granted secured considerable latitude in the matter of routes and branches. But the location line most favored, beginning at Koniah, will cross the tablelands and mountains of Carmania, the Taurus Range, and running northeast through the Djihan Valley and the mountain region of Ghwair Dagh, across the Bogtche Gorge, will turn south and southeast through the passes to Tel Habesch, thirty-seven miles north of Aleppo. The Cilician Gates summit of the Taurus range can be surmounted at 3,500 feet and the crest of the Ghwair Dagh can be tunneled 1,000 feet lower. Leaving Tel Habesch the railway will run in an easterly direction and cross the Euphrates near Europus, whence it will take a southeasterly course across upper Mesopotamia to the Tigris at Mossul, opposite the site of the Nineveh that ceased to be 3,000 years ago, and will continue along the river bank to Bagdad, competing with the present means of transportation, which is by rafts of inflated sheepskin. A branch to Chanekin on the Persian frontier is part of the general project, because of the traffic that might be had from the Shiite Mohammedans of Persia in their pilgrimages to the holy city of Kerbela, and also from the transportation of the corpses of the faithful whose wishes to be buried at Kerbela are piously fulfilled.

The continuation of the route from Bagdad will be along the Tigris to Basoorah or Busra, on the navigable waters of the Gulf. But the real head of ocean navigation is at Koweit, which is outside of the admitted Turkish dominion and within the sphere of British control. Hence the international complications and "world questions."

It is evident that two agencies must be combined to insure the completion of the railway. These are government aid and the commerce to be created by the development of resources. Since for strategic reasons the later plans have caused the route to be deviated from some of the most promising agricultural regions and centres of population to the arid tracts, this furnishes ground for the concessionaires to insist on substantial cash aid from the Turkish Government in the form of a fixed amount per kilometer or mile. The privileges of mineral and oil exploitation, of agricultural monopolies and of installations of electricity and other industrial enterprises are broad enough to justify a reasonable expenditure of capital if only to determine their real worth. Some of the German engineers who made preliminary surveys for the railway location reported on these possibilities with a warmth of imagination that was Oriental rather than Teutonic.

Soberly considered, the prospect of cotton culture in Western Asia seems to warrant the opening up of considerable areas to cultivation. But the chief agricultural wealth to be developed is of the grain fields. Cognate to this development is the restoration of the ancient irrigation, and this is dependent on railway construction. For the restoration of the old irrigation system and the building of the railway the appeal is to the West.

Professor Sayce, disputing the claim of Egypt, tells us that the Babylonian region was where irrigation and river engineering were originally developed. Of the As-

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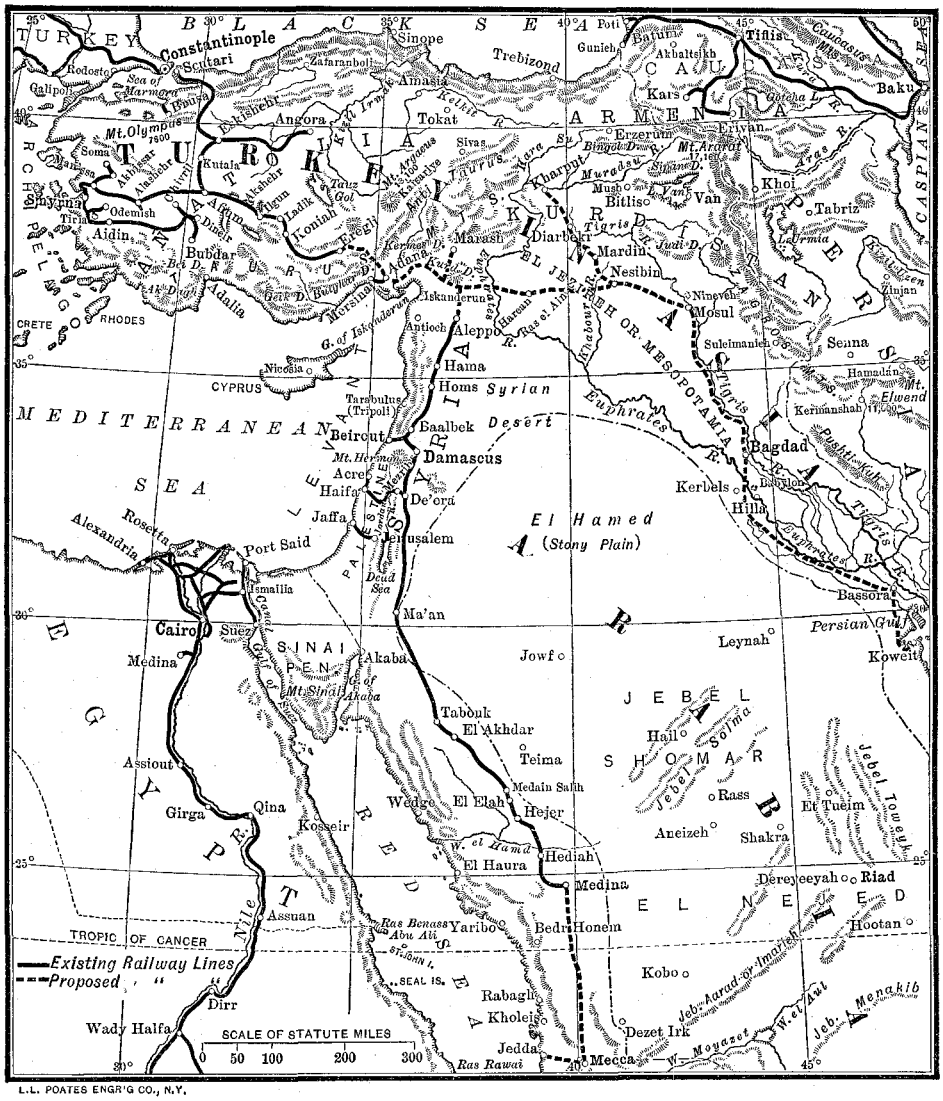

Map of Asia Minor.

Showing the existing and proposed railway lines.

syrian's country we are told on higher authority that "The waters made him great; the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants and sent out her little rivers into all the trees of the field." Rawlinson has shown the prodigal productiveness of the Babylonian wheatfields. We know that the plains between the Euphrates and the Tigris and the bordering regions towards Media and Persia and towards Arabia nurtured large masses of population, else those conquering empires could not have existed through the centuries and extended their dominions as they did. We know also that much of this prosperity was from the desert subdued and reclaimed. We do not have to do here with theories of the origin of the irrigation canals of these ancient empires, though historically we may feel assured that the beginnings were under the Chaldean monarchy 2,100 years before Christ and that, whoever built the great Nahrawân canal, a careful system of irrigation prevailed from remote times. The many remains of ancient watercourses in Mesopotamia at

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some distance from the main streams are satisfying evidence that the system had advanced far beyond the primitive stages.

We may come down to the comparatively recent times of the Biblical annalist and feel that we know one of the great canal builders and irrigation engineers who came after Joseph and who may have drawn wisdom from what he had seen of the Nile works. He is a commanding personality in the ancient world, this Nebuchadnezzar II, who in the judgment of modern investigators built the Kerez Sandih canal, 400 miles long; constructed a reservoir 140 miles round, and 140 feet deep; dug channels connecting the Euphrates and the Tigris and extended the use of irrigation along the southwestern or Arabian frontier. Before him Sennacherib, the shipbuilder who brought the ships in pieces by caravan across from Tyre, had confined the Tigris to its banks by building an embankment of bricks, and had constructed canals or aqueducts to bring good water to the Assyrian capital. But the military exploits of Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar live after them because theirs was an age of the human race when deeds of destruction by arms were accounted of greater consequence than works of sustenance, such as irrigation.

The Euphrates and the Tigris region in the twentieth century awaits the modern prototype of Nebuchadnezzar, the digger of ditches. He will be from the West, but he will not come until the railway brings him, for irrigation and railway construction are both essential to the development of this region. Nebuchadnezzar's twentieth century successor will have to study the story which the ruins of the ancient irrigation works may tell, because he will need to draw lessons from them. Of course he will have his own theory of how Chaldea's fatal day came, how the Tigris deserted its ancient and respectable bed and in changing its course cut a new channel, gnawed away the feeder canal and then ate away the main Nahrawân itself, devouring the protective works and the attempted repairs faster than they could be completed; so that one day a moving mountain of water was roaring across the plain, crushing and engulfing all before it.

But whatever the cause we may be sure, with Sir William Willcocks, that the rails of the Bagdad Railway will be laid along the banks of a renewed and remodelled Nahrawân canal, for the construction of a railway in alignment with the banks of irrigation canals is both practicable and economically desirable. The plan of this eminent irrigation engineer is, when the international political complications are settled, to begin the construction of the Persian Gulf section of the line at the same time with the restoration of the ancient irrigation system.

The plain between the Tigris and the Euphrates is 18,000 square miles in extent; the area between the Euphrates and Arabia is 9,000 square miles; the delta of the Tigris and the Euphrates covers 5,000,000 acres. Here is the means of creating crops that would develop the commercial basis of the railroad. In the region which is described as Upper Chaldea and which includes the Tigris districts around Bagdad it is estimated that 1,300,000 acres could be brought under cultivation at a cost of $10,000,000, and with a value of $95,000,00; in Lower Chaldea 1,500,000 acres at a cost of $17,000,000, and with a value of $55,000,000; or a total of 2,800,000 acres reclaimed at a cost of $27,000,000 and an addition of $150,000,000 to the wealth of the region.* Another estimate by the same authority is of 1,280,000 acres of first-class Tigris lands to be reclaimed by an outlay of $40,000,000 on canals and repairs, and the raising of lands whose value is now zero to $150 per acre. Skeptics smile at dreams of what may be done and at the estimates of costs and values; but though the dreams may not always come true in the dreamer's lifetime it is well not rashly to ridicule the grand projects of men whose record of achievement already is written.

The West of the New World is linked with these projects not only in sympathy, but in the lessons of experience. Suggestions for the swamp lands of the Euphrates are drawn from the Mississippi; the winning of the alkali plains of the southwest offers precedents for the sandy clays between Bagdad and Babylon. There is also the wider field for the application of the new force of electricity in old lands, because the general plan of reclaiming the swamp regions is to operate small pumps on the banks of the main drain by electricity distributed from one central station.

* "The Restoration of the Ancient Irrigation Works on the Tigris." Sir William Willcocks, Cairo, 1903.

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The Turkish Government with the assistance of French engineers has entered on plans for reclaiming the rice lands of the ancient Babylon and in other ways preserving and improving the existing Euphrates canals. These plans have been extended also to some of the Tigris districts, but the general scheme for restoring the old works of Mesopotamia is yet to be inaugurated. When we consider that the population of the regions adjacent to the Tigris is only one-fourth of what it was in the ninth century, it does not seem beyond the power of the engineers to bring it from the 1,500,000 of the present day up to the 6,000,000 of Haroun-al-Raschid's time, just as the Egyptian population has been brought to equal that of the period of the Roman conquest and the Arab occupation of the Nile valley.

This brings us to the Bagdad Railway and the relation of its construction to river and canal engineering, and to European politics and the international aspect of the project. Before the railway can be completed many questions affecting Turkey's relation to world politics are to be settled and, in the meantime, the prolongations from Koniah which now halt in the Taurus Mountains may be considered chiefly in relation to the local traffic which they develop. No illusions exist about immediate prospects when it is recalled that the original concession was granted in 1899, that $87,000,000 was estimated as the capital necessary for the construction of the line, and that it was to be completed to Bagdad in eight years.

It is one of the misfortunes of the Ottoman Empire that the cross purposes of the European nations, which insure its political and territorial integrity because of their inability to agree on the division of the spoils that would follow partition, interfere with railway building and other material development. When the original concession was given to the German capitalists, an alarmist body of English public opinion wanted the construction to be "forbidden" by the British lion, and Mr. Balfour was sharply criticised for his statement in Parliament that it was an enterprise in which the German Government was not concerned and that sooner or later this great undertaking would be embarked on. One faction was divided between satisfaction over a railway which would be a strategic defense against Russian aggression in Turkey and misgivings over the willingness of the French financial interests in Constantinople to join with the German banks in financing the undertaking. A third view was that of those who saw no commercial basis for what they looked upon as a permanently unprofitable enterprise, and were willing that the Turkish Government and the German and French capitalists should sink as much money as suited them. Since that time there have been changes in European politics—a British *rapprochement* with France and Russia—and to Germany alone is left the task of financing the project with such help as can be afforded by the Porte. No European nation or combination of nations may keep Germany from reaching the Tigris, because the route thither is through undisputed Turkish territory and the Sultan's irade in granting the concession must be respected. But Bagdad is well up the river, navigable only for small boats and rafts. Basoorah is 500 miles farther down and is nearer the mouth of the Tigris and the Euphrates at the Persian Gulf. Yet it is not the proper place for a terminus for a European-Asiatic railroad which demands a real port.

So far as there is political overlordship of the Persian Gulf, England claims it and affirms the Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, enunciated by Lord Lansdowne for guarding the approaches to the Indian Empire. The Persian Gulf ports are only four or five days fast steaming from Karachi and Bombay. As early as 1830 the English, in seeking a shorter route to India, discussed not only Suez but also the Euphrates which was surveyed as the future "way to India." The firman which was at that time secured from the Sultan, gave English companies rights of navigation on the Euphrates and the Tigris, and was regarded as part of a general scheme of overland communication, instead of being merely the local navigation which it has remained for three-quarters of a century. Undoubtedly the Bagdad Railway, if not a rival of the Suez Canal, would be a parallel route and competitive at least to the point of taking care of the freight traffic which, in spite of constant enlargement and improvements, Suez, through the growth of commerce with the Orient, could not handle. If the mails through Suez

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were expedited there would still be passenger travel overland to the Persian Gulf. The German engineers calculated the time between Constantinople and Bagdad at fifty-five hours, with another twenty-four hours to Basoorah.

Two plans have been proposed for overcoming the obstacles to the construction of the Bagdad line and for securing the financial resources. One is by neutralizing and internationalizing it as advocated by Englishmen and Frenchmen. Berlin to Bagdad is no more alliterative than Bagdad to the Bosphorus, yet the former term evokes the goblin of German influence. Germany might consent to internationalization and the aid of English and French capital, with the full assurance that she would yet receive the greatest benefit from the enterprise. German colonies are certain to spread through Asia Minor and German farmers will garner the wheatfields of Mesopotamia, whether their own nation or a combination of nations construct the railway line.

The alternative plan I first heard in India, and it was reinforced in Constantinople by arguments of more or less weight. This was that the Bagdad Railway should be built and controlled by American capital. Knowing the rich field which the capital of the United States has found for exploitation at home and the indifference and timidity with which it views foreign ventures, this suggestion does not impress an American strongly. But the Anglo-Indian and the cosmopolite of Constantinople, the one with the clearer perspective which comes from proximity and the other with the closer knowledge of European-Asiatic politics which is acquired by life in that atmosphere of cross purposeful diplomacy, have a line of reasoning. They hold that the restless energy of the American industrial capitalist cannot be curbed and that when his field is no longer capable of extension at home he will seek big projects abroad. Then they reason that internationally every difficulty would vanish if the citizens of a country which has no possible territorial ambitions in Europe or Western Asia were to enter upon the undertaking which each strong European nation dreads to see accomplished by some other Power. Those who hold this view maintain that the transfer of rights already acquired would be easily arranged if the construction of the Bagdad Railway by an American syndicate were proposed and that German, English and French capital would willingly coöperate with the United States should the latter take the lead in this plan of international financing.

The suggestion of Western influence, so pronounced as that of the New World restoring the ancient prosperity of the old East that lies between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, whether carried out or not, reflects the spirit of the age. But why should it not have a part in transforming the desert caravan, changing the camels for railway engines, just as it has changed the mule-pack trains of its own West?

In considering the changes from the caravan to the locomotive as exemplified in the Bagdad Railway and the Damascus-Mecca Line the results have been viewed solely with reference to Islam, for Asiatic Turkey is entirely Moslem. But other changes are taking place or are in prospect which bring together sections that are not within any one sphere, either Moslem or Christian. The Khedive of Egypt has been credited with a fanciful ambition in his plans for extending the present system of Egyptian railways from Alexandria to Tripoli. How far such a line would be commercially valuable after it left the delta area which is capable of reclamation and began to link up the oases, cannot be determined on speculative grounds. At the time of the Roman conquest the population on this northern fringe of the Sahara was considerably in excess of what it now is and there was a flourishing nomad civilization. The Sultan of Turkey hardly could fail to encourage a project which brought his subjects in the Barbary States, who question neither his political nor his spiritual sovereignty, in closer contact with his adherents in Egypt. The Alexandria and Tripoli line most likely would be regarded by Great Britain as an encouragement to the dreaded Pan Islam agitation, and back of the scheme is the shadow of a new Morocco question, so it may reasonably be anticipated that the English overlordship in Egypt will be exerted in a manner to keep the Khedive's project from becoming too definite. Yet it has the Western spirit, for it is voiced by the nationalistic movement of young Egypt whose political ideals are those of the West.

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Cecil Rhodes's dream of the Cape-to-Cairo Line, both on its sentimental and its practical side, and the interrelation of the African railroads, were discussed with comprehensive clearness by Major Girouard in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1906. Since the publication of that article the Berber Soudan Line to the Red Sea has been completed and Khartoum is now accessible either up the Nile and across the desert from Wadi Halfa or by the shorter route from Port Soudan across the desert stretch to the river. That the trade of the Soudan ultimately will go and come by the Red Sea is unquestionable, for the commercial movement has begun and the freight train will convey the commodities part of the way along the ancient caravan route. This opening up of the Soudan by means of the railway is one of the most conspicuous instances of Western progress, but its significance is not yet appreciated.

Another Red Sea line which, when completed, will supplant the caravans is that which a French company is building from Djibti to Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia. It advances slowly but its halts are not final stops. Menelek, the Emperor of historic Ethiopia, has given many evidences of his enlightenment, and he granted the original concession with the purpose of opening up the vast natural wealth of Abyssinia. Yet it must be with mixed emotions that he watches the progress, slow though it is, of the line. Occupying an impregnable country with a brave and hardy race to maintain its natural defences, he might view with equanimity the benevolently forcible partition of other parts of Africa by European nations. The lesson taught Italy at Adowa he might rightfully conclude would not be without effect. And secure in the mountain strongholds he might also regard with unconcern the lack of an Abyssinian port on the Red Sea which could be easily taken and held by European war vessels. With a railroad leading into the heart of his empire the natural defences are weakened. However, the completion of the French railway under what substantially amounts to its internationalization by France, Great Britain, and Italy, may be looked forward to as one of the events of the next ten years and the long caravan journey of twenty-two days be reduced to two days of comfortable travelling. It is not, though, the question of passenger travel so much as of frieght traffic that is of consequence in facilitating the development of Abyssinia and the extension of trade to the White Nile for which a railway project also exists. The concession for this proposed line is held by a British subject, and the observance of the compact is included in the treaty arrangement of the three Powers.

Offering larger possibilities in the substitution of the railway train for the caravan are the projects for connecting India with Persia. An imaginative German engineer some years ago worked out an elaborate plan for a line from Alexandria, Egypt, to Shanghai, China, covering a distance of 6,400 miles. His proposed route was from Alexandria to Sinai and Akaba, thence to Koweit and Basoorah, through southern Persia to the Baluchistan frontier, to Karachi, across India and Burma, from Kimlong via Shantung and along the Yangstekiang from Chungking to Shanghai. Shanghai will be more easily reached by the branches of the Siberian Railway on the Pekin extension, while the Bagdad Line furnishes the means of arriving at Koweit. On that system the crossing place where a change can be made to the Damascus-Mecca Line, will be at Tel Habesch, north of Aleppo, and since it is within the range of probability that railroads will be built from Alexandria to the Sinai Peninsula travellers some day may count on journeying by that means. But the reason for being of the Bagdad Line is to reach the Persian Gulf, while the proposed Indian extension would be considerably to the east of it so that there would still be a gap to cover.

The real junction for the railway which, coming from the west, may reach China through Assam and Burma will be at Ruk on the Indus River, a point that disputes with Jacocobad, a little farther on, the claim of being the hottest place in which human existence is possible. It is already the junction for the lines which, coming from Bombay and Calcutta, spread to Karachi on the Arabian Sea, to the borders of Kashmir and Afghanistan and centre at Quetta, the capital of British Baluchistan. There is a commercial reason for the extension of the Indian lines from this junction of Ruk, or rather from their present terminus on the frontier of the native Baluchistan,

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along the caravan route. As in the case of most of the other Indian railways, the Government built the line to Quetta, across the western desert and through the Bolan Pass, which presented formidable engineering difficulties, primarily for military purposes. The enemy might gain predominance in Afghanistan and sweep through the Kyber Pass down to the plains of British India, but once on the plains the country would be far from open to him, for he would be flanked by the British garrisons on account of the facilities for mobilization which the railroad would afford a great army stationed at Quetta.

In later years the Anglo-Indian policy adheres to military considerations, but there has been a tendency to look more particularly to the commercial side. Since the Anglo-Russian agreement has been affirmed and spheres of influence fixed which keep Russia out of Afghanistan and leave southern Persia to England, the old jealousies should disappear. Moscow-Teheran, Moscow-Herat, Moscow-India projects need no longer spoil the sleep of the British Imperialist or keep the British taxpayer awake. The existing Trans-Caspian Railway ceases to be a menace to Great Britain. Khiva is no longer the key to Herat and the danger of the Trans-Caspian Line serving as the base for a spur starting from either Samarkand or Bokhara and extending to Kabul is eliminated. British India is free to utilize the railways which now parallel the Afghanistan frontier, and since the Amir is not likely to depart from his policy of keeping railroads out of Afghanistan until he can maintain an army large enough to control them as a means of military defence, the gridironing of this buffer state or even the building of the 450 miles of links which would be necessary in order to join Chaman, the British India railway terminus on the Afghan frontier, with Kushk, the Russian Asiatic terminus is not within present view. Quetta is the real starting point for a line through to southern Persia along the present caravan route which is known as the Quetta-Seistan route. The trade of southern Persia is valuable, geographically it belongs to India, and this region is a natural market for Indian cotton cloths in exchange for dates and other products of Persia. Mohammedan pilgrims also follow it in order to reach Karachi, where they take the steamers for Jeddah on the Red Sea. European competition through the Persian Gulf routes affects Indian trade adversely and the caravan to Seistan makes the traffic very costly. The Indian Government seeks to offset this by giving a rebate on the freight shipped over the railways for Quetta, but government rebates on government railways do not fully meet the situation. The extension of the Bolan Pass and Quetta Line itself is necessary and this is recognized in the current discussion in India of the feasibility of prolonging it along the caravan route to Seistan. If this should be done, and the expected commercial advantages should accrue, it would be some atonement to India for the vast sums that have been spent unnecessarily on military defences. It would also be another significant chapter in the transformation of transportation in the desert from the camel caravan to the railway locomotive.

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THE ART OF MILLET

By Kenyon Cox

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MILLET'S PAINTINGS

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, who lived hard and died poor, is now perhaps the most famous artist of the nineteenth century. His slightest work is fought for by dealers and collectors and his more important pictures, if they chance to change hands, bring colossal and almost incredible prices. And of all modern reputations his, so far as we can see, seems most likely to be enduring. If any painter of the immediate past is definitively numbered with the great masters, it is he. Yet the popular admiration for his art is based on a misapprehension almost as profound as that of those who decried and opposed him. They thought him violent, rude, ill-educated, a "man of the woods," a revolutionist, almost a communist. We are apt to think of him as a gentle sentimentalist, a soul full of compassion for the hard lot of the poor, a man whose art achieves greatness by sheer feeling rather than by knowledge and intellect. In spite of his own letters, in spite of the testimony of many who knew him well, in spite of more than one piece of illuminating criticism, these two misconceptions endure; and, for the many, Millet is still either the painter of "The Man with the Hoe," a powerful but somewhat exceptional work, or the painter of "L'Angelus," precisely the least characteristic picture he ever produced. There is a legendary Millet, in many ways a very different man from the real one, and while the facts of his life are well known and undisputed, the interpretation of them is colored by preconceptions and strained to make them fit the legend.

Altogether too much, for instance, has been made of the fact that Millet was born a peasant. He was so, but so were half the artists and poets who come up to Paris and fill the schools and the cafés of the student quarters. To any one who has known these young *rapins*, and wondered at the grave and distinguished members of the Institute into which many of them have afterward developed, it is evident that this studious youth—who read Virgil in the original and Homer, and Shakespeare, and Goethe in translations—probably had a much more cultivated mind and a much sounder education than most of his fellow students under Delaroche. Seven years after this Norman farmer's son came to Paris, with a pension of 600 francs voted by the Town Council of Cherbourg, the son of a Breton sabot-maker followed him there with a precisely similar pension voted by the Town Council of Roche-sur-Yon; and the pupil of Langlois had had at least equal opportunities with the pupil of Sartoris. Both cases were entirely typical of French methods of encouraging the fine arts, and the peasant origin of Millet is precisely as significant as the peasant origin of Baudry.

Baudry persevered in the course marked out for him and, after failing three times, received the *Prix de Rome* and became the pensioner of the State. Millet took umbrage at Delaroche's explanation that his support was already pledged to another candidate for the prize, and left the *atelier* of that master after little more than a year's work. But that he had already acquired most of what was to be learned there is shown, if by nothing else, by the master's promise to push him for the prize the year following. This was in 1838, and for a year or two longer Millet worked in the life classes of Suisse and Boudin without a master. His pension was first cut down and then withdrawn altogether, and he was thrown upon his own resources. His struggles and his poverty during the next few years were those of many a young artist, aggravated, in his case, by two imprudent marriages. But during all the time that he was painting portraits in Cherbourg or little nudes in Paris he was steadily gaining reputation and making friends. If we had not the pictures themselves to show us how able and how well trained a workman he was, the story told us by Wyatt Eaton in "Modern French Masters" would convince us. It was in the last year of Millet's life that he told the young American how, in his early days, a dealer would come to him for a picture and "having nothing painted he would offer the dealer a book, and ask him to wait for a little while that he might add a few touches to the picture." He would then go into his studio and take a fresh canvas,

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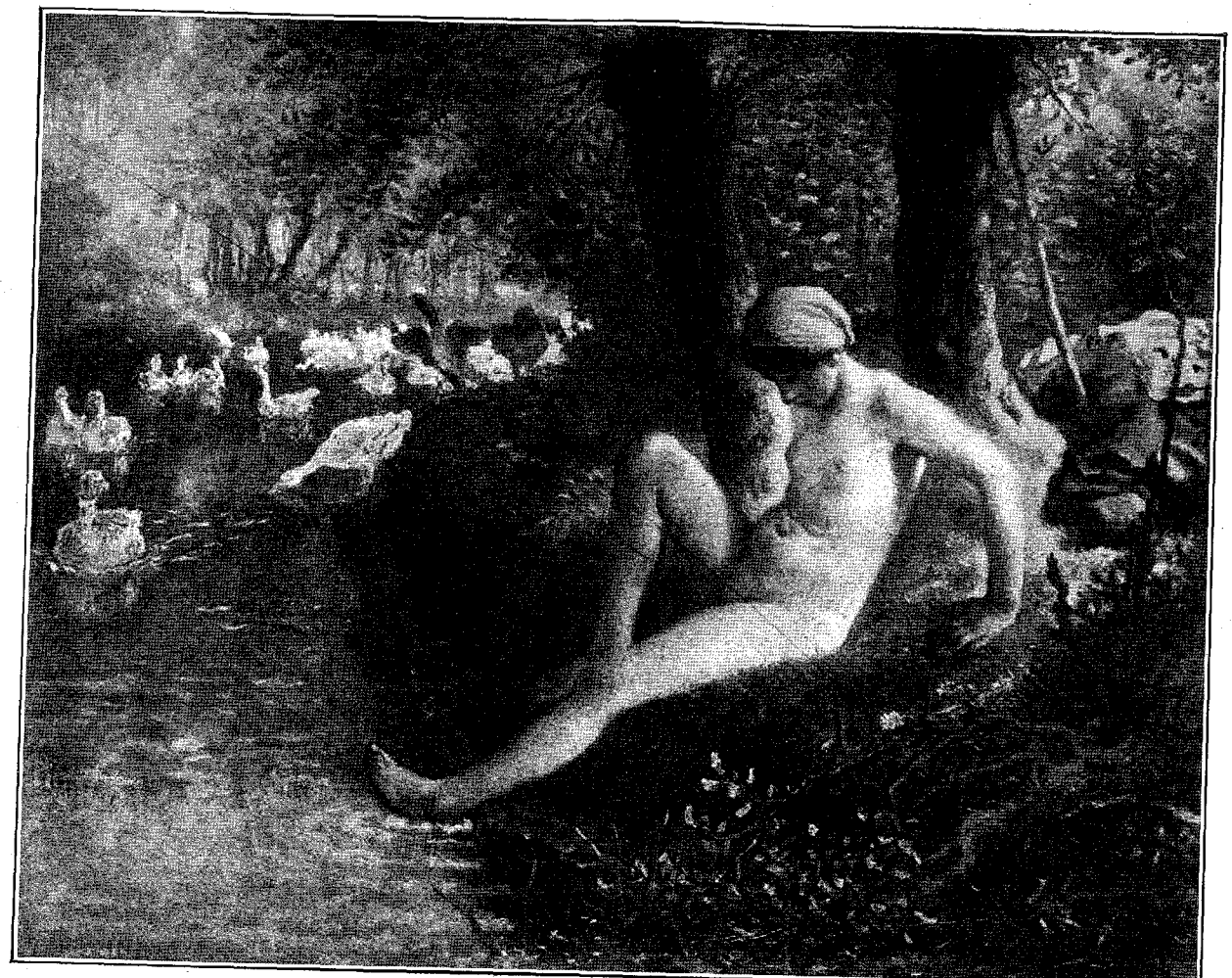

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

The Goose Girl.

In the collection of Mme. Saulnier, Bordeaux.

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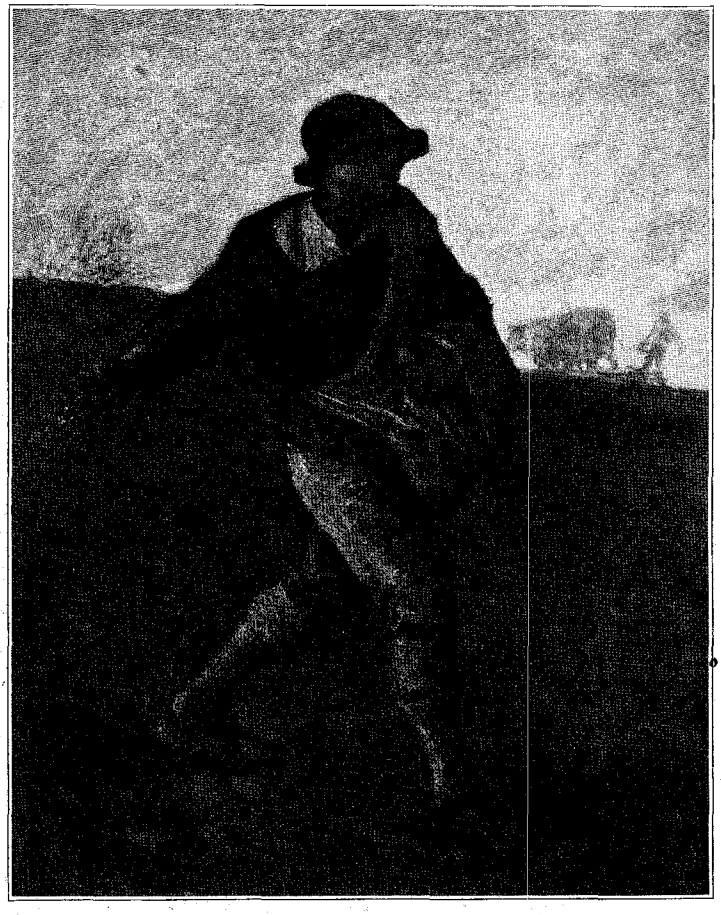
or a panel, and in two hours bring out a little nude figure, which he had painted during that time, and for which he would receive twenty or twenty-five francs." It was the work of this time that Diaz admired for its color and its "immortal flesh-painting"; that caused Guichard, a pupil of Ingres, to tell his master that Millet was the finest draughtsman of the new school; that earned for its author the title of "master of the nude."

He did all kinds of work in these days, even painting signs and illustrating sheet-music, and it was all capital practice for a young man, but it was not what he wanted to do. A great deal has been made of the story of his overhearing someone speak of him as "a fellow who never paints anything but naked women," and he is represented as undergoing something like a sudden conversion and as resolving to "do no more of the devil's work." As a matter of fact he had, from the first, wanted to paint "men at work in the fields" with their "fine attitudes," and he only tried his hand at other things because he had his living to earn. Sensier saw what seems to have been the first sketch for "The Sower" as early as 1847, and it existed long before that, while "The Winnower" was exhibited in 1848; and the overheard conversation is said to have taken place in 1849. There was nothing indecent or immoral in Millet's early work, and the best proof that he felt no moral reprobation for the painting of the nude—as what true painter, especially



The Sower.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Vanderbilt collection.

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The Gleaners.
In the Louvre.

in France, ever did?—is that he returned to it in the height of his power and, in the picture of the little "Goose Girl" by the brook-side, her slim, young body bared for the bath, produced the loveliest of his works. No, what happened to Millet in 1849 was simply that he resolved to do no more pot-boiling, to consult no one's taste but his own, to paint what he pleased and as he pleased, if he starved for it. He went to Barbizon for a summer's holiday and to escape the cholera. He stayed there because living was cheap and the place was healthy, and because he could find there the models and the subjects on which he built his highly abstract and ideal art.

At Barbizon he neither resumed the costume nor led the life of a peasant. He wore sabots, as hundreds of other artists have done, before and since, when living in the country in France: Sabots are very cheap and very dry, and not uncomfortable when you have acquired the knack of wearing them. In other respects he dressed and lived like a small bourgeois, and was *monsieur* to the people about him. Barbizon was already a summer resort for artists before he came there, and the inn was full of painters; while others, of whom Rousseau was one, were settled there more or less permanently. It was but a short distance from Paris, and the exhibitions and museums were readily accessible. The life that Millet lived there was that of many poor, self-respecting, hard-working artists, and if he had been a landscape painter that life would never have seemed in any way exceptional. It is only because he was a painter of the figure that it seems odd he should have lived in the country; only because he painted peasants that he has been thought of as a peasant himself. If he accepted the name, with a kind of pride, it was in protest against the frivolity and artificiality of the fashionable art of the day.

But if too much has been made of Millet's peasant origin, perhaps hardly enough has been made of his race. It is at least interesting that the two Frenchmen whose art has most in common with his, Nicolas Poussin and Pierre Corneille, should have

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been Normans like himself. In the severely restrained, grandly simple, profoundly classical work of these three men, that hard-headed, strong-handed, austere and manly race has found its artistic expression.

For Millet is neither a revolutionary nor a sentimentalist, nor even a romanticist; he is essentially a classicist of the classicists, a conservative of the conservatives, the one modern exemplar of the grand style. It is because his art is so old that it was "too new" for even Corot to understand it; because he harked back beyond the pseudo-classicism of his time to the great art of the past, and was classic as Phidias and Giotto and Michelangelo were classic, that he seemed strange to his contemporaries. In everything he was conservative. He hated change; he wanted things to remain as they had always been. He did not especially pity the hard lot of the peasant; he considered it the natural and inevitable lot of man who "eats bread in the sweat of his brow." He wanted the people he painted "to look as if they belonged to their place—as if it would be impossible for them ever to think of being anything else but what they are." In the herdsman and the shepherd, the sower and the reaper, he saw the immemorial types of humanity whose labors have endured since the world began and were essentially what they now are when Virgil wrote his "Georgics" and when Jacob kept the flocks of Laban. This is the note of all his work. It is the permanent, the essential, the eternally significant that he paints. The apparent localization of his subjects in time and place is an illusion. He is not concerned with the nineteenth century or with Barbizon, but with mankind. At the very moment when the English Preraphaelites were trying to found a great art on the exhaustive imitation of natural detail, he eliminated detail as much as possible. At the very beginning of our modern preoccupation with the direct representation of facts, he abandoned study from the model almost entirely and could say that he "had never painted from nature." His subjects would have struck the amiable Sir Joshua as trivial, yet no one has ever more completely followed that writer's precepts. His confession of faith is in the words, "One must be able to make use of the trivial for the expression of the sublime"; and this painter of "rustic genre" is the world's greatest master of the sublime after Michelangelo.

The comparison with Michelangelo is inevitable and has been made again and again by those who have felt the elemental grandeur of Millet's work. As a recent writer has remarked, "An art highly intellectualized, so as to convey a great idea with the lucidity of language, must needs be controlled by genius akin to that which inspired the ceiling paintings of the Sistine Chapel."* This was written of the Trajanic sculptors, whose works both Michelangelo and Millet studied and admired, and indeed it is to this old Roman art, or to the still older art of Greece, that one must go for the truest parallel of Millet's temper and his manner of working. He was less impatient, less romantic and emotional than Michelangelo; he was graver, quieter, more serene; and if he had little of the Greek sensuousness and the Greek love of physical beauty, he had much of the antique clarity and simplicity. To express his idea clearly, logically and forcibly; to make a work of art that should be "all of a piece" and in which "things should be where they are for a purpose"; to admit nothing for display, for ornament, even for beauty, that did not necessarily and inevitably grow out of his central theme, and to suppress with an iron rigidity everything useless or superfluous—this was his constant and conscious effort. It is an ideal eminently austere and intellectual—an ideal, above all, especially and eternally classic.

Take, for an instance, the earliest of his masterpieces, the first great picture by which he marked his emancipation and his determination, henceforth, to produce art as he understood it without regard to the preferences of others. Many of his preliminary drawings and studies exist and we can trace, more or less clearly, the process by which the final result was arrived at. At first we have merely a peasant sowing grain; an everyday incident, truly enough observed, but nothing more. Gradually the background is cut down, the space restricted, the figure enlarged until it fills its frame as a metope of the Parthenon is filled. The gesture is ever enlarged and given more sweep and majesty, the silhouette is simplified and divested of all accidental or insignificant detail. A thousand previous

*Eugénie Strong, "Roman Scripture," p. 224.

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The Shepherdess.
In the Chauchard collection.

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The Potato Planters.
In the Quincy A. Shaw collection.

observations are compared and resumed in one general and comprehensive formula, and the typical has been evolved from the actual. What generations of Greek sculptors did in their slow perfectioning of certain fixed types he has done almost at once. We have no longer a man sowing, but *The Sower,* justifying the title he instinctively gave it by its air of permanence, of inevitability, of universality. All the significance which there is or ever has been for mankind in that primæval action of sowing the seed is crystalized into its necessary expression. The thing is done once for all, and need never—can never be done again. Has anyone else had this power since Michelangelo created his "Adam?"

If even Millet never again attained quite the august impressiveness of this picture it is because no other action of rustic man has so wide or so deep a meaning for us as this of sowing. All the meaning there is in an action he could make us feel with entire certainty, and always he proceeds by this method of elimination, concentration, simplification, insistance on the essential and the essential only. One of the most perfect of all his pictures—more perfect than "The Sower" on account of qualities of mere painting, of color and of the rendering of landscape, of which I shall speak later—is "The Gleaners." Here one figure is not enough to express the continuousness of the movement; the utmost simplification will not make you feel, as powerfully as he wishes you to feel it, the crawling progress, the bending together of back and thighs, the groping of worn fingers in the stubble. The line must be reinforced and reduplicated, and a second figure, almost a facsimile of the first, is added. Even this is not enough. He adds a third figure, not gathering the ear, but about to do so, standing, but stooped forward and bounded by one great, almost uninterrupted curve from the peak of the cap over her eyes to the heel which half slips out of the sabot, and the thing is done. The whole day's work is resumed in that one moment. The task has endured for hours and will endure till

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The Grafter.
William Rockefeller collection.

sunset, with only an occasional break while the back is half-straightened—there is not time to straighten it wholly. It is the triumph of significant composition, as "The Sower" is the triumph of significant draughtsmanship.

Or, when an action is more complicated and difficult of suggestion, as is that, for instance, of digging, he takes it at the beginning and at the end, as in "The Spaders," and makes you understand everything between. One man is doubled over his spade, his whole weight brought to bear on the pressing foot which drives the blade into the ground. The other, with arms outstretched, gives the twisting motion which lets the loosened earth fall where it is to lie. Each of these positions is so thoroughly understood and so definitely expressed that all the other positions of the action are implied in them. You feel the recurrent rhythm of the movement and could almost count the falling of the clods.

So far did Millet push the elimination of non-essentials that his heads have often scarcely any features, his hands, one might say, are without fingers, and his draperies are so simplified as to suggest the witty remark that his peasants were too poor to afford any folds in their garments. The setting of the great bony planes of jaw and cheek and temple, the bulk and solidity of the skull, and the direction of the face—these were, often enough, all he wanted of a head. Look at the hand of the woman in "The Potato Planters," or at those of the man in the same picture, and see how little detail there is in them, yet how surely the master's sovereign draughtsmanship has made you feel their actual structure and function. And how inevitably the garments, with their few and simple folds, mould and accent the figures beneath them, "becoming, as it were, a part of the body and expressing, even more than the nude, the larger and simpler forms of nature." How explicitly the action of the bodies is registered, how perfectly the amount of

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effort apparent is proportioned to the end to be attained. One can feel, to an ounce, it seems, the strain upon the muscles implied by that hoe-full of earth. Or look at the easier attitude of "The Grafter," engaged upon his gentler task, and at the monumental silhouette of the wife, standing

Spring.
In the Louvre.

there, babe in arms, a type of eternal motherhood and of the fruitfulness to come.

Oftener than anything, perhaps, it was the sense of weight that interested Millet. It is the adjustment of her body to the weight of the child she carries that gives her statuesque pose to the wife of the grafter. It is the drag of the buckets upon the arms that gives her whole character to the magnificent "Woman Carrying Water" in the Vanderbilt collection. It is the erect carriage, the cautious, rhythmic walk, keeping step together, forced upon them by the sense of weight, which gives that gravity and solemnity to the bearers of "The New-Born Calf" that was ridiculed by Millet's critics as more befitting the bearers of the bull Apis or the Holy Sacrament. The artist himself was explicit in this instance, as in that of the "Woman Carrying Water." "The expression of two men carrying a load on a litter," he says, "naturally depends on the weight which rests upon their arms. Thus, if the weight is equal, their expression will be the same, whether they bear the Ark of the Covenant or a calf, an ingot of gold or a stone." Find that expression, whether in face or figure, render it clearly, "with largeness and simplicity," and you have a great, a grave, a classic work of art. "We are never so truly Greek," he said, "as when we are simply painting our own impressions." Certainly his own way of painting his impressions was more Greek than anything else in the whole range of modern art.

In the epic grandeur of such pictures as these there is something akin to sadness, though assuredly Millet did not mean them to be sad. Did he not say of the "Woman Carrying Water," I have avoided, as I al-

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The First Steps.

ways do, with a sort of horror, everything that might verge on the sentimental?" He wished her to seem "to do her work simply and cheerfully . . . as a part of her daily task, and the habit of her life." And he was not always in the austere and epical mood. He could be idyllic as well, and if he could not see "the joyous side" of life or nature he could feel and make us feel the charm of tranquillity. Indeed, this remark of his about the joyous side of things was made in the dark early days when life was hardest for him. He broadened in his view as he grew older and conditions became more tolerable, and he has painted a whole series of little pictures of family life and of childhood that, in their smiling seriousness, are endlessly delightful. The same science, the same thoughtfulness, the same concentration and intellectual grasp that defined for us the superb gesture of "The Sower" have gone to the depiction of the adorable uncertainty, between walking and falling, of those "First Steps" from the mother's lap to the outstretched arms of the father; and the result, in this case as in the other, is a thing perfectly and permanently expressed. Whatever Millet has done, is done. He has "characterized the type," as it was his dream to do, and written "hands off" across his subject for all future adventurers.

Finally he rises to an almost lyric fervor in that picture of the little "Goose Girl" bathing, which is one of the most purely and exquisitely beautiful things in art. In this smooth, young body quivering with anticipation of the coolness of the water; in these rounded, slender limbs with their long, firm, supple lines; in the unconscious, half-awkward grace of attitude and in the glory of sunlight splashing through the shadow of the willows, there is a whole song of joy and youth and the goodness of the world. The picture exists in a drawing or pastel, which has been photographed by Braun, as well as in the oil-painting, and Millet's habit of returning again and again to a favorite subject renders it difficult to be certain which is the earlier of the two; but I imagine this drawing to be a study for the picture. At first sight the figure in it is more obviously beautiful than in the other version, and it is only after a time that one begins to understand the changes that the artist was impelled to make. It is almost too graceful, too much like an antique nymph. No one could find any fault with it, but by an almost imperceptible stiffening of the line here and there, a little greater turn of the foot upon the ankle and of the hand upon the wrist, the figure in the painting has been given an accent of rusticity

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that makes it more human, more natural and more appealing. She is no longer a possible Galatea or Arethusa, she is only a goose girl, and we feel but the more strongly on that account the eternal poem of the healthy human form.

The especial study of the nineteenth century was landscape, and Millet was so far a man of his time that he was a great landscape painter; but his treatment of landscape was unlike any other, and, like his own treatment of the figure, in its insistence on essentials, its elimination of the accidental, its austere and grand simplicity. I have heard, somewhere, a story of his saying, in answer to praise of his work or inquiry as to his meaning: "I was trying to express the difference between the things that lie flat and the things that stand upright." That is the real motive of one of his masterpieces—one that in some moods seems the greatest of them all—"The Shepherdess," that is, or used to be, in the Chauchard collection. In this nobly tranquil work, in which there is no hint of sadness or revolt, are to be found all his usual inevitableness of composition and perfection of draughtsmanship—note the effect of repetition in the sheep, "forty feeding like one"—but the glory of the picture is in the infinite recession of the plain that lies flat, the exact notation of the successive positions upon it of the things that stand upright, from the trees and the hay-wain in the extreme distance, almost lost in sky, through the sheep and the sheep-dog and the shepherdess herself, knitting so quietly, to the dandelions in the foreground, each with its "aureole" of light. Of these simple, geometrical relations, and of the enveloping light and air by which they are expressed, he has made a hymn of praise.

Bringing Home the New-born Calf.
In the Art Institute, Chicago.

The background of the "Gleaners," with its baking stubblefield under the mid-day sun, its grain-stacks and laborers and distant farmstead all tremulous in the reflected waves of heat, indistinct and almost indecipherable yet unmistakable, is nearly as wonderful; and no one has ever so rendered the solemnity and the mystery of night as has he in the marvellous "Sheepfold" of the Walter's collection. But the greatest of all his landscapes—one of the greatest landscapes ever painted—is his

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The Spaders.

"Spring" of the Louvre, a pure landscape this time, containing no figure. In the intense green of the sun-lit woods against the black rain-clouds that are passing away, in the jewel-like brilliancy of the blossoming apple-trees, and the wet grass in that clear air after the shower; in the glorious rainbow drawn in dancing light across the sky, we may see, if anywhere in art, some reflection of the "infinite splendors" which Millet tells us he saw in nature.

In the face of such results as these it seems absurd to discuss the question whether or not Millet was technically a master of his trade, as if the methods that produced them could possibly be anything but good methods for the purpose; but it is still too much the fashion to say and think that the great artist was a poor painter—to speak slightingly of his accomplishment in oil painting, and to seem to prefer his drawings and pastels to his pictures. We have seen that he was a supremely able technician in his pot-boiling days, and that the color and handling of his early pictures were greatly admired by so brilliant a virtuoso as Diaz. But this "flowery manner" would not lend itself to the expression of his new aims, and he had to invent another. He did so stumblingly at first, and the earliest pictures of his grand style have a certain harshness and ruggedness of surface and heaviness of color which his critics could not forgive, any more than the impressionists, who have outdone that ruggedness, can forgive him his frequent use of a warm general tone, inclining to brownness. His ideal of form and of composition he possessed complete from the beginning; his mastery of light and color and the handling of materials was slower of acquirement; but he did acquire it, and in the end he is as absolute a master of painting as of drawing. He did not see nature in blue and violet, as Monet has taught us to see it, and little felicities and facilities of rendering, and anything approaching cleverness or the parade of virtuosity, he hated; but he knew just what could be done with thick or thin painting, with opaque or transparent pigment, and he could make his few and simple colors say anything he chose. In his mature work there is a profound knowledge of the means to be employed and a great economy in their use, and there is no approach to indiscriminate or meaningless loading. "Things are where they are for a purpose," and if the surface of a picture is rough in any place it is because just that degree of roughness was necessary to attain the desired effect. He could make mere paint express light as few artists have been able to do—"The Shepherdess" is flooded with it—and he could do this without any sacrifice of the sense of substance in the things on which the light falls. If some of his canvases are

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brown it is because brown seemed to him the appropriate note to express what he had to say; "The Gleaners" glows with almost the richness of a Giorgone, and other pictures are honey-toned or cool and silvery or splendidly brilliant. And in whatever key he painted, the harmony of his tones and colors is as large, as simple and as perfect as the harmony of his lines and masses.

But if we cannot admit that Millet's drawings are better than his paintings we may be very glad he did them. His great epic of the soil must have lacked many episodes, perhaps whole books and cantos, if it had been written only in the slower and more elaborate method. The comparative slightness and rapidity of execution of his drawings and pastels enabled him to register many inventions and observations that we must otherwise have missed, and many of these are of the highest value. His long training in seizing the essential in anything he saw enabled him, often, to put more meaning into a single rapid line than another could put into a day's painful labor, and some of his slightest sketches are astonishingly and commandingly expressive. Other of his drawings were worked out and pondered over almost as lovingly as his completest pictures. But so instinctively and inevitably was he a composer that everything he touched is a complete whole—his merest sketch or his most elaborated design is a unit. He has left no fragments. His paintings, his countless drawings, his few etchings and wood-cuts, are all of a piece. About everything there is that air of finality which marks the work destined to become permanently a classic.

Here and there, by one or another writer, most or all of what I have been trying to say has been said already. It is the more likely to be true. And if these true things have been said, many other things have been said also which seem to me not so true, or little to the purpose, so that the image I have been trying to create must differ, for better or for worse, from that which another might have made. At least I may have looked at the truth from a slightly different angle, and so have shown it in a new perspective. And at any rate it is well that true things should be said again from time to time. It can do no harm that one more person should endeavor to give a reason for his admiration of a great and true artist, and should express his conviction that among the world's great masters the place of Jean François Millet is not destined to be the lowest.

THE PEACE OF LOVE

By Hermann Hagedorn, Jr.

ONCE more, once more, our joys shall bloom for us,
Oh, my beloved,—once more shall the spring
Breathe in our hearts the pleasant murmuring
Of love, unsorrowed, and the timorous,
Low song of joy unchecked. Oh, marvellous,
Fair love, some time the tired years must bring
Peace to regret and comfort to the sting
For souls too weary to be mutinous.
Oh, it were death had I not hope for that!
Had I not trust that as the heart grows old
The bitterness, the anger and the pain
Must die before love dies. Ah, sweet, again
Shall joy rise up and happiness unfold—
And peace brood soft, where deathless longing sat.

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"THE CANDLE'S FLAME"

By Virginia Tracy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

"'Tis here!"

"'Tis here!"

"'Tis gone!"

GRISCOM, the chief of English dramatic critics, had crossed the Atlantic to see Miss Valliant in her new play. The play was called in this translation "The Water-Lily"; Griscom had seen its première in France as well as its London production and he was fresh from its two-hundredth performance in Berlin; it was a poetic tragedy with many lighter moods of fantastic and ethereal mirth, and though these were popularized to the general by a riot of scenic display the critic was curious to see just which of its qualities carried farthest in the new, glaring country which he had never before visited, where they were already giving its name to champagnes and patent medicines, and where the rush for seats was so great that the police had to be called in to keep order at the box-office. Yet it was not really the play which had brought Griscom to New York but the fact that he had never seen Sophia Valliant act. Miss Valliant! Sophia Valliant! the great Sophia! after all her triumphal visits to London! It seemed impossible, but some perverse fate had always kept them apart.

Conceive, then, with what a shock he heard on landing that she had been ill, had suffered heart-attacks of such violence that there had been danger of her losing some performances. It seemed like fate again, but, no, they told him, though the pain had been so acute that her understudy had been kept up to the mark day and night lest Miss Valliant should be unable to finish an act, her wonderful vitality had won out. She was well again and so triumphantly that she was almost young again.

Griscom was to view the performance from the box of that celebrated old comédienne retired, Mrs. Davitt. On the night before the event, Mrs. Davitt came to supper with him and there in the great restaurant's opalescent shadows beneath the cover of the music, Griscom made her a confession. It was just after the old lady, who could remember Sophia Valliant's glorious girlhood, had finished an anecdote of its greatness with a sigh, and had added that she was afraid these nervous attacks had been brought on by the first hot spell of the spring atop of that too arduous production in which Sophia had never spared herself, that Griscom took what he felt to be his life in his hands and confided that though he had never seen Miss Valliant act he had always doubted her genius.

He was humbly aware of the fatuity and futility of such a statement and he was prepared for the eloquent silence that followed it. He tried to explain and Mrs. Davitt listened to him with the thunderous calm of one who says "God give me patience!" He could end only by apologizing: now, at least, he said, like a hero of modern romance, he had travelled four thousand miles to see her.

Mrs. Davitt then said, "You wouldn't believe me, of course? No, very likely I, as an old timer, come under the same difficulty. What? Oh, you've *seen* me act! For acting, that's it, of course—seeing is believing. The million men who have seen can't convince the one man *who came late.* Well, see her. She will convince you."

"But if she's ill—not in good form—I dread doing her an injustice——"

"She's not ill. The hotel people exaggerated that to the reporters because there were so many inquiries and cables from celebrities and school-children and millionaires and settlement-guilds and foreign courts, it made them feel like the centre of the civilized world. Sophy—you don't know her power."

The theatres were letting out and as the restaurant's flower-scented light began to gloat upon pale draperies and immaculate shirt-fronts that advanced among the tables here and there Mrs. Davitt stopped a friend or two and acquainted them with Griscom's

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heresy. They all stared at him with a kind of polite alarm as if he had been an illustrious lunatic. He was glad when it was time to leave the restaurant. They stepped out into a street that was opposite Miss Valliant's theatre and that was jammed with the carriages and motors of her audience. "The Water-Lily" was so long a performance that it was barely over. There for the moment high above them the name of Sophia Valliant stamped the sky in letters of flame; then it went out.

At her own door, "You will see her," Mrs. Davitt repeated. "She will convince you. To-morrow evening then."

"To-morrow evening."

"It all depends on Miss Valliant, Mamma."

"Certainly. If she wants you to get the part you'll get it; if not, you won't."

"She must know they've given it to someone else."

"Well, I intend to ask her what they mean by it, anyhow."

The figures of Lucille Le Grande and of her daughter Cecilia, Cecilia Rowan, Miss Valliant's understudy, were becoming almost painfully familiar on Broadway. Though they were thus branded together, it was the mother's onslaught for Cecilia, not Cecilia's for herself, which the managers dreaded. Cecilia, though two-and-twenty, was in many ways a great baby; her slenderness drooped or swayed in the wind of her mother's vigor, she had a lazy, roving eye, and in the mocking drowsiness of her smile its sensitive and exquisite friendliness was too shy for careless recognition, the loveliness of her face was never remarked or reckoned with, and afterwards people at large remembered that they had never seemed to catch her eye; it was as if they had always seen her veiled, and this veil was in part thrown round her by the passionate absorption with which her mother hung over her, guarding her alike from shadow and from sunshine. In less words, Cecilia was something of a negligible quantity. Not so Lucille Le Grande. That lady during her youth had played leading business with her first husband, a star whose popularity had been so great that at his death his fortune was found to have been entirely dissipated by his convivial relations with the world; his widow, nothing daunted, put forth in "La Belle Russe," "East Lynne," and "The Clemenceau Case." When Cissie was twelve the mother began to be anxious for the daughter's future, and promptly lost all the money she had on a Broadway venture. Still undiscouraged, she fell in love with Ned Carey—a widower with a little son—a man younger than herself in whom she believed she had discovered a luminary fated to put out the light of Edwin Booth. They were married, but as they were both now completely poor she was never able to get his light from under its bushel. If he was a genius he was so only on one-night-stands where nobody ever saw him and whence nobody ever heard of him. He was not very strong and he was very "intense"; and whether or not it was the combination that killed him, he died quite inconspicuously somewhere between Mamangachunk and Canaldover when Cecilia was nineteen. Miss Le Grande then put her step-son, Teddy, to live in Cincinnati with her elder daughter, a grass-widow with two babies, all largely dependent on Miss LeGrande for their livelihood; and having thus comfortably arranged a somewhat heterogeneous family and having decided that Cecilia had been "buried long enough," took up that young lady in one hand, so to speak, and carried her to Broadway. "If once she can get her chance!" the mother had said. That was three years ago, but the chance had not come yet; Miss LeGrande was still battering in her daughter's name at managerial doors. And now the great creatures in their offices, dealing out fates and fortunes with Olympian nods, began to dread the advent of mother and daughter, the persistent appeal, the hackneyed reasonings they were so weary of; according to the good manners that the last few years have brought in, they did not always refuse to see the two women, but they were so tired of them that they would not have given Cecilia anything if they had had it; the precedent of refusing her had become legendary. Not, indeed, that employment—though how broken and of what a sort!—had been wholly lacking during these years. But every spring and fall, and all the unoccupied time between, was devoted to their hunt after the Chance. And the Chance not only continued unyielding both to the mother, strident and aggressive for her girl, and to the listless

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girl herself, but became more remote than ever as they grew to be more and more marked at agencies and along the staring Rialto blocks where they bore all the terrible paraphernalia of their kind—the plumed, elaborate heads, the durable smile, the careful, excessive clothes, seldom quite fresh, seldom quite "smart." Miss Le Grande had never been able wholly to break away from the standards of "La Belle Russe" and "Lady Isabelle"; on herself, it is true, she wasted neither cash nor time, but she spent herself on silks and beads and feathers for Cecilia. Cecilia, who guessed better, did not protest. She cast sheep's eyes at the long laces and the silvery furs in the shop windows, at the pale crêpes and the fresh lawns with their faintly flushed embroideries, and yearned for them with a sickness of desire that no one dreamed of. Failing these, makeshifts were a matter of indifference to her. She continued to choose in the shop windows: "If I had a good engagement——" and sometimes she had quite a sense of disappointment when her selections disappeared before she had bought them. But Cecilia was not particularly unhappy. She had adored her brilliant young step-father, and he had made a world for her; she still lived in it, took her pleasure in it with every drop of cool water when she was thirsty, with every shimmer of color that gladdened her patient eyes. The girl had an infinite capacity for joy and Ned had known how to cultivate it. Then, too, though she had been kept at school every winter while he was alive, in the summers he had taught her how to act. He had taught her Ophelia when she was thirteen. For months at a time in their little travelling stock her mother had given up the leading parts to her; she had hosts of beautiful women, sisters of her, closed in her heart, and she could feel their breath parting her lips, longing to speak as they had been spoken for by her under Ned's eyes. And these women were not only Viola and Juliet and Rosalind, those good great ladies, but Carmine and Paula Tanqueray and the Lady with the Camelias. It may be inferred that this society would keep Cecilia not only entertained but busy; in the material world, however, she was managed by her mother rather like the child of Stevenson's observation, "towed forward sideways by the inexorable nurse";—it was rather hard on the nurse, who sometimes felt the languid child heart-breakingly heavy on her hands. For you must keep a sharp lookout on Broadway if you are going to see your Chance!

She was anxious to look prosperously imposing.—Page 344.

To-day, however, they were not on Broadway, but at home in their murky little furnished flat. Miss LeGrande alone was going out. The business to-day was extremely disagreeable, and Miss LeGrande gathered all possible disagreeables, as did Arnold Winkelried the bayonets, into her own breast; thus might Cecilia pass on unscathed to conquest. She was going after the Chance which had been quite near, but which now seemed about to evade them. Although Miss LeGrande had had but a brief engagement that winter, Cecilia was playing a little part, just a line or two, with the great Miss Valliant. Miss Valliant had given it to her after weeks of stalking and entreaties and in place of another part, still small, but fairly conspicuous, with which she had closed Miss LeGrande's mouth by promising it to Cecilia for next season. Then she had given Cecilia the understudy, and when she had been ill Cecilia had rehearsed till she was ready to drop in the hope of letting the stage-manager see

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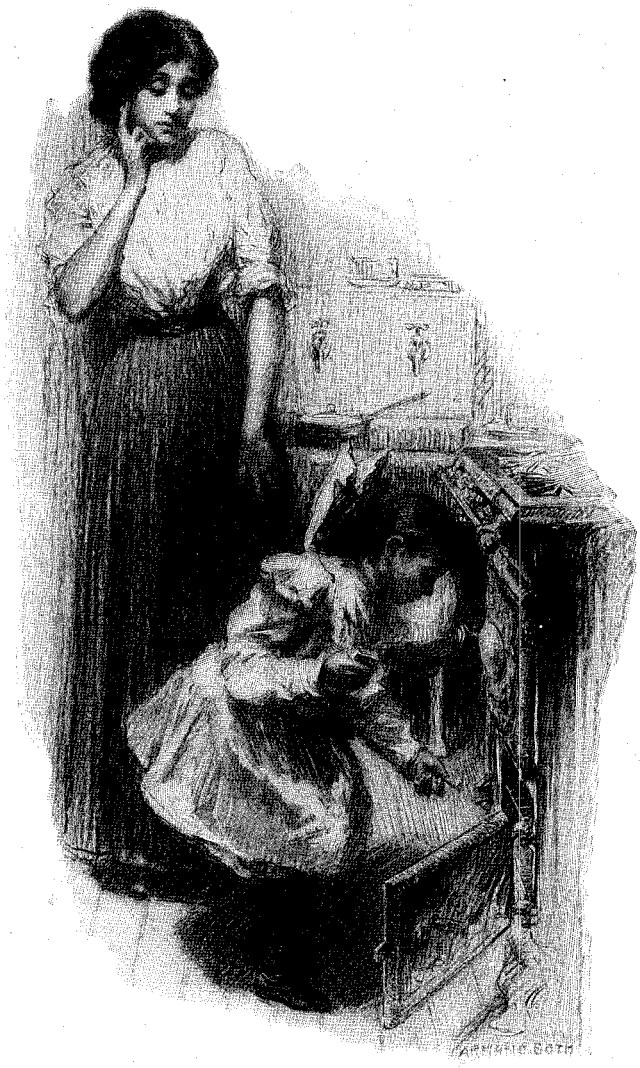

Gladys capably arose and lighted it for her.—Page 348.

what she could do, of proving herself worthy of next year's promotion. And then at noon to-day Miss LeGrande had read in *The Reflector* the name of a girl who was engaged for next season for that part! Miss LeGrande was now going to urge Miss Valliant to keep her word, and she was so anxious to look prosperously imposing and she was so shabby on account of Ned's boy's dentist bill, that she had got out her old "Clemenceau Case" purple broadcloth cape, expensively embroidered in jet, and brushed it up; a slight odor of gasoline, a slight glaze of service, distinguished it. The errand was a nauseous one and Miss LeGrande quailed before it, and put on a little rouge; when it is considered that she pushed herself forward by the recollection that she was bearing up the rights and hopes of her young daughter, all the coming days of the children in Cincinnati, neither the Marcel wave nor the picture hat borrowed from Cecilia, nor the light gloves she had burst out of, are wholly funny.

"If I'm later than a quarter of five," she said to Cecilia, "you'll have to start the dinner. I'm sorry Malty won't be here to

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show you, but his rehearsal will keep him late. I don't know but it's better in a way, and don't keep asking him to go out for butter and dribdrabs at the last minute as you did yesterday, Cissie. The poor fellow's willing enough, but when he isn't any relation, and when he can't pay a cent towards his food, it doesn't seem quite delicate. You can make some fresh coffee and there's a little rice you can warm over. I can't trust you to cook a potato. It isn't much, but we have got a good steak and he'll just have to make out with it. After she's seen me with 'em on I shan't care—I'll stop and put up my ear-rings on the way home and to-morrow we'll have chicken. Cecilia, you're letting your head hang again!" She gave Cecilia the minutest directions about the steak, and about lighting the gas range, but Cecilia never seemed able to grasp directions about concrete things. "Sometimes she looks quite thick-headed!" thought the poor mother. "Now you do your voice exercises while I'm gone," she said, "and don't forget—listen, Cissie—don't forget to hold your head up. Cecilia, listen to me!"

Cecilia supposed herself to be listening as hard as she could, and she was going so far as to dramatize all the outward and visible signs of listening, but she was really wondering whether her mother would get her the part. She did not believe that Dave Engle, or even his subordinate managers, cared much about it, one way or the other. "It all depends on Miss Valliant," she told herself.

When Cecilia was alone she went back into the little sitting-room and did her voice exercises conscientiously. But she was glad to be rid of them. She was surprisingly unstrung by this new anxiety, and when she tried to calm herself her nerves were ravelled without her knowing why by the useful, workshop disorder of the room; books and plays, newspapers and sewing-materials, and trunks-in-eruption, were everywhere. Everything suggested uncompleted effort. Miss LeGrande was cutting over her old black brocade and spangling the yoke of it for Cecilia. It was a little shiny, even without the spangles; Cecilia looked at it with her idle smile—"And the desert shall blossom like the rose," she said softly. It did not occur to her to clear anything up, they always lived in this surprising litter. "When I get a good engagement," she told herself, "I'm going to have lots and lots of room——" They had no room now, only a presentable address and a telephone for the agents, for the managers. Cecilia began to forget to hold her head up; she was not very strong, and what hope she had was not active; her head did not hang exactly, but it swayed and drooped to one side like the head of a tired flower. She took up her book, but she was so intensely nervous that she could not read consecutively; she tried a magazine, but she turned the pages without seeing anything. The suspense was dreadful.

Loneliness began to lay its hand upon the girl's impressionable nature; she had now no confidence in her mother's success, and failure in this instance seemed like the end of the world. Her mother had said that Cecilia could not stay with "The Water-Lily," on the road next season, without the larger salary of the better part; she could not travel on the salary she was getting now. And Cecilia was in love with "The Water-Lily"; she was content to serve the play, however humbly, and the little worn volume in the original French which she had bought long before ever Miss Valliant played the translation, she still handled with as devout a touch as that of any musician for his violin. But in all this devout humility she was extremely jealous, considering the play as at once her highest altar and her private property; she was jealous of other people's connection with it, of their chatter about it, and their opinions which they did not recognize her authority to mould—people, indeed, with the effrontery to pretend that they understood it all as well as she did! Even for the performance of the great Sophia she cherished a sentiment like that of a slighted mistress—this other woman was superior in every way, but oh! she could not love so much! When Cecilia had finally got her little foothold in the production, she had felt as if it were a crucial thing; to leave it and New York now without having accomplished anything, taken one step higher in her profession, seemed like a definite abandonment of hope, a final resignation to a life of what Malty called "back to the woods."

Cecilia shivered. She got up and began to drift restlessly about. At the dining-room window, which looked into a court no

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bigger than an air-shaft, she stopped and looked aimlessly down. In doing so she caught the eye of a lean black cat which came there every day to have dinner thrown to it; the cat immediately opened its mouth at her, devouringly, but without a sound, as if its impatience was beyond speech. Cecilia went into the kitchen, but she could find nothing but the cold rice, she did not think the cat would value that. She longed to cut a strip off the raw steak; but she was afraid that would look rather slighting to Malty. There would be plenty after dinner, and certainly the cat's arrival was premature. Its pantomime, however, was peremptory, and Cecilia did not feel equal to reasoning with it. She decided to keep away from the window. She said to herself, "If I had a good engagement I'd pay that cat's board out at that nice veterinary's in the country, where Miss Fiskins boards Augustus, until I bought that place up the river for Gerty and the children, and then it could go to live with them." She had said this every day since the cat began to come. Cecilia, however physically frail, was extraordinarily tenacious in her ideas.

Just before she left the kitchen there was a crash overhead, where the Cass family was living rent free in the flat of an absent and philanthropic actress, and then came a child's windy howl. "Gladys has broken something again and her mother has slapped her," thought Cecilia. "Gladys seems to have all the troubles of a stage-child and a home-child combined." She did not altogether blame Mrs. Cass; the woman was young and poor and pretty, ignorant and quick-tempered and incompetent; her only idea seemed to be to dress up to please her husband. "But she isn't fit to take care of Gladys," said Cecilia to herself. Gladys was getting even fresher than most stage-children on account of this rasping home-life. Cecilia thought with the queer pride of theatrical elders that she and her mother and Gertie had always managed to keep the children off the stage. Oh, some way or other they must manage to send Teddy to college! When people asked Miss LeGrande if she meant him to go on the stage, she always shook her head ominously. "It killed his father!" Cecilia would have liked him to go on for that very reason and trample upon the heads of the profession, but she wanted him to go to college first. "When I get a good engagement"—she promised herself. A phonograph across the court twanged forth with "Oh, mother, mother, pin a rose on me," and Cecilia fled from it to the sitting-room.

On her entrance a large photograph of Sophia Valliant fell to the ground. Cecilia picked it up and looked at it, grudgingly enchained by the extraordinarily arrestive, magnetic despotism of the face. She glanced from it to a copy of the same picture which formed the cover of the theatrical magazine she had been looking at. The latter version was all glare, the magnificent costume flaming in crude colors, but the face still compelled. Cecilia, who had long worshipped that expression, struggled to rebel. Was she a little tired of it? No, she could have watched Miss Valliant act forever, but perhaps she was a little tired of encountering her in catalogues and advertisements, standing for a silk velvet or a hair tonic, in the great monthlies pouring out reminiscences, in the mouths of shop-girls and of foreign celebrities being interviewed. Yesterday's evening paper had blown to the floor along with the photograph; it was open at a cut of Miss Valliant, and when Cecilia flounced it over it was only to encounter an anecdote of Miss Valliant's dog; in that fashion magazine by which Cecilia's mother was trying to remodel their wardrobe, Miss Valliant had an article giving advice to stage aspirants. Cecilia started up and began walking to and fro. Oh! when would her mother come and tell her what Miss Valliant had decided? For here was the nip, the oppression which Cecilia was experiencing to-day, the source of her rebellion against her star, that the star held Cecilia's life in her hand. If a tiger were advancing upon you through a jungle it would be beautiful, wonderful, perfect, but your feeling would not be unresenting admiration. Will it strike, or will it pass?—that is all. Cecilia's soft hair clung to a forehead that was damp with unhealthy excitement. Only yesterday when she had read that review comparing with Miss Valliant, to their disadvantage, all the great actresses of the past, Cecilia had not contended against a single blast of praise; but now she felt as if she must set up some other champion, some one to keep Miss Valliant from usurping

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everything, or there would be no room for anyone else to stand, to breathe. Yet, Miss Valliant was the only truly great person she had ever seen—except one, Ned Carey, Cecilia's step-father! Yes, he and Miss Valliant, they alone were equals. "And to think I can't prove it!" said Cecilia. For she at least had seen him and knew, and though she stood between these two clear lights of genius with her own flame not yet burning, she did not hesitate to judge them equal and wholly great, the one old and heaped with honor, and the other without honor and young—and dead. Well, then, she was not between two lights after all, only a light and a darkness—Ned's flame had gone out with his breath. For where was the work, the monument, that he, like other artists, had left behind, his book or picture, statue, or bridge, or song? "I can't prove him," Cecilia repeated, "No one can. Nothing can." And she turned spiritlessly to answer a sharp and spasmodic ring at the upstairs door.

On the threshold she found a small figure, lanky, in a soiled white dress that was too short for it; an enormous bow of washed-out blue ribbon straddled in the tow-colored thinness of its hair. "Oh, Miss Rowan," it said in a tin-pipey, wizened kind of voice, "can I come in and sit in your kitchen for a while and listen to the phonograph? It don't sound so plain upstairs."

Cecilia flung the door open and made her a great bow. "Enter Gladiola," she said, "the house is yours; the furnished flat is yours, O Lady Gladys." But she could not make Gladys play.

In the kitchen she supplied the guest with a chair and a glass of milk, and that young lady, as she sat down, spread her limp skirts with quite an air. Over the edge of the glass she said in the tone of polite conversation in the making, "Business keeps up something wonderful, don't it?"

"Yes, Gladys."

"I hear you're turning 'em away."

"So we are, Gladdy."

"Well, I wish I could play in a first-class show for once!"

Cecilia was endeavoring to sustain conversation at this altitude when the nasal ping of the phonograph droned forth into the "Miserere." "That's a cute tune!" cried Gladys, her eyes brightening. Cecilia escaped and left her to its cuteness.

But the little sitting-room seemed to meet and close in upon her with a cage of fears and hopes. Cecilia, pacing that cage, felt at last in her sweet blood the sting of that fierce fighting greed which had hardened her mother's face these many fugitive, lean years. She must have that part, she must get on, she couldn't fall back! Cecilia knew how rapidly her youth was slipping through her fingers, and that she was not able to seize one year of it for happy profit. And was it to be the same interminably, forever, with those coming after, whom she loved and whose road she ought to have made smooth?—Gertie's babies and Ned's boy, and those years of her mother's life which that mother was straining to meet?—She looked at the clock. Oh, her mother must be with Miss Valliant now, the great personage must be pronouncing judgment—Cecilia could have screamed. The charming, cool current of her whimsical spirit was turning hot and dry with rebellion, with desire. She scarcely knew what she answered when Gladys called to her, "How does Mr. Maltham like his job?" Nevertheless, this turned her thoughts toward Malty. If only he would come and talk to her! Dear Malty, dear old Malty! He was not yet thirty, but Cecilia always thought of him in this sober light. She considered him rather conventional, perhaps that was why. Last year when she was ill and her mother was out of town, and Malty and two other boys had nursed her and cooked for her, and kept house for her, that sweet Malty was such an old fuss that he had paid his own money to the janitress to come up and stay all night with them in the flat—now wasn't that ridiculous? Yet Cecilia, rather patronizingly, loved him for it. She hated his having work so far beneath him as this spring engagement in "The Diamond King"; he was such a good actor, but he had been out of work all winter and was frightfully in debt. If Cecilia only had a good engagement where she could meet people of influence and introduce him a little—just one little push, with his appearance and ability, would make his way for him so easily! Cecilia was afraid that if he kept on in these howling melodramas he would lose in art, he would forget how to act, the spirit would go out of him. She knew that was what had happened to her mother, who had been kept out of New York

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and dealing in cheap material, until her method of handling that material had become one with it. Ned Carey had come too late for her, her true little flame had gone out. And, suddenly, that drooping head of Cecilia's lifted and stiffened like a snake's, she put her hand over her mouth. Gone out, extinguished, not the mere success, but the real thing, the actual acting fire! Was this what was to happen to her, too? She swung to the right-about on her heel and made for human society in the kitchen.

"It don't generally work in the day time,' said Gladys, pricking an ear at the phonograph. Once more she spread her skirts. "I dressed up myself. Papa's loaded again, and mamma's locked herself in the bedroom to spite him. Much he cares!" Cecilia was getting the steak out of the ice-box and the child looked at it. "I didn't have any lunch," she said, "mamma was to the dressmaker's then. Pshaw! when I grow up, I'm not going to marry any piano-tuner like him. I'd sooner marry an actor. They're away most o' the time any way. I'd just as lieves stay to dinner."

"I meant to write you an invitation," said Cecilia, "but my pink paper's all gone. Let's just shake hands on it." She took and pressed the dirty little paw.

"You're kind o' dumpy to-day, ain't you?" inquired the guest, still holding the hand of her hostess and regarding her gravely. "I think you're terribly pretty. I don't know why managers don't think so. Or some fellar. If your little niece was on here, I'd be awful nice to her. I'd take her to all the shows. I take mamma now, she signs my name for passes. Your little niece ain't on the stage, is she?"

"No," said Cecilia, clutching at a non-committal courtesy of tone.

Gladys looked at her sharply. "I don't see but what I'm just as well off on the stage as I am at home," she volunteered. "Say, did you know may be my aunt was going to be wardrobe-woman with your company? Yes, the extras are so fresh with their costumes, this one can't manage 'em at all. You bet my aunt'll manage 'em, all right. When I'm acting with her I lay abed late and she brings up my breakfast, an' I have to take naps an' walks and do lessons. Sometimes I kind o' like it. Sometimes, when you're on one-night stands, an' there's just a woman to look after the children, and you know she don't give a cent for you, sometimes it's kind o' fierce. Say, I wish I could get that little boy's part in your company, along with her an'—you."

"Oh, honey-bunch, I wish you could. Isn't Bessie going to stay?"

"Not next season. She's getting too big, she's got to go to school. I'm near nine myself, but I'm small for my age. I can play little boys a long while yet. When I grow up I'm going to play "Zaza." They say stage-children never grow up to anything, it's all squeezed out of them when they're little, but—here, let me show you." Cecilia had given a little squeal at the puff of the gas-range and Gladys capably arose and lighted it for her.

"Gladdy," said Cecilia, when the steak was on the broiler, "when I get a good engagement I'm going to have a place in the country—"I'm going to rent it right away, first, and then buy it and build, and I'm going to have my brother and my sister and her children there to live, and I want you to come and spend a whole summer with them. Will you?"

"Yes," said Gladys, with flat and alarming promptitude. "When you going to have it?"

"Oh—oh, I don't know! When I get a good engagement."

"Oh!—Say, before then, you couldn't say a word for me about the part to Mr. Engle, could you?"

"No, dear," said Cecilia, sadly, "I never even see Mr. Engle, you know."

"No, I know. I told mamma so. But people that ain't in the business, you know, you can't make 'um understand. Do you like your steak rare?"

"Yes, but we have to have it well done for Mr. Maltham."

They set the table, and Cecilia put on the water for the coffee and got the rice ready to warm. "You'd better turn that steak," said the guest.

As Cecilia obeyed her, the cat in the court-yard sent up a fervid summons. "*Oh, dear!*" said Cecilia, "I'm nervous enough about getting dinner; what shall I do about that cat?"

Gladys looked out of the window. "Couldn't you lower her some milk in a bottle?"

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"I've lost my job, that's all!"—Page 350.

On a second appeal, it was decided that Gladys should carry down the milk, bearding the janitress. Then it was discovered that Cecilia had given her the last drop and that she had drunk it. There was a guilty pause. Then Cecilia flew in the face of Providence and brought forth a half-bottle of cream. "I daren't take any off the steak," she said, "but I just will off the cream. He can't possibly notice that if I serve the rest in a pitcher!" Gladys, bearing cream, departed. Cecilia measured out the coffee. Her mother, oh, her mother! —what news was she bringing?

Presently Malty came. He looked very pale, but between the future and the cat Cecilia was too wrought up to notice it. He was scarcely seated before she began confiding in him. "I just can't stand it any longer. After dinner, when there's some steak, I'm going down to get it, and it's going to live right here. If I have to leave town before I can get money to pay its board, why, it'll just have to be chloroformed, that's all. If only mamma would get home and tell me, but that's always the way: I never know anything and she doesn't come; it's simply—Malty, what's the matter?"

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"I've lost my job, that's all. Fired. I didn't have ginger enough for them." He dropped his head on his clenched fists and if he did not sob it was because he was really a dear fellow. Cecilia put her hand blindly on his shoulder and gave him a little twitching shake. But she was powerless. And whatever would become of him now? She could not follow his secret bitterness, that he had just been going to touch the management for twenty-five and take the two ladies to supper at Rector's! They would never know that now—Malty was no braggart. He felt Cecilia stiffen with excitement at the sound of Miss LeGrande's key in the door.

Miss LeGrande came slowly and heavily into the room. Her face was dark with pain, and she turned stony eyes upon her daughter. "Who did you think you were," said she, "that a star should keep her word to you?"

Cecilia opened her lips and closed them again without speaking. Malty asked, "What did she say?"

"Say! I didn't even see her. She'd gone motoring. Her secretary knew nothing about it. But who do you think this girl is that's announced to play the part? Miss Valliant's cousin!"

They said nothing more, there was nothing to say. The floor heaved a little under Cecilia's eyes and then settled again to the deadly flatness of every day. Light as is the step with which hope leaves us, it shakes our house to its foundations. And Cecilia felt that it was time to acknowledge a fact; there wasn't room enough, Miss Valliant filled all space, the world was hers, and it was filled by her and hers completely.

Gladys rang and Malty let her in. "I waited for the saucer," said the guest. "Gee, your steak's burnt!"

Miss LeGrande cast one glance at Cecilia and fled for the kitchen. The worst was true. Now, indeed, might Cecilia hang her head. The steak was no longer even a burnt steak, the fierce fire to which Cecilia had exposed it had annihilated it. No one reproached her, but it was the last straw, the unbearable. She covered her shamed face and wept. Even Malty was too crushed to comfort her. Her mother made the coffee and they sat down to that and the warmed rice in silence. It was time to light the gas, but no one lighted it. Miss LeGrande's face did not relax. Cecilia continued to drip tears into her plate; she lifted her rice bravely to her mouth, but she could not swallow it. The phonograph, a chronic bromide, contributed "There was I a-waiting at the church." Again the cheated and certainly exacting cat lifted up its voice, and in that sound Cecilia heard the lament of all the creatures whom she had failed, whom she had disappointed, whom she had presumed to think of helping and whom she had robbed of food. The voice of her own life was not lacking in the cry. The janitress rang the telephone and called up a complaint of Gladys, but the second time Malty answered it he said, "It's somebody for you, Cis."

Cecilia took up the receiver and sniffed into the phone. "Hello, yes," they heard her say, "yes, it is. Well. Yes. I understand. Certainly. All right." She hung up the receiver and turned round upon them, dead-white in the glooming dusk; her teeth knocked against each other as she paused, but the trained voice did not shake. "Miss Valliant's got another attack," she told them. "I've got to play the part tonight."

Long afterwards Griscom remembered the horrible sick surge of disappointment, thrilled, nevertheless, by that strange sense of fate, with which he heard the stage-manager's announcement. But longer afterwards still there was something he would remember a thousandfold, and that was the moment when there came forward before Sophia Valliant's audience the woman in her place: a woman as tall as she, slender like her, but how much younger and of a how much more innocent and tender beauty! She lifted a voice remote and cool, she stood—with slightly drooping head—among the pale lights and greeneries of the scenic woodland like—like a water-lily, Griscom thought, where Sophia Valliant's vitality must have burned like a sun-flower. She wore Miss Valliant's famous gown, straight and soft from the shoulders, but massy like flexible armor with green embroideries and clustered jewels. About her breast and neck her hair lay thick and was all caught with pearls and trembling emeralds, and as she moved, these and the palely gleaming pendants of her gown clashed in a faint clear noise like the tinkle of drop-

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Drawn by Armand Both.

Whereupon the author . . . led out Cecilia.—Page 352.

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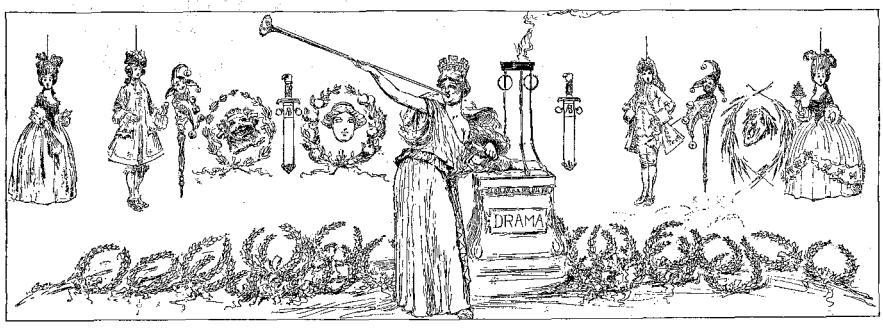
ping water. The audience, happily startled, leaned forward to make sure who this might be. Thus did Cecilia come into her own.

It was the night when that famous Frenchman, the author, was in front. After the third act, while the great management hustled about getting out statements for the newspapers in which it knocked a couple of years off Cecilia's age, and referred picturesquely, but with the most dramatically delicate restraint, to the obscurity from which Cinderella sprang, the audience demanded the author and then again they demanded some one else. Whereupon the author, in a generously smiling pomp, led out Cecilia, tremulous but flower-sweet, and proud and startled like a deer. The house rose at her, a great adoring wave that longed to hold and realize her, to catch her down into itself. Cecilia swayed like a reed to the breath of that tumult. It broke upon her in a rain of blossoms, the women in the boxes cast her those they carried, those they wore, the men who had bought out the neighboring florists since they saw her, flung her great odorous sheaves. There was no veil about Cecilia now, she shone there all light and bloom, with a thousand gleams and airy shadows breaking and bending about her brows; knee-deep in a foam of flowers, she came at last face to face with the world and they regarded each other with a magnificent friendliness. Droop your head now if you will, O Cecilia, and there shall be none to say you nay; they will photograph that droop as the crown of art; grand ladies shall try to imitate it! Spill, if you like, out of the chalice of your potent little hands wealth and ease for your household with green fields for its children—yes, and for the piano-tuner's child—help and recognition for your poor friends who are artists, cream and catnip and planked-shad if necessary for the lean cat in the courtyard, blessings and refreshment out of a golden horn! Give and enjoy, you have a right to, for there is plenty; it is a strange word to you, but it speaks true—there is plenty—plenty! And do you at last, unrivalled, unquestioned, as one having authority, hold commune with and interpret your own "Water-Lily," the lady of your heart!

An usher brought the note of a spectacularly minded friend to Mrs. Davitt's box. She read it and, leaning to Griscom, touched his arm. "Sophia Valliant is dead!" she said. "What? How did you hear? How sad!" His eyes were shining and his throat was dry, for he could be an enthusiast, and he glanced back eagerly to the stage. Mrs. Davitt addressed him no more. She looked at the crazy audience that had been Sophia Valliant's; it was greedy for Cecilia and for Cecilia only, and her old face settled into hard lines. When the performance was over they stood waiting for their cab where the name of Sophia Valliant, lighted that night for the last time, still blazed a little moment above their heads. "That girl!" said the old woman, half aloud. "A sweet girl! a most lovely actress! So young—I wonder who taught her? But Sophia Valliant was a genius. She was as far above that child as the sky is."

Griscom heard her, and turned on her with a hard little flash. "Prove it!" said the critic.



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CHÂTEAU AND COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

FOURTH PAPER—CEREMONIES AND FESTIVALS

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

WE were very particular about attending all important ceremonies at La Ferté, as we rarely went to church there except on great occasions. We had our service regularly at the château every Sunday morning. All the servants, except ours, were Protestants, Swiss generally, and very respectable they looked—all the women in black dresses and white caps—when they assembled in M. A.'s library, sitting on cane chairs near the door.

Some, in fact most, Protestants in France attach enormous importance to having all their household Protestant. A friend of mine having tea with me one day in Paris was rather pleased with the bread or little "croissants," and asked me where they came from. I said I didn't know but would ask the butler. That rather surprised her. Then she said, "Your baker of course is a Protestant." That I didn't know either, and, what was much worse in her eyes, I didn't care. She was quite distressed, gave me the address of an excellent Swiss Protestant baker and begged me to sever all connection with the Catholic at once. I asked her if she really thought dangerous papist ideas were kneaded in with the bread, but she would not listen to my mild "persiflage," and went away rather anxious about my spiritual welfare.

We went always to the church at La Ferté for the fête of St. Cécile, as the Fanfare played in the church on that day. The Fanfare was a very important body. Nearly all the prominent citizens of La Ferté, who had any idea of music, were members—the butcher, the baker, the coiffeur, etc. The Mayor was president and walked at the head of the procession when they filed into the church. I was "Présidente d' Honneur" and always wore my badge pinned conspicuously on my coat. It was a great day for the little town. Weeks before the fête we used to hear all about it from the coiffeur when he came to the château to shave the gentlemen. He played the big drum and thought the success of the whole thing depended on his performance. He proposed to bring his instrument one morning and play his part for us. We were very careful to be well dressed on that day and discarded the short serge skirts we generally wore. All the La Ferté ladies, particularly the wives and sisters of the performers, put on their best clothes, and their feelings would have been hurt if we had not done the same.

In fact it was a little difficult to dress up to the occasion. The older women all had jet and lace on their dresses, with long trailing skirts, and the younger ones, even children, had wonderful hats with feathers—one or two long white ones.

It was a pretty, animated sight as we arrived. All along the road we had met bands of people hurrying on to the town—the children with clean faces and pinafores, the men with white shirts and even the old grandmothers—their shawls on their shoulders and their turbans starched stiff—were hobbling along with their sticks, anxious to arrive. We heard sounds of music as we got to the church—the procession was evidently approaching. The big doors were wide open, a great many people already inside. We looked straight down the nave to the far end where the high altar, all flowers and candles, made a bright spot of color. Red draperies and banners were hanging from the columns—vases and wreaths of flowers at the foot of the statues of the saints; chairs and music-stands in the chancel. We went at once to our places. The curé, with his choir boys in their little short white soutanes, red petticoats and red shoes, was just coming out of the sacristy and the procession was appearing at the bottom of the church. First came the Mayor in a dress coat and white cravat—

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the "Adjoint" and one of the municipal council just behind, then the banner—rather a heavy one, four men carried it. After that the "pompiers," all in uniform, each man carrying his instrument—they didn't play as they came up the aisle—stopped their music at the door—but when they did begin—I don't know exactly at what moment of the mass, it was something appalling.

The first piece was a military march, executed with all the artistic conviction and patriotic ardor of their young lungs (they were mostly young men). We were at the top of the church, very near the performers, and the first burst of trumpets and bugles made one jump. They played several times. It didn't sound too badly at the "Elevation" when they had chosen rather a soft (comparatively) simple melody. The curé preached a very pretty short sermon, telling them about Saint Cécile, the delicately nurtured young Roman who was not afraid to face martyrdom and death for the sake of her religion. The men listened most attentively and seemed much interested when he told them how he had seen in Rome the church of St. Cécile built over the ruin of the saint's house—the sacristy just over her bath-room. I asked him how he could reconcile it to his conscience to speak of the *melodious* sounds that accompanied the prayers of the faithful, but he said one must look sometimes at the intention more than at the result.

There was a certain *harmony* among the men when they were practising and preparing their music for the church, and as long as they held to coming and gave up their evenings to practising, instead of spending them in the wine shops, we must do all we could to encourage them.

The procession went out in the same order—halted at the church door and then W. made them a nice little speech, saying he was pleased to see how numerous they were and how much improved—they would certainly take an honorable place in the concours de Fanfares of the department. They escorted the Mayor back to his house playing their march and wound up with a copious *déjeuner* at the "Sauvage." Either the Mayor or the "Adjoint" always went to the banquet. W. gave the champagne, but abstained from the feast.

They really did improve as they went on. They were able to get better instruments and were stimulated by rival fanfares in the neighborhood. They were very anxious to come and play at the château, and we promised they should whenever a fitting occasion should present itself.

We had a visit from the Staals one year. He was Russian Ambassador in England, and we had been colleagues there for many years. We asked the fanfare to come one Sunday afternoon while they were there. We had a little difficulty over the Russian National Hymn, which they, naturally, wanted to play. The Chef de Fanfare came to see me one day and we looked over the music together. I had it only for the piano but I explained the tempo and repetitions to him and he arranged it very well for his men. They made quite an imposing entrance. Half the population of La Ferté escorted them (all much excited by the idea of seeing the Russian Ambassador), and they were reinforced by the two villages they passed through. We waited for them in the gallery—doors and windows open. They played the spirited French march "Sambre et Meuse" as they came up the avenue. It sounded quite fine in the open air. They halted and saluted quite in military style as soon as they came in front of the gallery—stopped their march and began immediately the Russian Hymn, playing it very well.

They were much applauded, we in the gallery giving the signal and their friends on the lawn joining in enthusiastically. They were a motley crowd—over a hundred I should think—ranging from the municipal councillor of La Ferté, in his high hat and black cloth Sunday coat, to the humpbacked daughter of the village carpenter and the idiot boy who lived in a cave on the road and frightened the children out of their wits by running out and making faces at them whenever they passed. They played three or four times, then W. called up one or two of the principal performers and presented them to the Staals. Mme. de Staal spoke to them very prettily, thanked them for playing the Russian Hymn and said she would like to hear the "Sambre et Meuse" again. That, of course, delighted them and they marched off to the strains of their favorite tune. About half-way down the avenue we heard a few cries of "Vive la Russie" and then came a burst of cheers.

Our dinner was rather pleasant that even-

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ing. We had the Prefet M. Sebline, Senator of the Aisne, Jusserand, present Ambassador to Washington; Mme. Thénard, of the Comédie Française, and several young people. Jusserand is always a brilliant talker—so easy—no pose of any kind, and Sebline was interesting, telling about all sorts of old customs in the country.

Though we were so near Paris, hardly two hours by the express, the people had remained extraordinarily primitive. There were no manufacturing towns anywhere near us, nothing but big farms, forests and small far-apart villages. The modern socialist-radical ideas were penetrating very slowly into the heads of the people—they were quite content to be humble tillers of the soil, as their fathers had been before them. The men had worked all their lives on the farms, the women, too; beginning quite young, taking care of cows and geese, picking beet-root, etc.

What absolutely changed the men was the three years' military service. After knocking about in garrison towns, living with a great many people always, having all sorts of amusement easily at hand and a certain independence, once the service of the day was over, they found the dull regular routine of the farm very irksome. In the summer it was well enough—harvest-time was gay, every one in the fields, but in the short, cold winter days, with the frozen ground making all the work doubly hard, just enough food and no distraction of any kind but a pipe in the kitchen after supper, the young men grew terribly restive and discontented. Very few of them remain, and the old traditions of big farms handed down from father to son for three or four generations are rapidly disappearing. After dinner we had music and some charming recitations by Mme. Thénard. Her first one was a comic monologue which always had the wildest success in London, "Je suis veuve," beginning it with a ringing peel of laughter which was curiously contagious—every one in the room joined in. I like her better in some of her serious things. When she said "le bon gite" and "le petit clairon," by Paul Déroulède, in her beautiful deep voice, I had a decided choke in my throat.

We often had music at the château. Many of our artist friends came down—glad to have two or three days rest in the quiet old house. We had an amusing experience once with the young organist from La Ferté—almost turned his hair gray. He had taught himself entirely and managed his old organ very well. He had heard vaguely of Wagner and we had always promised him we would try and play some of his music with two pianos—eight hands. Four hands are really not enough for such complicated music. Mlle. Dubois, premier prix du conservatoire—a beautiful musician—was staying with us one year and we arranged a concert for one evening, asking the organist to come to dinner. The poor man was rather terrified at dining at the château—had evidently taken great pains with his dress (a bright pink satin cravat was rather striking) and thanked the butler most gratefully every time he handed him a dish—"Je vous remerçie beaucoup, Monsieur." We had our two grand pianos and were going to play the overture of Tannhauser, one of the simplest and most melodious of Wagner's compositions. The performers were Francis and I, Mlle. Dubois and the organist. It was a little difficult to arrange who he should play with. He was very nervous at the idea of playing with Mlle. Dubois—rather frightened of me and in absolute terror at the idea of playing before W. Finally it was decided that he and I should take the second piano—he playing the bass. It was really funny to see him; his eyes were fixed on the music and he counted audibly and breathlessly all the time, and I heard him muttering occasionally to himself, "Non ce n' est pas possible," "Non ce n' est pas cela."

I must say that the Walpurgis Night for a person playing at sight and unaccustomed to Wagner's music is an ordeal—however, he acquitted himself extremely well and we got through our performance triumphantly, but great drops of perspiration were on his forehead. W. was very nice to him and Mlle. Dubois quite charming, encouraging him very much. Still I don't think his evening at the château was one of unmixed pleasure, and I am sure he was glad to have that overture behind him.

We saw our neighbors very rarely; occasionally some men came to breakfast. The sous préfet, one or two of the big farmers or some local swells who wanted to talk politics to W. One frequent visitor was an architect from Château-Thierry,

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who had built W.'s farm. He was an enormous man, very stout and red, always attired in shiny black broadcloth. He was a very shrewd specimen, very well up in all that went on in the country and very useful to W. He had a fine appetite, always tucking his napkin carefully under his chin when he sat down to table. He talked a great deal one day about his son, who had a good tenor voice and had just got an engagement at the Opéra Comiqué. Said he would like us to hear him sing—might he bring him some day to breakfast?

He came back two or three weeks later with the young man, who was a great improvement upon his father. The Paris boulevards and the coulisses of the opera had quite modified the young provincial. He talked a good deal at table, was naturally much pleased to have got into the Opéra Comiqué. As it is a "théâtre subventionné" (government theatre), he considered himself a sort of official functionary. After breakfast he asked us if we would like to hear him sing—sat down to the piano, accompanying himself very simply and easily and sang extremely well. I was much astonished and Mme. A. was delighted, especially when he sang some old-fashioned songs from the "Dame Blanche" and the "Domino Noir." The old father was enchanted, a broad smile on his face. He confided to W. that he had hoped his son would walk in his footsteps and content himself with a modest position as architect in the country, but after six months in Paris where he had sent him to learn his profession his ideas had completely changed and he would not hear of vegetating in the country.

We had, too, sometimes a doctor from one of the neighboring villages. He had married an English woman. They had a nice house and garden and he often had English boys over in the summer to learn French. He brought them occasionally to us for tea and tennis, begging us not to speak English to them. But that was rather difficult, with the English terms at tennis—horses and dogs always spoken to in English. One could not speak French to a fox-terrier bred in Oxfordshire.

Another pretty, simple fête was the Blessing of the Flag given by Francis to the Pompiers of Montigny, our little village in the woods just above the château. My husband had always promised them a flag, but he died before their society was formed. Three years after his death, when we were living in the small place which now belongs to my son, a deputation arrived from Montigny one Sunday afternoon to ask if Francis would give the flag his father had promised. This of course he was delighted to do. He knew all the men and they all knew him—had seen him since he was a baby—all of them had worked in his father's woods and two or three of the older ones had taken care of him and his gun when he first began to shoot.

His father gave him a gun when he was twelve years old—had it made at Purdy's in London, a reduced model of his own. No one is allowed to shoot in France till he is sixteen years old and then must have his "permis de chasse" duly signed by the Mayor. So it was rather difficult to get Francis and his gun into the woods—once there they were safe. Nothing would have induced him to let any of the men carry it. He walked beside the keeper with his gun over his shoulder just like him; they did meet two gendarmes one day and quickly the gun was given to someone else. I think the gendarmes quite realized the situation (Labbey, the keeper, said they knew all about it), but they were friends of the family, W.'s appointment probably, and asked no questions.

It was necessary of course to consult the local authorities before deciding such an important question as the presentation of a flag to the Pompiers. Francis went over two or three days later and interviewed the Curé, the Mayor and the school-master, found out where the flag must be ordered in Paris and decided the day a fortnight later, a Sunday of course. The function was to consist of a service and sermon at the church and a "vin d' honneur" offered by the Pompiers at the "Mairie," which they hoped Madame Waddington would grace by her presence.

The flag was duly ordered, sent direct to Montigny and everything was ready on the appointed day. We had fine weather, a bright, cold November afternoon; the country looked beautiful, all the trees red and yellow, a black line of pines in the middle of the woods. The long straggling village street, ending at the church on the top of the hill, was full of people; all the children

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in the middle of the road, their mothers dashing after them when they heard the horn of the auto.

We were quite a large party, as the house was full, and we brought all our guests with us, including an American cousin who was much interested in the local festivities. The Pompiers were drawn up in the court-yard of the "Mairie," their beautiful new flag well to the front. Almost all were in uniform, and those who had not yet been able to get one wore a clean white shirt and the Pompier's red belt. There was a cheer and a broad smile on all their faces when we drove up. Francis got out, as he was to head the procession with the Mayor and the Curé. We went on to the church and stationed ourselves on the steps of the Infant School to see the cortège arrive.

It was quite a pretty sight as it wound up the hill: first the banner of blue silk with gold cords, which was held proudly aloft by two tall young fellows, then Francis walking between the Curé and the Mayor, the Pompiers immediately behind them, then the Municipal Council, the usual escort of children that always turns out on such occasions bringing up the rear. We let the procession pass into the church and then took our places; a front pew was reserved for the family, but Francis and I sat on two arm-chairs inside the chancel just behind the Pompiers.

The fine old church, which is rather large for such a small village, was crowded; they told me many people had come from the neighboring hamlets. The Montigny people had done their best to beautify their church; there were a few plants and flowers and some banners and draperies—church property, which always figured upon any great occasion. They told us with pride that the school-master had arranged the music. I suppose the poor man did what he could with the material he had, but the result was something awful. The chorister, a very old man, a hundred I should think, played the harmonium, which was as old as he was. It groaned and wheezed and at times stopped altogether. He started the cantique with a thin quavering voice which was then taken up by the school-children, particularly the boys who roared with juvenile patriotism and energy each time they repeated the last line, "pour notre drapeau, pour notre patrie."

The sermon was very good—short and simple. It was preached by the Doyen of Neuilly—a tall, strong, broad-shouldered man who would have seemed more at home in a dragoon's uniform than in the soutane. But he knew his business well, had a fine voice and very good delivery; his peroration and appeal to the men to "remember always that the flag was the symbol of obedience, of loyalty, of devotion to their country and their God" was really very fine. I almost expected to hear cheers. The French are very emotional, and respond instantly to any allusion to country or flag. The uniform (even the Pompièr's) has an enormous prestige. Then came the benediction, the flag held high over the kneeling congregation, and the ceremony was ended.

We stopped a few moments after the service to let the procession pass out and also to thank the preacher and one or two curés who had assisted on the occasion; they did not come to the "vin d'honneur."

We walked down to the Mairie where the Maire and his adjoint were waiting for us; they conducted us to a large room upstairs where there was a table with champagne bottles, glasses and a big brioche. As soon as we had taken our places at the top of the room, the Pompiers and Municipal Council trouped in and Francis made quite a pretty little speech. It was the first time I had ever heard him speak in public; he did it very well, was not at all shy. Then there was a pause—the Mayor filled a glass of champagne, handed it to me, took one himself and we "trinqué'd" solemnly. Still there seemed a little hitch, no one else took any and there was an air of expectancy. I made a sign to the school-master, who was also the adjoint, and he explained to me in a low voice that he thought it would give great pleasure if I would shake hands and trinquer with all the Pompiers. So I asked to have all the glasses filled and made the round, shaking hands with everyone.

Some of them were very shy, could hardly make up their minds to put out their big, rough hands; some of the old ones were very talkative: "C'est moi qui suis Jacques, Madame, j'ai nettoyé le premier fusil de M. Francis." Another in a great hurry to get to me: "C'est moi qui ai ramassé le premier lièvre de M. Francis," etc. I remember the "premier lièvre" quite well; Francis carried it home himself and dashed

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into his father's study swinging the poor beast by its long ears, the blood dripping from a hole in its neck. It was difficult to scold, the child was so enchanted, even old Ferdinand did not grumble but came to the rescue at once with brushes and "savon noir."

The wine had loosened the tongues and made everyone more at ease. I asked that Hubert (our coachman who had been in W.'s service for thirty-one years) should be invited to come up and have a glass of champagne. He knew everybody, having driven W. about in his dog-cart all over the country. He was delighted to take part in the fête and made his little speech, saying he had seen Monsieur Francis when he was only a few hours old, and that he had *grown since*—which joke was received with great applause.

Then some of the young men went off with Francis to look at the automobile, a great novelty at that time. We went out and talked to the women who were waiting in the street. Every one looked smiling and pleased to see us; the men all formed again in procession and escorted us to the end of the street, the whole village naturally following. They stopped at the foot of the hill, giving us a ringing cheer as we left.

I never but once saw the whole neighborhood assembled—when the only son of the Baron de L. married. The Baron and his wife were very good specimens of provincial *noblesse*. He was a tall, heavily built man, square-shouldered, with the weather-beaten complexion of a man who spent all his days riding about his fields and woods; a pleasant, jovial manner, quite the type of the country gentleman.

They lived in a charming old Louis XV. château almost in the forest of Villers-Cotterets—their park touching the line of wood. They went rarely to Paris; lived almost all the year in the country and were devoted to their place. One just saw the pointed red roof of the château in the trees as one passed on the road. It stood high, a very steep road leading up to it. At the foot of the hill were market gardens, which made a very curious effect from a distance—the long rows of glass "cloches" making huge white spots. The vegetables always looked very tempting as we passed in the early summer. They were all "primeurs"—the gardens lying in full sun and were sent off to the Paris market. Half-way up the slope was a pretty little church almost hidden in the trees, and a tiny village struggled up the hill and along the road.

The bride, dressed in white—a slight girlish figure—was standing near her mother-in-law and had a pretty smile of welcome for all the guests. It was rather an ordeal for her, as she was a stranger in the country (she came from the south of France) and everyone was looking at the newcomer.

It was in the first year of my marriage, my first appearance in the country, and I was rather puzzled about my dress for the occasion. We were asked to dinner at seven o'clock. My first idea was to wear full dress—light blue satin and diamonds—but a niece of Mme. A.'s, who was staying with us and who had been to some entertainments in that part of the country, advised me strongly to dress more simply. "They would not understand that sort of toilette and I would be overdressed and probably uncomfortable." So I compromised with a high white dress, no diamonds and one string of pearls.

We had a short hour's drive. It was a clear, cold night and we saw the château from a great distance. It was brilliantly lighted. The lights twinkling through the trees looked like huge fire-flies. As we drove into the rather small courtyard there was quite a stir of carriages arriving and backing out. The hall doors were wide open; a flood of light streaming out over the steps—Baron de L. and his son at the door. There was a hum of voices in the drawing-room and there seemed to be a great many people. The rooms were handsome—plenty of light, the old tapestry furniture looked very well, and the number of people standing straight and stiff against the wall took away the bare unused look they generally had.

All the châteaux of the neighborhood were represented: The Comte de Lubersac and his sister had come over from their fine place, Maucreux. He was a very handsome young man—a great hunter and master of hounds of the stag hunting in the forest of Villers-Cotterets; his sister, Mlle. de Lubersac, most attractive, with the face of a saint. She was very simply dressed in a high black dress. She lived almost the life of a Sister of Charity—going

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about all day among the sick and poor, but she had promised her father, who was a great invalid, almost crippled with gout, to remain with him as long as he lived. It was only after his death that she took the vows and entered one of the strictest orders (Carmelites) in France.

There were also the Châtelaines of Thury en Valois—a fine château and estate, not very far from us in the other direction. They had splendid gardens and their fruit and vegetables were famous all over the country. Mme. de Thury was a compatriot—the daughter of an American general. The young Comte de Melun from Brumetz—very delicate looking, with a refined student's face. His father was a great friend of the Maréchal MacMahon and one of the leaders of the Catholic clerical party, and the young man was very religious. Their woods touched ours and once or twice when we were riding late we saw him kneeling at a little old shrine, "the White Lady," which was almost hidden under the big trees—so little left that the ordinary passerby would have seen nothing. The owners of Colinance—rather an ugly square house standing low, surrounded by a marsh, but a good property—and three or four men I did not know—the bride's brother and one or two of her relations.

There was hardly time to introduce every one, as dinner, was announced almost immediately. We were a large party, about twenty. All the women, except the bride and me, were dressed in black, high or a very little open. No lace nor jewels. Henriette was right. I would have looked absurd if I had worn a low dress. The dinner was very good, very abundant and very long. The men said the wines were excellent. The talk was animated enough—it was principally the men who talked. I didn't think the women said much. I listened only, as I was too new in the country to be at all up in local topics.

After coffee the men went off to smoke and we women remained alone for some time. I wasn't sorry, as one had so few opportunities of seeing the neighbors, particularly the women, who rarely went out of their own places. One met the men hunting, or in the train or at the Notary's.

The Notary is a most important person in all small country towns in France. Everybody cousults him, from the big landowner when he has discussions with his neighbor over right of way, to the peasant who buys a few metres of land as soon as he has any surplus funds. We were constantly having rows with one of our neighbors over a little strip of wood that ran up into ours. Whenever he was angry with us, which happened quite often (we never knew why), he had a deep, ugly ditch made just across the road which we always took when we were riding around the property. The woods were so thick and low, with plenty of thorns, that we could not get along by keeping on one side and were obliged to go back and make quite a long détour. The Notary did his best to buy it for us, but the man would never sell—rather enjoyed, I think, having the power to annoy us.

Mme. de Thury and I fraternized a little and I should have liked to see more of her, but soon after that evening they had great trouble. They had a great deal of illness and lost a son. I never saw Thury till after both of them were dead. The château had been sold, most of the furniture taken away and the whole place had a deserted, neglected look that made one feel quite miserable. The big drawing-room was piled up with straw, over the doors were still two charming dessus-de-porte, the colors quite fresh—not at all faded—chickens were walking about in another room, and upstairs in a pretty corner room, with a lovely view over woods and park, was a collection of photograph engravings (one the mother of the late owner), a piece of unfinished tapestry, samplers, china vases, books, papers, two or three knots of faded ribbon, all tossed in a corner like a heap of rubbish. The things had evidently been forgotten in the big move, but it looked melancholy.

The château must have been charming when it was furnished and lived in. Quantities of rooms, a long gallery with small rooms on one side, the "Garçonnière" or bachelors' quarters, led directly into the church, where many Thurys are sleeping their last sleep. The park was beautiful and there was capital shooting. W. had often shot there in the old days when their shooting parties were famous.

We ended our evening with music, the bride playing extremely well. Mme. de Thury also sang very well. She had learnt in Italy and sang in quite bravura style. The evening didn't last very long after the

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men came in. Everybody was anxious to get the long, cold drive over.

I enjoyed myself very much. It was my first experience of a French country entertainment and it was very different from what I had expected. Not at all stiff and a most cordial welcome. I thought—rather naïvely perhaps—that it was the beginning of many entertainments of the same kind, but I never dined out again in the country. It is only fair to say that we never asked any one to dine either. It was not the habit of the house, and I naturally fell into their ways. Luncheon was what people liked best, so as not to be too late on the road or to cross the forest after nightfall, when the darkness was sometimes impenetrable. Some of the Châtelaines received once a week. On that day a handsome and plentiful luncheon was provided and people came from the neighboring châteaux, and even from Paris, when the distance was not too great and the trains suited.

We had quite an excitement one day at the château. Francis was riding with the groom one morning about the end of August, and had hardly got out of the gates, when he came racing back to tell us that the manœuvres were to take place very near us, small detachments of troops already arriving; and the village people had told him that quite a large contingent, men and horses, were to be quartered at the château. W. sent him straight off again to the mayor of Marolles—our big village—to know if his information was correct, and how many people we must provide for. Francis met the mayor on the road on his way to us, very busy and bustled with so many people to settle. He was billeting men and horses in the little hamlet, and at all the farms. He told us we were to have thirty men and horses—six officers, twenty-four men; and they would arrive at sundown, in time to cook their dinner. Hubert, the coachman, was quite bewildered at first how to provide for so many, but fortunately the stables and dependencies were very large, and it was quite extraordinary how quickly and comfortably everything was arranged. Men from the farm brought in large bundles of straw, and everybody lent a willing hand—they love soldiers in France, and are always proud and happy to receive them.

About 4.30, when we had just moved out to the tennis ground for tea, we saw an officer with his orderly coming up the avenue. He dismounted as soon as he caught sight of us sitting on the lawn, and introduced himself, said he was sent on ahead to see about lodging for himself, his brother-officers, and his men. They were part of a cavalry regiment, chasseurs, stationed at a small town in the neighborhood. He asked W. if he might see the soldiers' quarters, said they brought their own food and would cook their dinner; asked if there was a room in the château where the *sous-officiers* could dine, as they never eat with their men. He, with W. and Francis, went off to inspect the arrangements and give the necessary orders. We had already seen to the officers' rooms, but hadn't thought of a separate dining-room for the *sous-officiers;* however, it was easily managed. We gave them the children's dining-room, in the wing near the kitchen and offices.

When W. came in he told us the whole party had arrived, and we started off to the *communs* to see what was going on. The stable-yard, which is very large, with some fine trees and outbuildings all around it, was filled with blue-coated soldiers and small chestnut horses—some were drinking out of the troughs; some, tied to the trees, and rings on the wall, were being rubbed down—the men walking about with the officers' valises and their own kits, undoing blankets, tin plates, and cups; and I should think every man and boy on our place and in the small hamlet standing about anxious to do something. Our little fox-terriers were mad with excitement; even the donkey seemed to feel there was something different in the air. He brayed noisily, and gave little vicious kicks occasionally when some of the horses passed too near. A group of officers was standing at the door of the stables talking to Hubert, who had managed very well, putting all the officers' horses into a second stable, which was always kept for guests, and the others in the various sheds and outhouses, all under cover.

W. introduced the officers—a nice-looking lot, chasseurs in the light-blue uniform, which is so smart. He had asked permission for the men to dine at the château. They had their own meat and bread, but our *chef* was most anxious to cook it for

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them, and make them another substantial dish; so it was agreed that they should dine at six in the servants' hall. They all marched up in procession, headed by their sergeants; the blue tunics and red trousers looked very pretty as they came along the big avenue. The commandant asked W. if he would go and say a few words to them when they were having their coffee. They were very quiet; one hardly heard anything, though all the windows were open. W. said it was quite interesting to see all the young faces smiling and listening hard when he made his little speech. He asked them if they had had a good dinner; he hoped his man knew how to cook for soldiers. They all nodded and smiled at the *chef*, who was standing at the door looking very hot and very pleased. He had produced a sweet dish —I don't know what with, as he didn't habitually have thirty extra people to dinner—but I have always seen that when people *want* to do anything it is usually accomplished.

The chef looking very pleased.

Our dinner was very pleasant. We were ten at table. W. and I, Henrietta, and a niece. The men talked easily, some of them Parisians, knowing everyone. They knew that W. had remained at the château all during the Franco-German War, and were much interested in all he told them of the Prussian occupation. Only one of them had, as a very young fellow, served in 1870. All the rest were too young, and, like all young soldiers who have not been through a war and seen the horrors of it, were rather anxious to have their chance, and not spend all the best years of their lives in a small, dull garrison town.

We discussed the plans for the next day. They were going to have a sham fight over all the big fields in our neighborhood, and advised us to come and see it. They said the best time would be about ten in the morning, when they were to *monter à l'assaut* of a large farm with moat and drawbridge near Dammarie. They were to make a very early start (four o'clock), and said they would be very pleased to have some hot coffee before mounting, if it could be had at that unearthly hour. They were very anxious about choosing a horse out of their squadron for the general, who was an infantryman, very stout, very rheumatic, and a very bad rider. The horse must be sure-footed, an easy mouth, easy canter, no tricks, accustomed to drum and bugle, to say nothing of the musket-shots, etc.

Henrietta and I rather amused ourselves after dinner teaching the commandant and another officer halma, which was just then at the height of its popularity. We had brought it over from London, where the whole society was mad over it. We were staying in a country house one year where there were seven tables of halma in the long gallery. The gentlemen rather disdained it at first, but as the game went on and they began to realize that there was really some science in it, and that our men were placing themselves very comfortably in their little squares, while theirs were wandering aimlessly about the centre of the board, they warmed to their task, and were quite vexed when they were badly beaten. They wanted their *revanche*. W. came in and gave a word of advice every now and then. The others finished their billiards, came to look on, each one suggesting a different move, which, of course, only complicated matters, and they lost again. Then some of the others tried with the same result. I think we played five or six games. They were so much pleased with the game that they asked us to write down the name and where to get it, and one of them afterward told my nephew, also a cavalry officer, that they introduced it at

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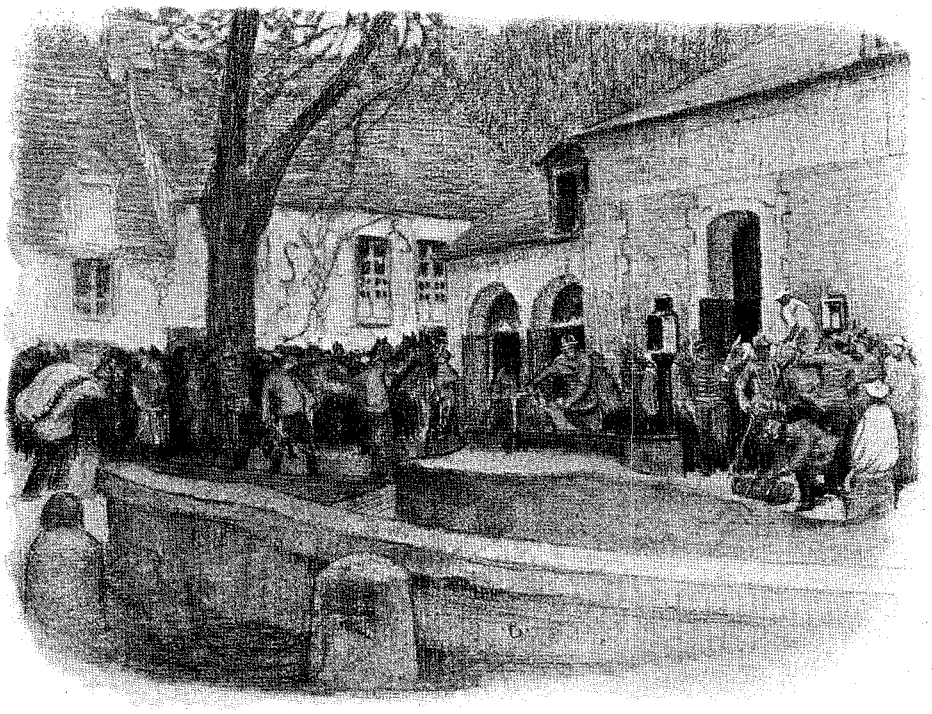

Soldiers at the château.

their mess and played every night instead of cards or dominoes. It was really funny to see how annoyed they were when their scientific combinations failed.

The next morning was beautiful—a splendid August day, not too hot, little white clouds scurrying over the bright blue sky, veiling the sun. We started about nine, W., Francis, and I riding, the others driving. There were a good many people about in the fields and cross-roads, a few farmers riding, and everybody wildly interested telling us which way to go. Janet, my American niece, who was staying in the country in France for the first time, was horrified to see women working in the fields, couldn't believe that her uncle would allow it on his farm, and made quite an appeal to him when we all got home, to put an end to such cruel proceedings. It seems women never work in the fields in America, except negresses on some of the Southern plantations. I have been so long away that I had forgotten that they didn't, and I remember quite well my horror the first time we were in Germany, when we saw a woman and an ox harnessed together.

We separated from the carriage at the top of the hill, as we could get a nice canter and shorter road across the fields. We soon came in sight of the farmhouse, standing low, with moat and drawbridge, in rather an isolated position, in the middle of the fields, very few trees around it. There was no longer any water in the moat. It was merely a deep, wide, damp ditch with long, straggling vines and weeds filling it up, and a slippery, steep bank. Soldiers were advancing in all directions, the small infantrymen moving along with a light, quick step; the cavalry apparently had been on the ground some time, as they were all dismounted and their horses picketed. We didn't go very near, as W. wasn't quite sure how the horses would stand the bugle and firing. They were already pulling hard, and getting a little nervous. It was pretty to see the soldiers all mount when the bugle rang out, and in a moment the whole body was in motion. The rush of the soldiers over the wide plains and the drawbridge looked irresistible—the men swarmed down the bank and over the ditch —one saw a confused mass of red trousers

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and kepis. The cavalry came along very leisurely, guarding the rear. I looked for the general. He was standing with some of his staff on a small hill directing operations. He did look stout and very red and warm; however, it was the last day, so his troubles were over for the present.

One of the officers saw us and came up to pay his respects; said they wouldn't be back at the château until about five; perhaps the ladies would come to the stable-yard and see the *pansage*. It was quite interesting, all the horses ranged in a semi-circle, men scrubbing and combing hard, the *sous-officiers* superintending, the officers standing about smoking and seeing that everything was being packed and ready for an early start the next morning. I was astonished to see how small the horses were. My English horse, also a chestnut, was not particularly big, but he looked a giant among the others. They admired him very much, and one of the officers asked Hubert if he thought I would like to sell him.

Our dinner was again very pleasant, and we had more halma in the evening. W. played once or twice, and as he was a fairly good player, the adversaries had no chance. We broke up early, as they were to start again at some unearthly hour the next morning. It seems they were very lively in the stables after dinner—we heard sounds of merriment, singing, and choruses, and, I fancy, dancing. However, it made quite a pleasant break in our summer, and the big place seemed quieter and lonelier than ever after such unusual animation. W. said the war talk was much keener than the first day when they were smoking in the gallery; all the young ones so eager to earn their stripes, and so confident that the army had profited by its bitter experience during the Franco-German War.

FOR ARVIA

ON HER FIFTH BIRTHDAY

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

You Eyes, you large and all-inquiring Eyes,
That look so dubiously into me,
And are not satisfied with what you see,
Tell me the worst and let us have no lies:
Tell me the secret of your scrutinies,
And of myself. Am I a Mystery?
Am I a Boojum—or just Company?
What do you say? What do you think, You Eyes?

You say not; but you think, beyond a doubt;
And you have the whole world to think about,
With very little time for little things.
So let it be; and let it all be fair—
For you, and for the rest who cannot share
Your gold of unrevealed awakenings.

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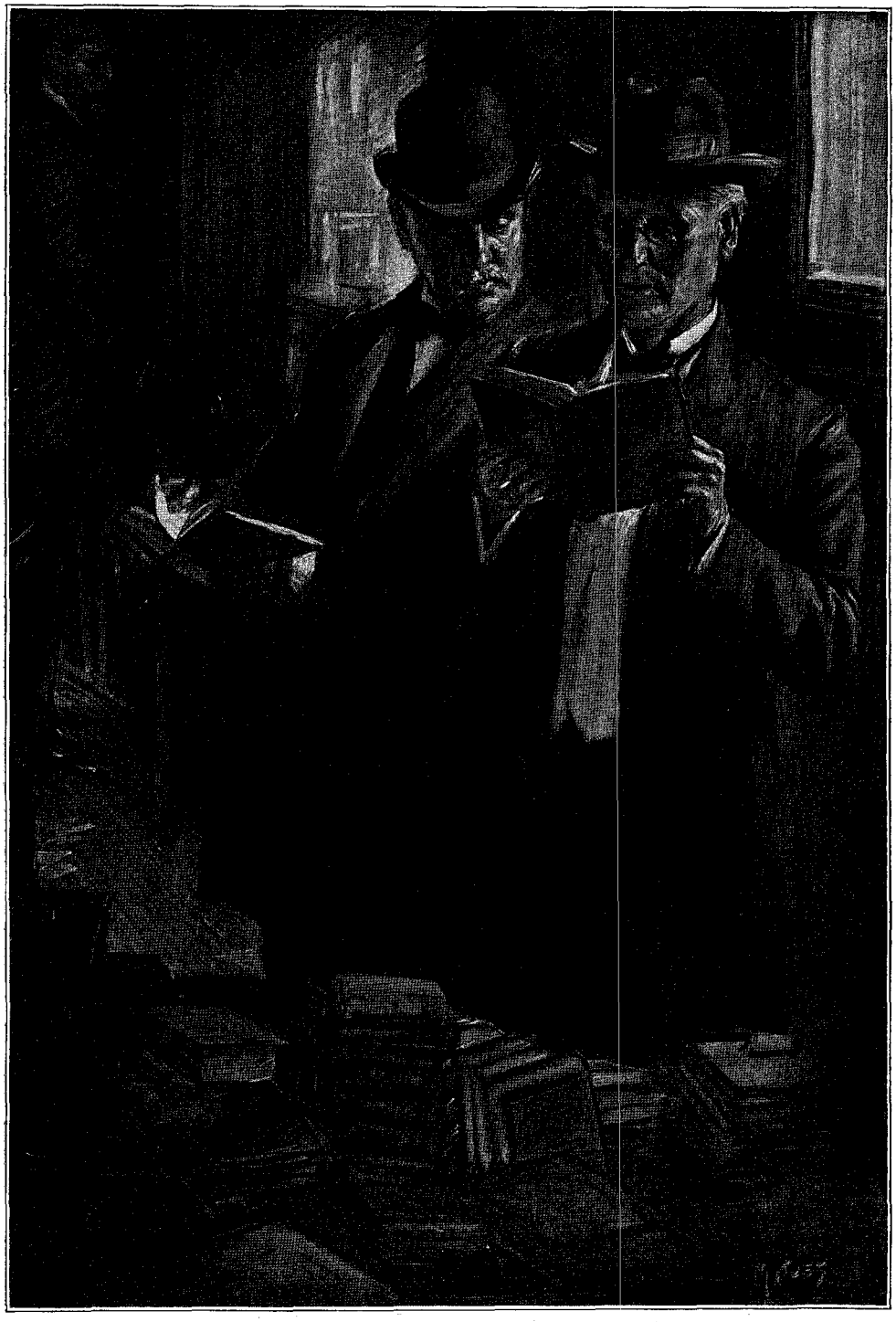

Drawn by H. A. Mathes.

"Hello!" cried Winfield, "Here's the hospital this time!"—Page 366.

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HINKSON'S DOUBLE LIFE

By Francis Cotton

ILLUSTRATION BY H. A. MATHES

HINKSON had become an obsession to our bookish world. Not satisfied with making the best pump in the world and professing an unswerving Methodism, he also owned a library that was renowned in twenty capitals. Wherever men lacerate this poor earth for gold or silver or baser metal —from the Alaskan tundra to Patagonia, from the Pennsylvania coal-fields to the Himalayas and on around, you may hear his pump chugging night and day, and, if you will, may read the name John Hinkson in enduring brass. And the score of agents who built up the Hinkson library had worked with the admirable regularity of the pump, if more silently. Wherever those passionate enthusiasts called bibliophiles gather together you may hear the name of Hinkson mentioned with awe.

To a profane hanger-on of the circle it began to be something of a bore. One never was asked to the Dibdin Club without hearing on all sides the melancholy refrain, "It isn't like Hinkson's" or "No, it simply can't touch Hinkson's copy." I have picked up the Elzevir Cæsar lovingly, only to hear, "Yes, it's nice, but Hinkson's is two millimetres taller." I have caressed that loveliest of picture books, the "Hypnerotomachia" only to be told "It's not a bad copy, but Hinkson has it on vellum." For Hinkson's fastidiousness in books was as formidable as the correctness of his Methodism or the perfection of his pump. Of what the dealers call "condition" he had made a second religion. Only the tallest, cleanest copies were admitted to his shelves. The smallest blemish ruled out a book, however rare. An ill-fated agent had once brought to the house one of those priceless boyish romances of Shelley with the slightest nick in the paper label, and the order had gone forth that the offender should never darken the door again. Lest he should nod, Hinkson employed a whole corps of cataloguers, dealers, binders, experts of every stamp, representing the most scrupulous service that money could buy in the most expensive city in the world. It was said that he had considered a hundred of the four Shakespeare folios and had sold or exchanged some thirty before he settled down to the immaculate dozen with which he deigned to live. With a fairly Spartan fortitude he had let more than sixty Caxtons go by on a rapidly rising market, waiting for the finer copies he saw in his mind's eye.

All this savored so strongly of the superhuman that I used to aver, to the horror of my hosts at the Dibdin, that Hinkson must have had his frailties like the rest of us. His early pumps had occasionally sucked, his Methodism would show some page of backsliding, he had surely in his day picked up dog-eared Baskervilles on street stalls. At this point the Dibdinites protested clamorously as those who had heard a blasphemy. Hinkson never at any time, they insisted, could have tolerated anything less than bookish perfection. He had stubbornly declined to learn to read from a rebound primer, demanding one in the original boards. His first purchase, on his own showing, was a tall Anacreon, Estienne's, bound by Clovis Eve and bearing the arms of Richelieu. From that standard he had never derogated. One might impeach his character, or even speak ill of his flawless pump; his repute as a bibliophile admitted of no debate. Seeing that I had foolishly challenged an article of the Dibdinite faith, I fell back upon the non-contentious topic of Fairthorne's Washingtoniana.

For some years yet I was to suffer from Hinkson. My friends' libraries grew apace, but even faster their obsequiousness to Hinkson. Winfield asked me in one day to see the manuscript of a Stevenson sketch just ransomed at its weight in diamonds, and I ventured as I paged it over lovingly, "Even Hinkson can have nothing better of the kind." "Hinkson always has something better," Winfield groaned; "Hinkson has the original notes for the 'Suicide Club' written in pencil on the backs of envelopes addressed by Henley and Cousin Bob, with a case of Vailima kid by Cobden Sanderson." "Confound him," I cried, as Winfield, to relieve his feelings tossed me a Worthington catalogue and said, "Queer sale that."

It was indeed a queer sale. For twenty years I had perused every catalogue issued by the admirable auctioneer, Worthington, and had never seen the like. One could

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only suppose that an English college library was being sold out "with additions from private sources." Here were incunables of Germany, France, Italy, the Low Countries, England, and even Spain by the dozens—invariably with the note "poor" or "working copy." There were huge illuminated chorals marked "defective," "several miniatures cut out," etc. First editions of the ancient and modern classics abounded, but many confessed the loss of their title pages, and others were still more deplorably shorn of their colophons. The whole thing so excited my curiosity that I said to Winfield, "Let's go over and see that junk." "All right. We'll buy it," snapped he, "and we'll found a Hinkson infirmary for indigent and crippled books. It's our only way of getting even with him." In five minutes we were sniffing the good leathery aroma that pervades Worthington's show room.

It was, to be sure, a ragged regiment. Rare old divinity, Aquinas, Bonaventure, Vincent of Beauvais—was there, but how unkempt and broken backed! There were disreputable and reduced Jensons without his mark. The classics of Aldus bristled at one when opened like so many reams of waste paper. A shamefaced Wynkyn de Worde had been operated for its mark and half its folios. First editions of the Tudor and Stuart time were in plenty, but most had been rebound and cropped to the text. The Dante which one still hopes Botticelli illustrated was there, but with the fewest plates and those in unworthy state. The pictured chorals had originally been of the poorest, mere bargains, and had long been giving their miniatures to the framer and their leaves to the binder. The whole collection was such an expression of the bargain-hunting temper as neither of us had seen in our long bargain-hunting careers. "What a duffer the man must have been. Let's ask about him," I said. "I'm not so sure," answered the cautious Winfield. "He knew the right things, it may have been luck that he got them the wrong way, or perhaps it's an institution. We'll ask."

We were not surprised that the discreet clerk refused all information, but we were to note that the question embarrassed him. He had the air of one who could tell much. He fairly exuded a delectable mystery that he dared not reveal.

"Back to the books if it takes all day," cried Winfield. "There never yet was a library that didn't give the owner away somewhere." But a patient examination of about a hundred inside covers only showed that the books had been kept with the same niggardliness with which one presumed they had been bought. There had been only one book label for all sizes, and that of proportions that graced no volume but an oblong hymn book. It had been carefully removed, but the ghost of its ill-favored rectangle remained as a pasty spot at the beginning of every volume. "Anybody who knew enough to buy these books ought to have known enough not to use that label," sniffed Winfield disgustedly, with the air of a member of the S. P. C. A. observing a donkey hitched to a ton of coal. "We may as well give it up. It's an institution and they're properly ashamed of themselves."

"We'll try it a little longer," I said as I banged the dust from the ill-conditioned sheets of that rare volume, Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" with George Chapman's "Continuation." It reeked with ancient filth: torn leaves struggled out at the edge as if anxious to escape. As the rickety cover fell away I caught sight of a sprawling note in pencil which read:

> This aint no book for a Xian horspittle and its all full of microbs. It ortnt to be aloud around.
> B. W. CONVALESSENT.

"Why, the book belonged to some hospital or other," exclaimed Winfield. "B. W. is quite right, Marlowe in that condition is good neither for the body nor soul. We're getting warm. Keep on."

At this point the faithful clerk tried to lure us over to certain elephantine psalters, but we declined to be thus diverted from the main quest. "Hallo!" cried Winfield in a moment. "Here's the hospital this time, and we read inside the pigskin cover of a "Petrarchae Opera Omnia"—the superb *editio princeps* of Ulrich Zell, but how tragically degraded!—

> This is the light reading we get. It may be good stuff, but the type is hard on the eyes. The Latin isn't like Cæsar what I can read of it. Omnia Gallia divisa est, &c. much like this book. horum harum horum.
> William Thompson Slocum
> City College '07
> Ward K, John Wesley Hospital.

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"A Daniel come to judgment," I cried with a great joy. "You see it?"

"Why, I see that this Petrarch belonged to the John Wesley Hospital, but how in the name of Bernard Quaritch could such a library have got into such a place?"

"Listen," said I. "Who is the richest Methodist in New York City? No, don't answer yet. Roll it under your tongue."

"Who is the chief patron of the John Wesley Hospital? No, don't say it yet. Think of it, lave in it."

At this point the clerk gave signs of imminent explosion and beat a noisy retreat to the office.

"Who is the only person connected with the John Wesley Hospital who could possibly have bought these books. If that hospital has a library committee, who must be its chairman?"

"Not, not"—stammered Winfield with the air of one who has just learned that his grandfather was deep in a bank scandal, "Not——"

"Yes," said I sternly. "This dog-eared and tattered collection of rariora and rarissima represents the double life of—say it yourself like a man without wincing."

"Hinkson," faltered Winfield solemnly.

"Yes," I perorated, "here you see a melancholy reminder of human frailty. Hinkson was no more free from the bargain-hunting itch than you or I, and while we fondly imagined him on his pinnacle, godlike, breathing the very top of the upper air, here he was secretly indulging his bibliographical lower nature at the expense of this unfortunate hospital. Like you and me, he ransacked the cheap catalogues of Berlin and Birmingham. Who knows but he rummaged the Paris quays? The Lord be merciful to all of us sinners. Oremus."

"Don't," gasped Winfield, "it hurts. I feel as if I had lost forty of the Thirty-nine Articles. We must never tell. We must respect the faith of the others."

"Very good, just as you say, Old Man," I rejoined, dropping into prose, "but you feel better about the Stevenson autograph, don't you?" "Infinitely," said Winfield, "but not a word at the Dibdin; the very walls would fall upon us before the murder was out."

"Mum's the word, then, but we may wink at each other when anyone says 'Alas, my copy is nothing to Hinkson's!'"

"We may, we certainly may," said Winfield now himself once more, "and we certainly will."

As we went out the clerk peered from the office door, with an expression in which mirth and pity mingled strangely, "They do say, gentlemen, that the books will have been an excellent investment for the Hospital."

"They do great credit to the financial sense of——," we replied, in varying phrase but with one voice, and to spare the worthy man's feelings Winfield snapped his fingers twice syllabically, and I whistled long and softly.

THE STUDY OF SINGING

By Francis Rogers

A RECENT delver in musical archives, O. C. Sonneck, tells us that London gave its first public concert in 1672, but that it was not until 1728 that a Continental city, Vienna, followed its example. The earliest public concert in our own country, of which we have record, took place in 1731—a date which proves that our interest in paying musical performances is practically as old as that of any of the great Continental cities of Europe. This interest may not have kept pace with the material growth of the country, but its development has been both healthy and substantial. Certain critics maintain that we, like our English cousins, are music-loving rather than musical, but the fact remains that no country so cordially and generously as ours welcomes to its shores the foreign singer of merit. No city ever assembled so distinguished a gathering of operatic artists as did New York in the season of 1906–7. Opera given by the best singers is a luxury which only a large public can

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support, but our smaller cities show themselves hospitable to travelling companies, and in one way or another, often through their local choral societies and musical clubs, provide themselves with the opportunity of hearing from time to time what the largest cities hear frequently. The foreigner with the greater lustre of operatic triumphs about his name—"a name which sells tickets," as the impresarios put it—is the most liberally paid, but the meritorious native singer, too, finds that there is always a demand for his services.

It is, therefore, no wonder that each year more and more young people take up the study of singing with the wish to make a profession of it, and that their parents and friends must investigate opportunities and methods of study. The old Puritanical prejudice against artists of all sorts, based on the alleged immorality of art, is passing away, and parents are ever more willing that their children shall embrace the singer's career, if they feel assured of their probable success in it.

Certainly no field of work open to women offers the possibility of such generous remuneration. In response to this growing demand, conservatories of music are springing up everywhere, and intelligent and earnest men and women are devoting their lives to the pedagogic side of singing.

There have been many articles on singing written by great singers whose only claims to the attention of the public lay in their ability to sing. These have consisted chiefly of idle chit-chat and advertisement of some of their own favorite teachers, and have absolutely no value for the student who wishes for guidance in his work. Almost everybody in this broad land has among his friends and relatives at least one would-be singer, and almost everybody must have observed at more or less close range the great and unexplained, if not inexplicable, waste of good voices and talent. The effects of wrong methods of study are everywhere evident, and to point out a cause for the effects is the object of this article—not so much for the student himself as for his backers and advisers.

Now, to prepare one's self for the career of a singer is a long and arduous task, and the choice of methods of study is, unhappily, one upon which the authorities are far from unanimous. Despite our long-proved interest in the art, we have always treated it as if it were something quite exotic, in which we ourselves were hardly likely ever to reach any great degree of perfection. We have bowed down before foreign gods, and have neglected our own. Because the best singers we have heard have been Europeans, we have felt that, to develop our voices to their highest capacity, we, too, must study in Europe with European masters. But now it is high time that we should begin to acknowledge and fix our own standards, in this as well as in other arts, and to found a school of singing which shall be both typical and national.

Of all instruments for the making of music, the human voice is the most personal, the most subjective. The processes which produce tone on the piano or on the violin are both visible and tangible, and are, consequently, open to investigation, while they are active as well as while they are at rest. The expert pianist knows just how high he must lift his fingers from the keyboard in order to play a given passage at a given pace; the violinist can show and explain to you how he produces his harmonics just as clearly as a billiard-player can demonstrate to you his *massé* shot. The technique of these instruments is, therefore, to be developed by objective criticism. The voice is in quite a different case. Its apparatus has been carefully studied, and its functions pretty well established, but, after all, it is certain that the process of singing goes on *inside* of the singer and to a large degree must be judged by inferential, rather than by direct, means. When the laryngoscope was discovered it was generally supposed that the art of singing would profit greatly thereby, but such has not been the case. There is a large literature on the subject of voice technique, which contains much that is helpful to the student, but, despite the existence of many fully accepted scientific principles, the art is, to this day, largely one of individual experience. I do not for a moment deny the validity of these principles, nor do I deny that a thorough knowledge of the construction and the mutual relation of the different parts of the voice-mechanism is a great aid to intelligent study, but I do assert that there is a great deal which the singer must establish

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for and by himself, which is valid in his own case, but which may be quite invalid in other cases. Patti has always maintained that she knows nothing of vocal processes, and the writings and conversation of many other great singers go to show that the beauty of their art is founded quite as much on empiricism as on conscious science.

But at no time in his life can a singer afford to dispense with competent criticism other than that of his own ear, for the reason that his voice, being inside of him, is audible inside of his head, as well as through his ears, and, consequently, never sounds to him as it sounds to others. At the outset he must sing constantly with his teacher, whose duty it is to instil into him the fundamental principles of breath control and of complete muscular freedom. The teacher, referring tirelessly to these principles, with the object of establishing in the pupil's understanding their influence on the production of beautiful tone, strives to train and develop the pupil's ear and general sensibility to such a point of acuteness that the pupil can judge for himself of the beauty of his tone and distinguish between cause and effect in his own work. Consequently, the ideal teacher of singing is not of necessity a man who has written volumes on the technique of the voice, or a man who has himself had a great career as a singer, but one who, in addition to an ear which will never accept as beautiful a tone that is not beautiful, is able by one means or another to train to a similar perfection the pupil's power of self-criticism in respect to his own voice. The ideal teacher is rare, because, in addition to his valor as a critic, he must possess such patience, fertility of suggestion and sympathetic insight into the temperament of his pupil as will enable him to impart to the pupil the power of hearing his own voice discriminatingly, and of judging of how others hear it—a mighty difficult task!

It is astonishingly hard for a teacher to explain in definite words what he is seeking, and the technical terms which he must use are too often vague and misleading. The theory of "registers," though in a certain sense correct and useful, often leads the inexperienced into all sorts of issueless mazes. Experience eventually proves that, in reality, every note in the voice has its own register and sphere of resonance, and that the attempt to group a certain number of notes into one "register" is full of risk. So also with many other figures of speech employed for want of better terms—"the white voice," "open" and "closed" tones, "to cover" the voice, and so on. They have both their value and their danger. It is the teacher's task to bring the pupil to comprehend subjectively what the teacher can explain only in terms of his own sensation. The pupil's progress must depend upon his own persistence and patience in experiment, and upon the intelligence he exercises in perceiving and fixing constantly newer and higher standards of beauty of tone. The teacher's criticism is indispensable, but an ever-increasing burden of responsibility rests upon the pupil, till finally he finds himself deriving his material for experiment from every available source, accepting this suggestion and rejecting that, in discriminating recognition of its value in relation to his own ends.

And now, if I have correctly described the ideal teacher and his duties, are we not most likely to find such qualities of sympathy and insight, outside of mere technical knowledge, among our own people, who speak our own tongue, who share our traditions, education, and philosophy of life, who, in a word, understand us? In Europe this point of view is accepted unquestioningly. There a young man or woman who wishes to cultivate his voice does so at the nearest good conservatory or with the nearest competent private master, where his art is developed in accordance with the best traditions of his country. Accordingly, an Italian sings like an Italian, a Frenchman like a Frenchman, a German like a German—each country has its own national style. Our own methods of study, on the contrary, have tended to develop no style that can be called characteristically American, and American art has suffered greatly thereby. The one language never heard on the stage of our greatest opera house is the only one which any considerable portion of the public can understand, and our best native singers must compete with the best foreign singers on what is virtually foreign ground.

Too long have we clung to foreign standards instead of establishing our own.

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The young student aspires to sing like Sembrich, Caruso, or Plançon, and seeks to find out their masters, forgetting that these great artists laid the foundation of their art at home, along the line of their own best native traditions, and that we, too, if we are ever to emerge from the state of musical dependence, and to develop something both enduring and national, must learn both to create and to interpret as Americans.

Formerly very generally, and even now to a considerable extent, the professional students' immediate ambition was to go to Europe to study, in the belief that *any* European master must be better than *any* American. Formerly the home of the "*bel canto*" was in Italy; now the inexperienced believe it to be in Paris. So far as I know, it never has had even a supposititious residence in Germany! I believe the practice of trying to lay the foundation of one's art under foreign influences to be both futile and perilous. Whether the teacher of the pupil's choice be French or Italian, he will be, for the American, a man of alien race, speaking an alien tongue, thinking alien thoughts. He may have had great success with pupils of his own race, and experience with American students, but it is demonstrably rare to find a successful American singer who has performed his fundamental voice work under a foreign teacher. Even where the foreign teacher is conscientious in his effort to do his best for his American pupil there is apt to be a lack of sympathetic understanding between the two which prevents either from grasping fully the mental processes and the point of view of the other. Very often this lack of mutual intelligence has degenerated on the part of the teacher, after years of experience with American students, into positive though concealed dislike, and in return for the money which he is receiving he attempts only to keep his pupil encouraged and in good humor by flattery as insincere as it is cruel. With such masters, even the best of them, the student finds that, despite his own earnest endeavor to do what is required of him, he is losing, not gaining ground, and that he is receiving no adequate return for the time and energy he is expending. Anybody familiar with student life in Paris, Milan, or Berlin has had just such cheerless experiences come within his notice. More young American voices are injured than are benefited in European studios, and our best American singers have built their careers upon foundations laid at home.

When, however, after intelligent and faithful work in his own land, the American student has securely established his own standards of voice production and can distinguish between what is good and what is bad in singing, the story is a different one. Musically, we are still an immature nation and have not yet that respect and devotion in matters of art that are a Latin's or a German's by right of birth. We certainly lack the "artistic atmosphere" that is to be found in Europe and the opportunity of hearing constantly the reverent performance and discussion of what is best in music. The fully equipped singer must have studied the traditions of song, the composers' lives, the methods of interpretation, the peoples for whom, and the languages for which the music was written. These opportunities for ripening study several great cities in Europe offer to the student who is ready to profit by them. Sure of the foundations of his art, he can now build upon them judiciously and securely, and add to the sturdy framework of the structure those embellishments which give the final touch of beauty. Hearing great compositions performed in their native air he can "discern, compare, pronounce at last," and assimilate for his own use whatever he finds admirable—in Italy, freedom of expression and lyric fervor; in France, perfection of diction and fineness of taste; in Germany, sincerity and depth of musical feeling. With such an equipment as is now his—a freely produced and obedient voice, and a familiarity with what is best in creation and interpreation in all countries—our American singer is now ready to face his dear antagonist—the Public.

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"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS"

By Francis Lynde

IT was the third day after the tragedy of the $10,000, and Tenbroeck was still treading the wine-press of perplexity and wretchedness; otherwise tramping the floor of his office in the Baralone Building, and wishing in his soul that the earth might yawn for him before it should become necessary to report the tragedy to his principal.

It had been a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, and it was the more grievous because he had latterly come to believe that his shallop was well out of the storm-zone. His life voyage had not been a summer yachting cruise by any means. There had been difficulties and tempest-tossings; as when his father's death left him to get his degree at the German University as best he might, and again, when Kate Winton refused to set the day so long as her invalid mother needed a nurse. But these obstacles had been surmounted. The degree was won by sheer hard work and rigid economy, and the winner of it had come home to find his father's friends willing to help his father's son. Kate Winton had taken her mother to Colorado to try what virtue there might be in the clean air of the altitudes, and thither Tenbroeck had betaken himself, armed with a Freiburg diploma, a light heart, and sundry business commissions from his father's friends.

As a matter of course, Colorado made instant room for a man who was an expert mining engineer, and whose opinions were backed unhesitatingly by eastern capital; and up to the day of the $10,000 tragedy the sun shone brightly and the wind set fair for the young man whose office was on the fifth floor of the Baralone Building. He earned money and saved it, paid his university debts, and made his calling and election so sure that the informal syndicate of New York investors presently came to honor his drafts unquestioningly. Moreover, Colorado sunshine and the clean, crisp air of the altitudes had done for Kate's mother what they could not do for Tenbroeck's father; and when Mrs. Winston's recovery was a fact assured, Kate rewarded the waiting one by naming a certain day in June when they two should forthfare as one.

This was the blissful status of affairs one short week before the prefigured chiming of the wedding-bells. Then came the tragedy and three days of undivided wretchedness; and in the afternoon, when Tenbroeck was tramping out his sentry-beat of despair and longing for the obliterative earthquake, it wanted but four double sweeps of the clock-hands to the appointed morning of fruition.

"Three whole days, and no sign of a clew yet," he groaned. "I shall go stark staring mad if I have to carry this thing much longer without telling somebody. And yet if I raise the hue and cry I'm done for, world without end. Nobody will believe the truth; shouldn't believe it myself if the saddle were on some other fellow's horse. If I could only talk it over with somebody——" There was a hesitant tap at the door and he stopped in mid-flight to say: "Come!"

It was Jamieson, his neighbor across the corridor, and the manner of his entering accorded perfectly with the hesitant tap. He had an open letter in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said, and there was meek apology in every line of the womanish face. "I found this in my box a few minutes ago, and was thoughtless enough to open and read it without looking at the address on the envelope. It's for you."

Tenbroeck took the letter and read it absently. It was from one of his New York patrons announcing that the expected party of English investors had come over in the Etruria, and would presently arrive in Denver with a note of introduction from the writer. "I have given you a good send-off," wrote this father's friend to his friend's son. "I have told Mr. Montague that you probably know more about the Vindex property than any other man in Colorado; that your opinion may

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be taken as final; and that your fee will be proportionately high. They have plenty of money and will be prepared to buy on the spot for cash. They will want to use you in the double capacity of expert and solicitor, English fashion, and you needn't scruple to ask your price. They won't stick at a couple of hundred pounds."

Tenbroeck tossed the letter upon the pile of unopened mail on his desk, and said: "Much obliged. It's merely a bit of routine, as you doubtless saw. Won't you sit down?"

Jamieson slid into a chair, and the movement was as apologetic as his incoming.

"I oughtn't to trespass on your good nature," he protested. "But it does get pretty lonesome sitting in there day after day, waiting for something to turn up."

Tenbroeck twirled his pivot-chair, opened a drawer and found a box of cigars.

"Have a smoke," he said, hospitably. "You look hacked, Jamieson. Are they coming hard for you?"

The despondent one clipped the end of the cigar as one who makes the most of luxuries few and far between, and his smile was wan.

"No, they're not coming hard; they're not coming at all."

Tenbroeck smoked reflectively, tilting his chair to the appraisive angle. Jamieson was an old acquaintance—and a new. He remembered the man dimly as a senior in his college when he himself was a Freshman, and the memory had for a nucleus Jamieson's capital gift for acting in the college theatricals. Years afterward someone had told him that Jamieson had gone on the stage, but he had never met the histrionic senior until one day Jamieson turned up in Denver, took the room across the corridor, and lettered his door, "Mining Expert and Consulting Engineer." It was in view of the memory that Tenbroeck said:

"Whatever set you in the scientific field, Jamieson? As I recollect them, your gifts were of another kind."

"What sets a man at anything? I'm afraid I'm a sorry failure all around."

"Don't get anything to do?"

"Not enough to keep body and soul together. You tossed that letter aside just now and said it was merely a matter of routine, and the phrase went through me like a knife. Two hundred pounds, he says; a thousand dollars. I could live two years on a thousand dollars, Tenbroeck."

Now Tenbroeck was of those who weep with the mourners, and he was cudgelling his brain to devise some way of helping the workless one without flaying him alive with the whip of charity. He was not good at such devisings, and the upshot of the matter was that he took a bank-note from his pocket, crumpled it and tossed it across to the confessed failure. It fell on the floor, and Jamieson picked it up and put it on the desk.

"Thank you, Tenbroeck, but I haven't come to that. I know what you're going to say—that it's a loan and all that. But I can't take it; and when I tell you that I've gone on one meal a day for a week you'll understand that I know how to starve like a man."

Tenbroeck's chair came upright with a crash.

"Jamieson, old fellow, I'm ashamed of myself! I didn't stop to measure the crass brutality of it. Fact is, I'm so desperately mired in a puddle of my own that I'm not quite myself."

"Mired!—you? From my dismal point of view you seem to be the luckiest man under the sky. Health, strength, youth and a business in which thousand-dollar fees are matters of routine. And—and you're to be married next week, aren't you?"

Tenbroeck nodded. "Yes, I'm to be married next week—if I can keep out of the penitentiary in the meantime. Listen, and you shall learn that you haven't a monopoly of the world's visible supply of trouble. You know something of my business; that I've been buying mines here and there for Eastern investors. Three days ago an old fellow came here with a piece of property for which I've been trying for a long time to find an owner. It was a good thing, worth more than he asked for it, and I closed with him on the spot. He came back in the afternoon with his deed, and I offered him a draft for $10,000 on my principal, who in this case happened to be a New York banker. He is an ignorant old fel-

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low—it's Jack Hargin; maybe you know him?—and he shied at the draft; wanted it in cash. At that I made the draft payable to my own order, told him to wait a moment, and went around to the bank to get the money for him. Am I boring you?"

The visitor's lips were dry, and he moistened them to say, "No; go on."

"Well, I explained the situation at the First National and got the money all right. It was in five-hundreds, most of it, and I rolled it up, snapped a rubber band on it, and dropped it into my pocket. I was in a rush, and in that dark place in the corridor just this side of the elevator I ran into somebody and nearly knocked him down. It must have been Hargin, though I didn't recognize him at all. When I got back to the office the door was open and Hargin was gone. And when I felt in my pocket for the money that was gone, too. I tell you, Jamieson, it came pretty near wrecking me."

The dry-lipped one rose unsteadily and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"It was enough to wreck anybody; ten—thousand—dollars"—he weighed the words each by itself as if they were so many pieces of coin. "And you have no clew?—no theory or anything?"

"Not the flimsiest thread of a clew; that's the maddening phase of it. Of course, the first thought was of pickpockets and the fellow I stumbled over in the corridor; but that is blankly incredible."

"Quite incredible"—Jamieson's hand began to come out of his pocket by quarter inches, and the parched lips were tremulous—"quite incredible, one would say. But you were very careless—terribly careless." The inching hand came forth with a little jerk at the last word and he laid a compact roll of bank-notes on Tenbroeck's desk. "There is your money. I found it on the floor in the corridor late that night when I came up to go to bed. I sleep in the office to save room-rent, you know."

Tenbroeck's heart skipped a beat, and for a moment his sight failed and the air was full of black notes. Then the pivot-chair righted itself with a crash again, and he sprang up to wring the hand of restitution.

"Great Heavens!" he burst out; "and you've been going around here hungry with ten thousand ownerless dollars in your pocket! By Jove, Jamieson, it's the finest thing I ever heard of. Of course, you couldn't say a word; there would have been a hundred claimants in as many minutes. You've saved my life, old man, and you've simply got to let me help you now. Tell me how I can do it without making a brute of myself—as I did a few minutes ago."

"I don't know that anyone can help me, Tenbroeck. All I need is work, and work doesn't come to me as it does to others—as it does to you."

He was staring absently at the letter from the New York capitalist, and, following the eye-trajectory, Tenbroeck had an inspiration white-hot from the forge of generous impulse. These Englishmen who were coming to buy the Vindex; the investment was perfectly safe at the price asked by the Vindex owners. Why not let Jamieson earn the two-hundred-pound fee?

"What do you know about the Vindex, Jamieson?" he asked, abruptly.

"A good bit more than the owners, themselves, I fancy. I've worked in the mine with a pick and shovel."

"The dickens you have! Now that's what I call a stroke of Providence. I'm going to give you a note of introduction to Mr.—er—what's his name?—Montague, and turn the job over to you, lock, stock, and barrel. Don't say you won't take it; it's a case of must."

Jamieson was shaking his head and raising objections.

"I need it bad enough, God knows; but it wouldn't work. They wouldn't accept me as your substitute."

"Why wouldn't they? They don't know me from Adam's off ox."

"You forget that your friend in New York has already nominated you. Unless I could pose as Mr. Charles Tenbroeck for the time being, they wouldn't have anything to do with me. It's quite hopeless, you see."

"I'll be hanged if it is. Let's see; they'll be here to-morrow morning, and will probably want to go right on up to the mine. Suppose I give you my card-case and take a day off. You used to be pretty good at impersonations in the old

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days. If I can't lend you money, I can at least lend you my identity for a few hours. Don't say no; I'm bound to get even with you, some way, or the obligation you've just piled on will smother me."

But Jamieson still made difficulties, and Tenbroeck had to go all over it again, smoothing away the most trivial of the obstacles before he would consent. At the end of the ends there was the difficulty reluctantly admitted by Jamieson, of a lack of ready money to defray the expenses of the one-day trip to the mine, and Tenbroeck cut this knot by taking a hundred-dollar bill from the roll on the desk and fairly forcing it upon the reluctant one.

"Not a word; I sha'n't listen. You can pay it back out of the thousand you're going to earn to-morrow, you know. And now go right away up to Tortoni's and let the cook put a little heart into you. I'd make you go with me, but I have a luncheon engagement. By Jove! I'm fifteen minutes overdue now. Meet me here to-night and we'll go over the details again to make sure."

When Jamieson was gone, Tenbroeck shut his desk with a cheerful bang, buttoned the recovered treasure into the inside pocket of his waistcoat and went to keep his luncheon engagement at Mrs. Winton's with a heart so light that the pavements were to his feet as the air under the wings of a bird. The simile held good from the first, but it reinforced itself when he had stopped at the bank and gotten rid of the treasure; and from thence to the house of anticipation in the Highlands the tramway-car crept all too slowly.

At table in the cottage in Douglas Road Tenbroeck borrowed authority of the future and broke the trousseau-finishing strain arbitrarily, like a man and a master.

"You two are simply wearing yourselves to frazzles over the fuss and feathers, and I'm not going to have it," he declared. "We are booked to take a day off to-morrow, and go somewhere, and you may make your arrangements accordingly. Savez?"

"How like a man!" said Mrs. Winton. "Of course, we can't go!" And Kate affirmed it.

"You can go, and you must," insisted Tenbroeck; and thereupon ensued a knocking down of obstacles; a cheerful game of verbal tenpins in which a wilful man scored twice to two weary women's once. It was settled finally in terms of accommodation. The dressmakers and seamstresses were to be given day-long allotments, and the trio was to go up the cañon to Idaho Springs for a quiet day of rest.

"If you can leave your precious business, I suppose our trumpery affairs can be abandoned," said Kate. "But I give you fair warning: you are setting a bad precedent."

Tenbroeck laughed joyously. It was easy to laugh now.

"Oh, I've got a substitute," he retorted; and therewith he told the story of the loss and recovery of the $10,000 to a chorus of sympathetic ejaculations from the women.

"And you've been carrying that terrible burden for three whole days—alone!" said Kate, reproachfully, when he had finished. "What am I here for?"

"Not to suffer vicariously for my idiotic carelessness," Tenbroeck asserted. "Besides, I was fairly ashamed to tell anyone; shouldn't have told Jamieson, if he hadn't made it plain that I couldn't help him without making him in some sense a sharer in my own woes."

It was rather late in the afternoon when Tenbroeck left the cottage in Douglas Road, and Kate went with him to the door.

"Is it quite prudent? this thing you are going to do for Mr. Jamieson, Charles?" she asked. "Quite honest," she wanted to say; and Tenbroeck instantly translated the euphemism.

"It's safe enough; only that wasn't what you meant to say. I'll confess it doesn't seem quite as honest to me now as it did at the first blush. But it's entirely harmless. The Englishmen will buy the mine and go their ways, and Jamieson will pocket a fat fee, and nobody will be hurt."

Kate drew a long breath. "It is the most generous thing I ever heard of, and I love you for it, Charles; but——"

"But you think I was a bit impulsive. It's true; that is my major weakness, as you know better than anyone else in the world. But I believe I can trust Jamie-

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son. Why, I fairly had to bully him into consenting to do it. He made all manner of objections."

"I hope it will come out all right," she said, a little dubiously. "I know how you felt about it—that you just *must* do something for him. But I wish it could have been something else."

"I don't know but I do—now," Tenbroeck rejoined; and that thought kept even pace with the generous impulse when he went to keep the appointment with Jamieson in the evening.

The details arranged themselves easily, though he found Jamieson with a fresh accession of reluctance and had once more to argue the facility of the thing. Inevitably, the argument reacted upon the maker of it, and the prudent underthought became less insistent. The plan of campaign was exceedingly simple. Jamieson was to meet the Englishmen at the train—with Tenbroeck's card-case for his credentials—and was to place himself at their service, being governed thereafter by the exigencies of the case. The exigencies would be wholly of business, and Jamieson's information about the mine seemed to be all that the most careful purchaser could ask. So much Tenbroeck ascertained in a brief cross-examination of the substitute. At the close of the interview it was Jamieson himself who gave the final *coup de grâce* to the prudent under-thought by raising the precise question of probity suggested by Kate Winton.

"It seems perfectly feasible to me now, Tenbroeck, and I believe I can carry it through. But there is one point that troubles me. I shall be earning this money under false pretences."

Whereupon Tenbroeck humbled himself, and entered into another argument to disprove Kate's scruples, his own, and those of the proxy expert. It was dishonest only in terms of enallage; a mere substitution of personalities. What the English investors wanted was an expert opinion on the Vindex, and this they would get; a sounder opinion than the real Charles Tenbroeck could give them. What more could anyone ask?

"Oh, I've got to do it, I suppose," said the scrupulous one. "But I shall shake in my shoes till it's all over. Did you say you were going out of town for the day?"

"Yes. That'll give you a clear field all around. You can take them to the hotel when you get back and close your deal. Is there anything else I can do to help you out?"

"Nothing, I believe." Jamieson's hand was on the door-knob, but he turned back with a queer nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth. "Say, Tenbroeck, you're no end of a good fellow! If I wasn't such a hardened vagrant I couldn't —oh, damn it all, man, don't you see what a corner you're crowding me into?"

Tenbroeck met him half way and wrung the hand of restitution yet once again.

"You go across to your den and go to bed. You're a bit shaken up by the prospect of earning a little money, that's all. Go to bed and rest your nerve; you'll need it all to-morrow. Good-night and good luck to you."

The day of the excursion to Idaho Springs dawned bright and flawless, as Colorado summer days are wont to dawn; and during its speeding Tenbroeck renewed his youth, and Kate lost some of the pallor which wedding preparations entail upon the gentle and simple. They spent the morning at the baths, dined at the hotel, and idled afterward of set purpose until train-time, going early to the station, so that there might be no semblance of haste in the day of tranquillity.

While they were waiting for the train Tenbroeck went out on the platform to smoke, and the first man he recognized in the outdoor contingent was one John Hargin. The old prospector was sitting on a baggage-truck, smoking a short clay pipe; and his greeting ignored the $10,000 interlude as if it had never been.

"Howdy, Mr. Tenbroeck? Been layin' off to go down to Denver to see you for a week back. Some feller was tellin' me you was wantin' to buy that there prospect o' mine up in Boulder County."

"Wanting to buy it? I thought I had bought it. Why didn't you wait a minute or two longer last Tuesday and get your money?" Tenbroeck said it in good faith, forgetting for the moment that his loss would have intervened.

The grizzled old man shut one eye and stared hard with the other. "Las' Tuesday? Was I dickerin' with you las' Tuesday?"

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"Of course you were. Didn't you come to my office and agree to sell me your interest in the 'Mysie' for $10,000?"

The old man winked hard at that and shook his head. "I ain't goin' to conterdict you, Mr. Tenbroeck, 'cause I don't b'lieve you tell lies. I *wuz* in Denver Tuesday, cert'inly. Also, I wuz drunk—as usual. But I wuz a heap drunker'n I set out to be if ever I offered you the Mysie for that money. She's worth twice that, an' you know it, Mr. Tenbroeck."

"Do you mean to say you weren't in my office in the Baralone Building Tuesday?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' about it. If you say I wuz, I wuz; an' that settles it. But I don't ric'lect the first livin' thing about it."

"Well, you were; and you didn't act like a drunken man, either."

"That's nothin'. Ever'body says I'm soberer when I'm drunk. Be in your office to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll swear off an' sign the pledge for a day, and come down an' talk business with you. There comes your train."

Tenbroeck was unusually silent during the ride down the cañon, and after a half-dozen ineffectual attempts to make him talk, Kate let him alone. If Mrs. Winton had been out of the way he would have told Kate about the Hargin episode; but as it was, he kept his own counsel and tried to invent explanations of the antiphlogistic sort.

The effort was not altogether successful; was prolonged, in fact, beyond the arrival at Denver and through the evening which he spent at the cottage in Douglas Road. For this cause he cut the evening short, taking an early car to town and meaning to go straightway to his room and to bed. But at the Opera House corner he changed his mind and dropped from the car to go to the Baralone Building for his mail. Being exclusively an office building the Baralone is deserted after the elevators stop running at six o'clock, and when Tenbroeck had climbed the five flights to his corridor there was a double surprise awaiting him.

From the angle beyond the elevator-well he could see the length of the passage. A broad beam of light from his own transom cut the obscurity of the hallway, and from behind the closed door came the sound of voices in sober conference. That was surprise number one; and the other was still more disconcerting. At the instant when he was wondering if Jamieson had boldly lengthened his inch of privilege into a goodly ell, a pair of muscular arms went about him from behind, and a hand was clapped over his mouth.

"Hist!—not a sound, for your life, Mr. Tenbroeck," whispered a voice at his ear. "Come along with us and be quiet."

He suffered himself to be dragged in a sort of coma of bewilderment into the room next to his own. There was a door of communication between, and a narrow slit had been sawn in one of the panels. Through this slit came a thin wedge of light from the room beyond, and Tenbroeck saw that his captors were two.

"Don't speak," said the voice at his ear. "It's all right, but we couldn't let you flush the covey. Kneel down and squint through that crack."

Tenbroeck knelt, and saw enough to give him a sudden qualm of disquietude. Four gentlemen, indubitably English, sat around the office table, which was littered with papers. Jamieson, his whole demeanor changed from abject disheartenment to confident ease, was tilting comfortably in his own particular pivot-chair. But the qualm of disquietude hinged chiefly upon the opened desk and the wide-spread double doors of the safe. Curiously enough, he charged the unlocked safe and desk to his own carelessness, and saw, in the lighted room, only a confirmation of his suspicion that Jamieson had taken an ell for his inch, but the qualm remained.

"It's all right," he whispered to the man crouching beside him. "Mr. Jamieson has my authority. You are an officer, I take it."

"It ain't all right. You listen a minute."

Tenbroeck did listen, and what he heard sent cold chills creeping up and down his spine. Jamieson, posing as Charles Tenbroeck, was selling the Englishmen, not the Vindex, but a worthless mine in Boulder Cañon whose stock had long since gone to the wall.

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"We came over purposing to buy the Vindex, Mr. Tenbroeck"—it was the Honorable Arthur Montague who was speaking—"but this mine of yours that you have been showing us to-day is by far the better bargain. You admit that, and Mr. Vandergrift, of New York, said we could rely entirely on your judgment. You needn't be reluctant; we are not committed in any way to the Vindex people, and you are not doing them an injustice, as you seem to fear. Shall I give you a draft on London? We can have it cashed in the morning, you know."

"As you please," said Jamieson, nonchalantly. "You may add the exchange. It's cheap enough at £40,000. If I had the capital I'd never part with it, I assure you. I'd develop it myself."

The Englishman took out his checkbook and began to write. At that moment Tenbroeck felt himself shoved forcibly aside and the door of communication crashed open. There was a swift transformation scene in the lighted room. The surprise was complete, and the man in the tilting pivot-chair was handcuffed before he could spring to his feet. He smiled grimly when he saw Tenbroeck, and laughed outright when the four elderly victims began to start up like flushed partridges to a gasping chorus of "What's this? what's this?"

Jamieson rose and stood between the two officers.

"Mr. Charles Tenbroeck, who was good enough to lend me his identity for a few hours, will explain," he said, with brazen hardihood. Then he glanced at Tenbroeck, saw that the trap was not of his setting, and fell back into the chair to cover his face with his manacled hands. There was silence for a full minute, a silence big with terrible possibilities for Tenbroeck, and then Jamieson stood up again, with his assurance gone and the queer nervous twitches tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"I beg your pardon all around, gentlemen. It was a big game and not so clumsily played. I knew Mr. Tenbroeck was going to be out of town, and I had keys to his door and his desk. The rest was easy." He made shift to take a card-case from his pocket and to toss it across to Tenbroeck. "I found that in your desk, among other things; also the combination to your safe, which you were careless enough to write out and label. Now I'm ready." This last to the officers.

Then Charles Tenbroeck found his manhood and came between.

"One moment, if you please. May I have a word with your prisoner?"

"Not out of our sight, Mr. Tenbroeck. He's a smooth one, he is."

Tenbroeck drew the manacled one aside while the officers guarded the door and the Englishmen were gathering up their papers.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Jamieson," he whispered, "and I'll pull you out of this if it costs me all I can earn in a year. It's more than half my fault, and you've stood by me like a man. It makes me chilly to think what would have happened if you'd kept still and let them find that card-case on you."

Jamieson laughed. "Do you remember how we used to yell 'Legpull!' at college when somebody put up a job on the crowd? Well, that's what this was from the start. I've been opening your mail and reading your letters. I rigged up as old Jack Hargin and sold you the 'Mysie,' and it was I who picked your pocket of the ten thousand in the corridor so I could have it to hand back to you—a sprat thrown out to catch this British whale. You take a fool's advice and leave me to the 'tender mercies.' You couldn't pull me out with a derrick."

Tenbroeck was shocked and looked it.

"Then there are other things?—behind this?"

"A string of 'em as long as your arm. I'm good for twenty years, if the darbies hold."

Tenbroeck saw the Englishmen to their hotel, and then made a round of the newspaper offices. By this means he had the telling of the story to Kate in speech of his own devising. It was told on the eve of their wedding-day, and Kate's eyes were misty when he finished.

"He wasn't all bad, after all," she said, softly. "Oh, Charles! think what a terrible thing it would have been if he had made you tell the whole truth! Have you done anything for him?"

"I've retained the best criminal lawyer

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in the State, and he says he thinks he can get the fellow off with something less than twenty years."

"I'm so glad you did it. Have you seen the man—Jamieson—since?"

Tenbroeck smiled. "No; but he sent me a line by the lawyer. It's a quotation from Hamlet: 'For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.'"

THE POINT OF VIEW

"PEOPLE have given up growing old," said an acute observer recently; "I suppose they are tired of it." Exactly: most persons are tired of it. The fact is that we are all but boys and girls of varying ages, and all more astonished as we grow older to find how like ourselves everybody else is. Confess that you, too, my friend, are thinking about the difficulties and perplexities of growing old, that you are weary of the process, and wonder if there be any recipe for avoiding it, or if its status may not be materially changed.

Eternal Youth

In outward form people have stopped growing old. Men no longer tolerate long beards; women have ceased to don caps and shoulder shawls; the deaf do not put their hands behind their ears or beg "a little louder." Modern men and women combat the tendency to stoop, to use a cane, prefer rimless eyeglasses to bowed spectacles, make regular visits to the dentist, breathe deeply, take cool baths, sleep with open windows, and by exercise and sports fight off double chins and *embonpoint*. These are the physical safeguards against the thing called age. Mr. Crothers tells us humorously that the trouble with advancing years is that the material which in youth went to building up the vital organs is devoted to the connective tissue, until after a time there gets to be too much connective tissue and too little to connect. But I recall a vigorous old lady of eighty who talked of vaulting lightly into bed. Francesca Alexander had a model of the same age who came seven miles on foot to bring her a stalk of lilies. She had seen it in a garden where she was working, had asked for it, and "just ran over" to bring it to her friend. Another model, old Seghi, was at the age of ninety-three a fine-looking man, with fresh color, whose principal grievance was that his children objected to his dancing, which was his favorite amusement. At the dance after a wedding old Seghi outshone everyone else and went through the most extraordinary performances.

Vital as is the physical side of conserving youth, however, its true fountain is in our brain. If we maintain activity of its cells it quickens the circulation of the blood, the vital organs, gives light to the eyes, preserves the suppleness of the body, removes to a distance illness, age, death itself. Remember the lesson of the bicycle; how the laboring man and the busy housekeeper, ready to drop from the day's work, would go for a spin and return after an hour's exercise of those same weary leg muscles, rested. Body ache is often nothing but brain rust. "He looks much older than he is," said Von Moltke of a fellow-officer; "he has used his body more than his mind." Age was to the Frenchwoman of the *salons* no excuse for dulness. To the very last one must be pointed, animated, alert. Because an age has come when ordinarily the crust of custom begins to encase our free spirits is exactly the reason for keeping them elastic. One of the most remarkable things in the career of Dr. Richard Storrs was that by far the greatest portion of that career was after he had passed the age of fifty. The Duke of Marlborough began his career as a great commander in 1702, when he was fifty-two years old. Lord Lyndhurst on the eve of his eighty-ninth birthday made a brilliant speech in Parliament. Sophocles wrote his masterpiece at eighty. Goethe finished "Faust" in his eighty-second year. Alfieri began Greek at forty-seven, and at fifty-four had mastered it. Mrs. Piozzi preserved her fine faculties, imagination, and unexampled vivacity to the end. On her eightieth birthday she gave a great ball, concert, and supper in the public rooms at Bath to over two hundred persons, and opened the ball herself.

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Old Lady Grey painted beautifully, though she only began to be an artist when she was quite an old woman. She always went out sketching with thirty-nine articles, which one servant called over at the door, another murmuring "Here" for each article, to make sure that nothing should be left behind.

"My principal indoor amusements," wrote Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of Canada, "are sketching and painting. I have set seriously at work to acquire something of an artist's touch, for I know I have an eye for color and form, and if I can once master the technical facility I am in hopes to throw off sketches of scenes sufficiently like to be pleasant reminiscences. I am determined seriously to devote as much of my spare time to drawing as I can possibly do, to make it the solace of my old age. In three years' time I ought to become a respectable amateur." At the age of sixty-nine he began studying Persian, learning by heart sixteen thousand words. That same winter he read long lists of Greek classics, carried on the Paris embassy, wrote innumerable letters, made endless speeches, and was always in society.

On the longest day of 1900, Watts, the artist, felt that he must make the most of the light, so he got up to paint soon after three in the morning and painted till dark, with only a few minutes' rest now and then. He was eighty-three years old.

What is Sarah Bernhardt's secret of perpetual youth, that while past the age of sixty she thinks nothing of playing a gigantic part eight or nine times a week; entertains incessantly; goes to parties in her honor; gives away prizes; recites for charities; manages a great theatre; shoots, fishes, sails, plays tennis; is an accomplished sculptor?

Said Browning's good pope:

> I am near the end, but still not at the end,
> And till the very end is trial in life.

"I know what men will say of me," said the historian Green; "they will say, 'he died learning.'" That is what the bravest souls have ever done. Eighteen months before the end came to Herbert Coleridge he was told that recovery was hopeless. "Then," said he, "I must begin Sanscrit to-morrow." Chevalier Bunsen roused from his deathbed to warn his sons to "watch well to keep up the activity of life: let life be evermore living."

IF, as Emerson insisted, we are fortified by every heroic anecdote, the foregoing list has already stiffened our shoulders for the load. Are we not too prone, however, to look on advancing years as the bad years? President D. C. Gilman says that if he were to draw a map of life he should mark the age of seventy as the Cape of Good Hope, and for the cheer of those who are doubling this cape he would show that it leads to a Pacific Sea within whose bounds lie the Fortunate Isles. Why not take that rosy view of the situation from one who is himself trying it?

> To meet old age serenely, as a friend,
> A kind, rough friend who, if he bangs the door,
> Opens at least unlooked-for rifts o'erhead,
> Sun-lighted clefts through which new rays may pour.

Endurable Age

Free from the distractions of life, the aged are at leisure to observe and admire. "I never knew," said Cornaro, "that the world was beautiful till I reached old age." Writing at the age of ninety-one, he said that he felt it his duty to make known to the world that man could attain to an earthly paradise after the age of eighty; but only by means of the two virtues self-restraint and temperance. At that time he was writing eight hours a day, walking and singing many other hours, enjoying the beauties of nature, and abundant in labors for the good of mankind.

Would any of us really move our age back ten years? At twenty we look forward to thirty as the sere and yellow leaf; but when thirty arrives we greet it with a laugh of gratulation that the rawness of twenty is past. At thirty we are furious egoists; at forty our centre of gravity has completely shifted. At fifty we have learned to be fairly easy-going; and at sixty we exclaim with Stevenson, "To have lived a generation is to have grown at home in that perplexing element."

Socrates asked the aged Cephalus, at whose house the conversation on the "Republic" took place, how he found old age. The reply was: "Old men flock together, and at our meetings the tale of my acquaintances usually is, 'I cannot eat, I cannot drink, the pleasures of life are fled away; there was a good time once, but that is gone, and now life is no longer life.' Some of them lament over the slights which are put upon them by their relations. But I do not think old age the cause of all this. How well I remember the aged Sophocles telling how peace from the passions of youth had come with age. Certainly it

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has a great sense of calm and freedom. Of these frequent regrets the cause is to be sought not in men's ages, but in their characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age; but he who is of an opposite disposition will find youth and age equally a burden."

Twenty centuries have not dimmed the sanity of that statement. The fact is that "growing is like falling—all right so long as you keep on; the trouble comes when you stop." That is the crux of the whole situation. Limitations of age, like those of sex, place, purse, are little more than barricades raised around us to test our strength and agility in leaping over them. The power of learning things does not stop with maturity; still more the power of being worthy. Those of us in middle life suffer the disadvantage of having no one to point out to us our shortcomings. We are no longer in a state of pupilage. The human being who is not criticised is not corrected. Therefore we must exercise rigid self-criticism if we would not have our peculiarities extend in every direction. "We cannot throw habit out of the window. It must be coaxed downstairs one step at a time." Nothing mars the human image of God so swiftly as fretfulness and complaining. If the woman of advancing years feels tempted to grow slovenly in the niceties of pose and expression, or in her dress, let her check this as a sin.

The surest way of keeping young, however, is to mingle with people, to choose for our companions optimistic temperaments, cultivate their point of view, read wholesome books, frown down lugubrious recitals and overcome the tendency to brood over life's little tragedies. By long allowing ourselves to lack in wholesome cheerfulness we even change our features, that outward sign of inward beauty. The best workers are those who make the most of every inch of sunlight. In fact, the whole secret of beauty and youth is to hold cheer in the heart. Interest in the doings of our fellows, tactfully expressed, a capacity to listen with the air of real interest to others' affairs, a clarity of mind on the matters of the day, dignity coupled with graciousness—these will carry an older person miles beyond a younger one in the general esteem. The man or woman who has no time for the amenities of life reaps the reward of the economical old German who insisted on using green lumber for his fence. The boards twisted themselves off the posts, the posts twisted themselves out of the ground, and the very field was twisted into furrows. Life is all a matter of saving and spending, as Balzac's fearful allegory of the "Peau de Chagrin" has it; and the irony of the whole business is that when we think we save we often spend; while spending unselfishly we unexpectedly make gain. "Are you young or old?" a little girl asked Lady Gifford; "I cannot make out." She replied, "My dear, I have been a great while young." Indeed, youth had been a habit with her so long that she could not part with it. Thank God for that kind.

Every person in middle life or past it should devote some portion of the day to consecutive study. Read books above your level. Study the problems which make you bring all your intellectual energies into use. "Those are dangerous days in middle life," says Mr. Howells, "when we are tempted to spare ourselves and let a present feeble performance blight the fame of strenuous performances in the past. Gather up whatever remains of habit, of conscience, of native force, and put it into effect. Unless you are to be miserable old men and women you must have the habit of work."

One of the saddest reflections of Dr. Johnson's life was that he knew almost as much at twenty-one as he did at forty-nine. Jowett said that he hated to meet a man he knew ten years earlier and find that he was at precisely the same point, neither moderated nor quickened nor experienced, but simply stiffened. "He ought to be beaten," was his vigorous comment. As we get older we ought to know ourselves and the world better, yet be indifferent about the result of our knowledge. The secret of rest is to live and act ever on a higher stage of life.

> D'ye keep your birthdays thankfully, forgive,
> Grow better, gentler, every day you live?"

queried Horace. Well, why not?

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THE FIELD OF ART

"The Plowers," by Seidenberg.

AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN PAINTING IN THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

THE limitations of space as well as considerations of unity have necessarily restricted any review, in this place, of the Toledo Museum of Art to that primary phase of the subject—the collection itself.

At present, in the second year of its existence, the collection stands, in part, the result of direct choice by the members of the association—in part, the result of circumstances. A general sentiment on the part of the public placed an initial emphasis on contemporary national work. Subsequently the detention at the New York Custom House of the Russian exhibit of painting from the St. Louis Exposition, bringing a number within the purchasing power of the museum, contributed to add a not inconsiderable nucleus for a Russian collection.

Had the works of these two latest members in the family of art-producing nations been hung in juxtaposition for purposes of comparison, the effect could not have been more compelling than at present. "The Torrent," by Aston Knight, hangs beside "The Laying of the Kremlin," by Djenyeef, commemorative of a Slavic custom of fifteenth century Russia; "The Weaver," by Popoff, typical of Russian industrial conditions, opposite the "De Profundis" (page 384), by Gustave H. Mosler. It is not without significance that the two pictures, beyond question the most important in the collection of American paintings, draw their setting from France; while the eleven examples of the Russian school, in its approximate two centuries of life almost identical in age with our own, are so many scenes from the changing pageant of Russian life. The successive canvases by Popoff, Seidenberg and Djenyeef are all alike painted with the realism which takes no account of abstractions, and with the underlying current of scepticism which has been a racial heritage from its long and incoherent struggle. Those of Kahl, Kosheleff, Kondriavtseff, Bounin and Veltz adequately represent the prevailing tendency to

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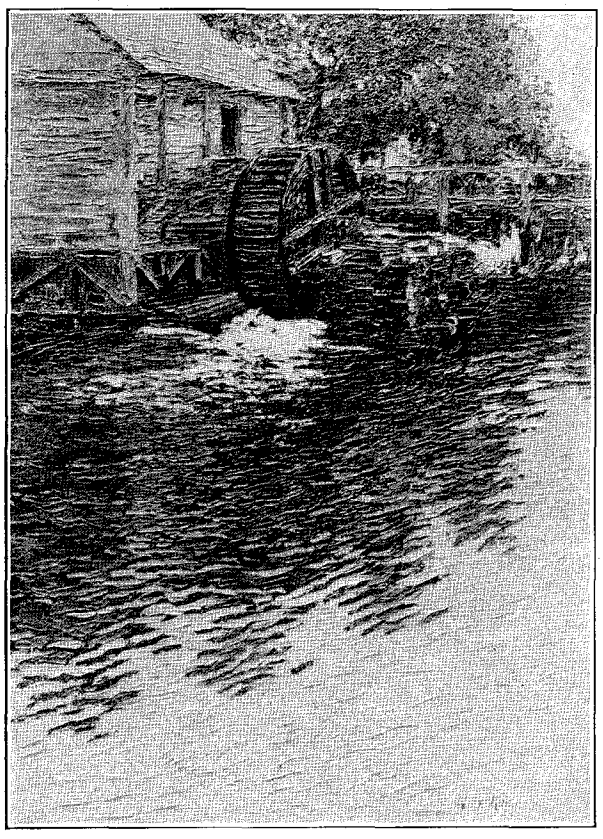
landscape and landscape genre; Verestchagin the problematic, "Tendenz" picture; Schmaroff the work of the brilliant coterie of younger men who surround Repin and remain loyal, to some extent, to the academy.

In the first room, prominent on a well-lighted wall space, the canvas measuring seven



"The Old Mill," by K. H. Kahl.

by twelve feet, hangs possibly the most widely known picture of the collection, "The Golden Cloud," by Vassili Verestchagin. The picture is in illustration of a passage from the poem entitled "The Cliff," by Lermontoff. A golden cloud, on which reclines lightly the pink and white form of the maiden, "Morning," has rested on the mountain top. At the first hint of the approaching radiance of day, the cloud with the ecstatic figure floats away, leaving dejected and alone the figure of the old man who surmounts the cliff.

In the motif we recognize, as always with Verestchagin, the philosopher under the cloak of the painter. In the bent figure is embodied again the struggle for an evanescent ideal—not a polemic against war, as in the three hundred lurid pictures by his hand which hang upon the walls of the Tretiakoff Palace. In this instance, almost unique in his artistic work, a *plea* for peace; poetic and tender, widely at variance with the life of a man who fought "like a Caucasian," and then painted war as a sermon against it, who painted its ravages with an eye of such precision as to alarm the authorities, who forbade their reproduction, it is, notwithstanding, a comprehensive expression of the ruling thought of a life-time. In the lifting light, cool, crisp, golden atmosphere and altogether successful suggestion of the freshness of things before the dew has been brushed from the world, it remains typical of Verestchagin's handling, high-keyed and a trifle thin.

On the wall opposite, "The Lady in the Vehicle," by T. N. Schmaroff, unlike the prevailing pictures in the collection, in that there is no underlying social or political problem, still evinces a kinship in the analytical method of its treatment. Against the predominating black and gray of the background, there are two notes of color, the white of the faces and filmy white of the lace on hat and mantle, and the tones of red increasing from the dull red-brown of the glove of the man to the deeper red of her lady-ship's corals, and reaching its climax in the bright crimson of the rim of the wheel as it seems to revolve before us. A few great sweeps of the brush and a single psychological moment is portrayed with all the power of genius.

The color of the pigment in the woman's dress, coat and furs is all the same. The textures and values have been secured almost entirely by the brush work and by the consequent, different reflective qualities of the light coming to the eye. The paint in places seems to have been dragged on with a whitewash brush. At the St. Louis Exposition it was awarded a gold medal, but only after almost an upheaval of the jury. Whistler once de-

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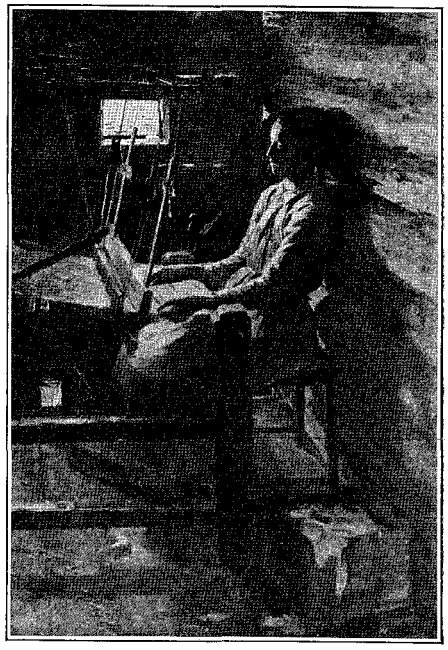
clared it showed twenty years of preparation on the part of its creator.

Remarkable as an example of exquisite color harmony, of unusual technical interest and equally pleasing in the absence of the problematical element is "The Old Mill," by K. H. Kahl (page 382). Its charm lies in the simplicity and directness of its handling. The palette knife seems to have been used exclusively; the work of modelling, the suggestion of texture and selection of color performed unerringly and forcefully. No part of the canvas has been touched twice with color, the result being a wonderfully crisp, vibrant effect, characteristic of all of the group of eighteen canvases by this artist, at the exposition. His "End of a Summer Day" is also owned by Toledo Museum.

Of less technical individuality, the canvases of Seidenberg, Djenyeef and Popoff are, in the realism of their treatment, artistic acquisitions of decided merit.

"The Weaver," by Popoff, the picture of a girl with the agony of despair in her face, stooped shoulders and listless fingers, is a subtle arrangement of browns. The brown of the pine walls, of the stuff on the loom and of the woolen dress diminish to a saffron in the girl's face, the whole enveloped in the slanting ray of thin sunlight. Here, at last, is a painter who has neither approached his subject as a preacher against prevailing industrial conditions, nor as a technician using his brush in the service of didacticism, but one who paints conditions as he sees them—a realist in its best present embodiment by the Russian "ambulant."

"The First Step," by Jourdan.



"The Weaver," by Popoff.

"The Plowers," by Seidenberg (page 381), and "The Laying of the Kremlin," by Djenyeef, painted with all the power of virile technique, are interesting examples of the modern historical work—the salient feature of which seems to be the imputation of an actuality in addition to mere ethnographical accuracy.

"The Plowers" bears, perhaps, a fancied resemblance to the "Burlaky" of Repin. In the straining figures of the three men and the woman who, hitched with shackled hands to the plough or *ralo*, are driven afield before a rustic despot, is the motif of Repin in depicting his weary line of creatures who drag their heavy grain-ship across the sandy flats. Vigorous in handling, the predominating color is red. The artist, sufficiently appreciating the psychological effect to be produced, selected the fall of the year when the foliage added its touch of red. The freshly turned furrows show an occasional touch of the same color; the bodies of the ploughers, unaccustomed to the exposure, are burned and red; the hour chosen that in which the sun sinks red behind the western horizon.

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"De Profundis," by Gustave H. Mosler.

Sensational, overdramatic, problematic with a tendency to Slavic unrestraint and opulence of color, there are in this canvas, as in the whole school, the alleviating elements of depth of feeling and racial consciousness, which are its most distinguishing features.

Of our national school there is the nucleus for an interesting collection. "The Jungfrau," by Chas. C. Curran; "Afield," a characteristic picture by Osthaus, whose studio stands in close proximity to the museum; "The Bisharin Minstrel," quite removed from the usual, carefully constructed genre of Henry Mosler; "De Profundis," by his son, the late Gustave H. Mosler; "The Torrent," a strong rendition by Aston Knight, and "The Pigeon Girl," of Walter Shirlaw (loaned), would be a fairly representative list of the principal canvases. Add to this Jourdan's "The First Step" (page 383), a Jozan fruit genre and a few canvases of the contemporary Dutch school and the list would be complete. "The Torrent," a gold medal picture of the salon of 1905, shows a cold gray day on a Normandy trout-stream. Broadly handled, rapidly painted and let alone —the brush was not touched to it in the studio —it possesses all the truth and freshness of a sketch. In this canvas and in nearly all of his late work Knight has set out to paint water running away from the observer rather than toward him. Water flowing down the canvas at least assists the imagination of the layman, and, whether or not the painting of it flowing upwards and away is the more difficult, it, at least, appeals to Knight as the more interesting problem.

"De Profundis" would easily take rank with "The Torrent" as one of the two most interesting pictures of the national collection. Painted in Brittany, it shows a Breton peasant beside his plough, his head bare and bowed in prayer. Across the hill a funeral procession is passing. The horses stand, their heads hung low with a fatigue which seems almost human sympathy with the moment's solemnity. The dark brown earth laid bare by the furrow, exhaling an almost perceptible dampness, the dull color of the day—all bear out admirably what the Germans would call the "Stimmung" of the picture. Executed with all the strength and vigor of youth, it yet has upon it the stamp of a certain mild reverence for the academy.

CORA E. WELLS.

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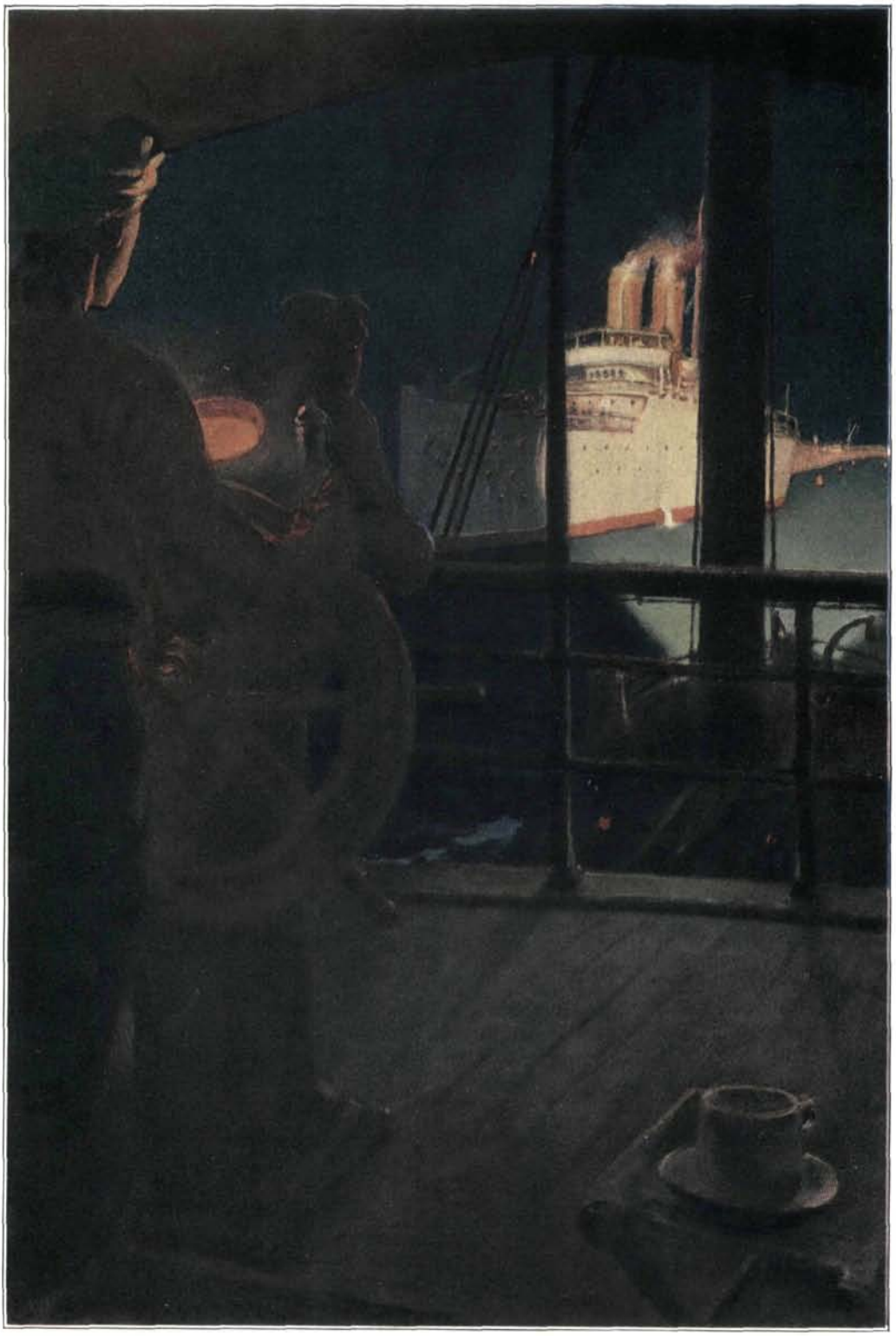

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

SHIPS PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL AT NIGHT.

A great searchlight hung from the bows makes the road clear as day.

—"The West in the Orient."—Page 448.

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